The Expedition of Humphry Clinker

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

Edited by

THOMAS R. PRESTON

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THE WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT

The Expedition of Humphry Clinker

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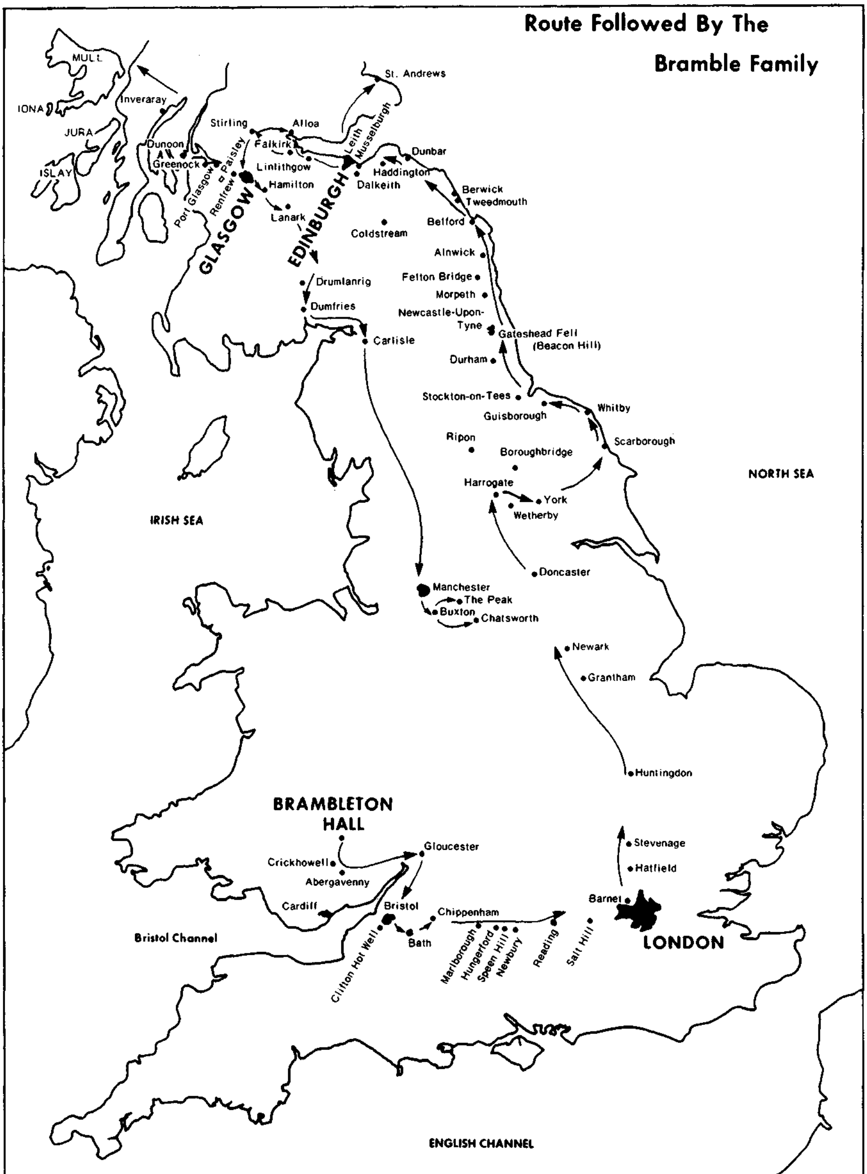
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Route Taken by the Bramble Family

The Expedition of Humphry Clinker

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

Introduction and Notes by

THOMAS R. PRESTON

The Text Edited by

O M BRACK, JR.

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PREFACE

The Expedition of Humphry Clinker has been the most annotated of Smollett's novels. The attempt to identify the many historical personages alluded to in the novel began in earnest with Robert Chambers's *Smollett: His Life and a Selection from His Writings* (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1867). The identifications provided by David Herbert in his one-volume edition of the *Works of Tobias Smollett* (Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo, 1870) evidently became the basic source for later annotators, although many of the identifications lack supporting explanations. Until recently the most completely annotated edition was by Charles Lee for Everyman's Library (London: J. M. Dent, 1943). Later and more generously annotated editions include those of Lewis M. Knapp (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1966) and André Parreaux (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1968). The most recent annotations in the edition of James L. Thorsen (New York: W. W. Norton, 1983) remain disappointingly deficient and inaccurate, despite permitted access to an earlier version of the notes and text of the Georgia Edition, to which many new materials have also since been added. The present edition has benefited from the work of some of the previous annotators; it has also been able to draw on the extensive factual material presented in other studies of Smollett, especially Louis Martz's *The Later Career of Tobias Smollett* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1942), George Kahrl's *Tobias Smollett: Traveler-Novelist* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1945), Lewis M. Knapp's *Tobias Smollett: Doctor of Men and Manners* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1949), and Paul-Gabriel Boucé's *The Novels of Tobias Smollett* (London: Longman, 1976).

The explanatory notes to this edition are intended primarily for the serious student of eighteenth-century literature. They are written as annotations to Smollett's novel, not to the subject matter alluded to in the novel. The attempt therefore has been to annotate as thoroughly but as concisely as possible. Terms clearly explained in the text have not been annotated, nor have terms that can be found in a standard college dictionary, unless they are fairly unconventional or archaic today or held different connotations, denotations, or special associations in the eighteenth century. Some items familiar to British readers, however, have been annotated for an American audience. Quotations from the Greek and Roman classics, unless otherwise indicated, are from the Loeb editions. Quotations from Shakespeare are from *The River-*

side Shakespeare, ed. G. Blackmore Evans et al. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1974). Quotations from major poets and dramatists other than Shakespeare are identified by lines, acts, scenes, or other conventional divisions only.

With rare exceptions, material is annotated upon first occurrence in the novel. An attempt has been made to identify or to indicate all allusions to historical, factual, biblical, and literary matters. Topography that is well known or that is clearly identified in the text has not been annotated. The basic principle has been to identify topography that is not clear from the text, that is less prominent or nonexistent today, that might be confused because of historical changes, or that possessed associations for an eighteenth-century reader that would be absent for a modern reader. One of the features of this edition is the citation of passages from Smollett's nonfictional works and from the works of contemporaries that parallel, support, detail, or contradict topographical, factual, and historical references in the novel.

The linguistic problems, especially those presented by Tabitha Bramble and Winifred Jenkins, are discussed in the introduction. Most of these problems were first studied in detail by the late W. Arthur Boggs in a number of articles, and his findings have been incorporated into this edition where they seemed appropriate. Excluded, however, are items by Boggs that are dubious, uncertain, or clearly understandable as dialect or as archaic locution, or that represent ingenious but clearly mistaken guesswork, such as his identification of *crumlecks* as *crumbs*, a term which from the context means *cromlechs*, the Welsh word for a circle of stones.

In keeping with the goal of the Georgia Edition of Smollett's works, the introduction is designed to give immediately helpful factual and literary information rather than a sustained critical argument or position, although the line between the two may not always be as clearly drawn as the editor would wish. The introduction covers briefly the basic facts of the composition, publication, and early reception of *Humphry Clinker*. It discusses the crucial importance of money as an issue in the narrative and outlines the linguistic and dialect problems that Smollett raises in the characters of Lismahago, Tabitha, and Winifred; and, finally, it places the novel in its historical and literary contexts, indicating the various problems and cruxes that must be considered by the serious reader.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The preparation of this edition, covering many years, many editors, and many style guides, has also benefited from the help of many friends. Thanks are due to Craig Barrow, Ronald Bohrer, Jim Springer Borck, Wicki Carter, Donald Greene, Anthony Guzzo, Duncan Isles, Jack Windsor Lewis, Clarence Menard, Richard Perrine, Cedric Reverand III, Frederick Ritsch, G. S. Rousseau, Robert Vallier, Carmelo Virgillo, John Wirebach, and the interlibrary loan librarians of the University of Wyoming. Special thanks belong to John D. Tinkler for his invaluable assistance on the linguistic problems of the novel. The introduction and annotations both have benefited enormously from the careful readings and criticisms of James G. Basker, Jerry C. Beasley, Paul-Gabriel Boucé, O M Brack, Jr., the late James Clifford, Francis M. Cowe, Byron Gassman, the late Lewis M. Knapp, the late Louis Landa, John Sekora, Ian Watt, and the late Curt Zimansky.

I am especially grateful to several English and Scottish scholars who generously gave their time and learning: Mr. Donald Brander of Edinburgh; Mr. Francis M. Cowe of Berwick-upon-Tweed; the late Dr. L. O. Henderson, vicar of Tweedmouth; Dr. Walter H. Mackey, archivist, City of Edinburgh District Council; Mr. J. A. Maclashan, formerly owner of Broxmouth House, Dunbar; Rev. Ian McMartin, late minister, Belhaven Church, Dunbar; Mr. Gian Carlo Menotti, owner of Yester House; Mr. Philip Rothwell of Tweedmouth; Mr. Patrick Telfer Smollett of Cameron House; the librarians, local history librarians, and reference librarians of Bath, Bristol, Harrogate, Guisborough, Durham, Scarborough, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Dumbarton, Paisley, and Glasgow; and particularly Mrs. S. R. Head, local studies librarian, Hertfordshire County Council. Credit belongs to Mary Jane Early for preparing the extensive index.

A final and particular expression of thanks belongs to Albrecht Strauss, who carefully read and criticized earlier versions of the introduction and annotations, but, even more, shared in the recovery of several historical people and places in the novel.

Completion of the edition was aided by a grant from the Division of Basic Research, College of Arts and Sciences, University of Wyoming, and by support from the University of North Texas. A few passages of the introduction, slightly altered, are reprinted with permission from my *Not in Timon's Manner* (University of Alabama Press, 1975).

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ABBREVIATIONS

Atom	*The History and Adventures of an Atom*, ed. Robert Adams Day (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1989).
Basker	James G. Basker, *Tobias Smollett: Critic and Journalist* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1988).
Bath	*R. A. L. Smith*, *Bath*, 2d ed. (London: B. T. Batsford, 1945).
Boswell, *Life*	James Boswell, *Life of Samuel Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, rev. L. F. Powell, 6 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1934–64).
Chambers, *Smollett*	Robert Chambers, *Smollett: His Life and a Selection from His Writings* (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1867).
Complete History	Tobias Smollett, *A Complete History of England*, 4 vols. (London, 1757–58).
Continuation	Tobias Smollett, *Continuation of the Complete History of England*, 5 vols. (London, 1760–65).
Cunningham, *London*	George H. Cunningham, *London* (London: J. M. Dent, 1927).
Cunnington and Cunnington	C. Willett Cunnington and Phillis Cunnington, *Handbook of English Costume in the Eighteenth Century*, 3d ed. (London: Faber and Faber, 1964).
Defoe, *Tour*	Daniel Defoe, *A Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain*, 3d ed., 4 vols. (New York and London: Garland, 1975). Reprint of 1742 edition.
DNB	*Dictionary of National Biography.*
External Use of Water	*An Essay on the External Use of Water*, ed. Claude E. Jones (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1935).
Gassman	Byron W. Gassman, "The Background of Tobias Smollett's *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*," Ph.D. diss., University of Chicago, 1960.

M. Dorothy George	M. Dorothy George, *London Life in the Eighteenth Century* (1925; reprint, New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1965).
Herbert	David Herbert, *Works of Tobias Smollett* (Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo, 1870).
Kahrl	George M. Kahrl, *Tobias Smollett: Traveler-Novelist* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1945).
Knapp	Lewis M. Knapp, *Tobias Smollett: Doctor of Men and Manners* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1949).
Letters	*The Letters of Tobias Smollett*, ed. Lewis M. Knapp (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970).
Life of Nash	Oliver Goldsmith, *The Life of Richard Nash*, in *Works*, ed. Arthur Friedman (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966), vol. 3.
London Stage	*The London Stage, 1660–1800*, ed. E. L. Avery et al., 5 pts. in 11 vols. (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1960–68).
Martz	Louis L. Martz, *The Later Career of Tobias Smollett* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1942).
MP	*Modern Philology*.
N & Q	*Notes & Queries*.
OED	*Oxford English Dictionary*.
PLL	*Papers on Language and Literature*.
PMASAL	*Papers of the Michigan Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters*.
PMLA	*PMLA: Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*.
PQ	*Philological Quarterly*.
Present State	Tobias Smollett, ed., *The Present State of All Nations*, 8 vols. (London, 1768–69).
Proverbs	*Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, 3d ed., rev. F. P. Wilson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970).
Quincy, *English Dispensatory*	John Quincy, *Pharmacopoeia Officinalis & Extemporanea: or, A Complete English Dispensatory*, 14th ed. (London, 1769).

Tilley	Morris Tilley, *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1958).
Timbs, *Curiosities*	John Timbs, *Curiosities of London* (Detroit: Singing Tree Press, 1968). Reprint of 1867 edition.
Topham, *Letters*	Edward Topham, *Letters from Edinburgh in 1774 and 1775* (London, 1776).
Travels	Tobias Smollett, *Travels through France and Italy*, ed. Frank Felsenstein (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1979).
TSLL	*Texas Studies in Literature and Language*.
Wood	John Wood, *An Essay towards a Description of Bath*, 2d ed. (London, 1765).

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INTRODUCTION

The *London Chronicle* for 15–18 June 1771 announced, "This Day was published, In Three Volumes, Price bound 9s. THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHREY CLINKER." Tobias George Smollett died on 17 September 1771. Dr. Gentili, who attended him at the last, wrote in his diary that Smollett was "asthmatic" and suffering from "colic, chronic diarrhea, convulsions, fever. . . . He has a scabrous condition as in skin disease." Gentili visited Smollett for the first time on the evening of 14 September, but Smollett did not respond to treatment. Gentili continues, "He died asthmatic and consumptive without trying to help himself. . . . A man of matured talent enduring the blows of human life, but almost misanthropic."[1] Smollett had lived at Il Giardino, his Italian villa near Leghorn, from 1770 until his death, and it has always been assumed that he completed *Humphry Clinker* there. According to Mrs. Ann Smollett, he worked while in great physical distress. In 1773 she stated that it galled her "to the Soul" when she recalled "how much that poor Dear Man Suffered while he wrote that novel."[2]

COMPOSITION, PRINTING, AND RECEPTION

Precisely what Mrs. Smollett meant by "wrote" is unfortunately not very clear, for the known facts of the composition of *Humphry Clinker* are very scanty. Smollett seems to have worked on the novel for several years. First drafts of volumes one and two and possibly a portion of volume three may have been written in London and Bath between 1765 and 1768. He may actually have been outlining the narrative, especially the Scottish section, during his last visit to Scotland in 1766. In *The Scotts of Buccleuch* (1878) William Fraser asserted that in "the present mansion-house of Scotstoun, Tobias Smollett, the eminent novelist, while residing there with his sister, whose husband was the owner, made notes for his *Humphry Clinker.* One of the rooms is still called 'Smollett's Study.'"[3] The best conjectures suggest that Smollett composed various notes, outlines, and drafts over several years, but that he recast and put the novel into its final form at Il Giardino in early 1770. In any event, the *London Chronicle* for 19–22 January and 22–24 January 1771 advertised that *Humphry Clinker* was in press and would soon be published. It finally appeared about 17 June and was printed for William Johnston in Ludgate Street and Benjamin Collins of Salisbury.[4] Smollett received £210 for the copyright to *Humphry Clinker.*[5]

In the interval between the publication of *Humphry Clinker* and his death, Smollett presumably received the usual ten complimentary sets of the novel and read at least one laudatory comment by his friend John Gray, who wrote him on 8 July 1771, indicating that the novel was already attracting attention.

> I have read the Adventures of Humphry Clinker with great delight, and think it calculated to give a very great run, and to add to the reputation of the author, who has, by the magic of his pen, turned the banks of Loch Lomond into classic ground. If I had seen the MS. I should like to have struck out the episode of Mr. Pouncefort. The strictures upon Aristarchus are but too just; shallow judges, I find, are not so well satisfied with the performance as the best judges, who are lavish in its praises. Your half-animated sots say they don't see the humour. [John] Cleland gives it the stamp of excellence, with the enthusiastic emphasis of voice and fist; and puts it before anything you ever wrote. With many, I find, it has the effect of exciting inquiries about your other works, which they had not heard of before. I expected to have seen an account of it in both *Reviews*, but it is reserved for next month.[6]

Smollett most likely did not see any of the "accounts" nor did he probably anticipate that this novel would become his most celebrated work, a classic, in fact, in the history of the English novel. The contemporary magazines and journals lavished attention on it, more than meeting John Gray's expectations. The *Critical Review*, as might be expected from Smollett's connection with it, was enthusiastic; but *Humphry Clinker* also gained Smollett his first notice by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in a review extending to five pages. Even journals that ordinarily paid little attention to new books made an exception for *Humphry Clinker*, with excerpts from the novel and critical comments on it appearing in the *Hibernian Magazine*, the *Court and City Magazine*, the *Town and Country Magazine*, and the *Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*. Although the novel was criticized for being scatological in places and for widening the political and social chasm between England and Scotland, the reviews were generally favorable, except for the one in the *Monthly Review*. Some reviewers were clearly puzzled by the title, as Humphry Clinker did not appear to be the main character.

With the impetus of *Humphry Clinker*, Smollett's literary reputation continued to grow throughout the rest of the century. His novels went through numerous editions, appeared in the *Novelist's Magazine* between 1781 and 1785, and in 1810 were included in Mrs. Barbauld's *British Novelists* and in William Mudford's collection of the same title. *Humphry Clinker* itself was translated into German as early as 1772, and in 1810 evoked a continuation entitled *Brambleton Hall, A Novel, Being a Sequel to the Celebrated Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. Smollett doubtless rose to the height of his literary fame during the first three decades of the nineteenth century, when his works—especially *Humphry Clinker*—were admired, praised, and, in some instances, imitated by such diverse writers as Scott, Keats, and Dickens.[7]

THEMES, SOURCES, AND STRUCTURE

The fictional chronology of *Humphry Clinker* covers about eight months from the first of April to the last of November during some unspecified year in the 1760s. The factual information, however, covers a longer time period, in general from 1763 to 1768. As Byron Gassman shows, "Seventeen sixty-three may be considered as the earliest necessary date because nothing appears in the novel that must be dated before then."[8] The incident with Paunceford and Serle makes 1768 the probable latest date for events in the novel. Paunceford and Serle, introduced at Bath, are presumably characterizations of an ingrate named Alexander Campbell and Smollett himself. Since Campbell had been in India and did not return to England until 1768, the time period must be pushed up to that year. Much of the factual material used in the accounts of London and especially of Bath and Scotland, particularly the topographical and social material, evidently comes from the sources Smollett used in compiling *The Present State of All Nations* (1768–69). Louis Martz has shown that the parallels are too many and too exact to be accidental.[9] In *Present State*, however, Smollett generally praised England, whereas in *Humphry Clinker* this praise just as often turns to satire, with the praise offered to Scotland instead.

While relying on the sources for *Present State* in some of his descriptions, Smollett also drew heavily on his own firsthand experience.[10] The descriptions and allusions in the Bath section of the novel, for example, indicate that the Bath of the travelers is the same Bath that Smollett visited often between 1765 and 1768. At that time Samuel Derrick was master of ceremonies, and though John Wood's Circus was completed, his Crescent was only projected—to name a few of the many facts Matthew Bramble discusses that fit into a 1765–68 chronology. Bramble's further note that the streets were covered with snow for "fifteen days successively this very winter," as Lewis M. Knapp points out, refers to the winter of January 1767.[11]

In like manner, the London scenes reflect the London that Smollett knew almost continuously from 1742 to 1763. The court festival and the duke of Newcastle's levee—both episodes generously laced with satiric attacks—suggest Smollett's period of loyal service to the Bute administration during the early 1760s.[12] The visit with the Club of Authors and Jery Melford's description of the dinner Smollett gives for the Grub Street hacks reinforce the impression that the London visited in *Humphry Clinker* derives in part from Smollett's remembrance of his own life there. Finally, the Scottish section of the novel, while drawing clearly on source material used for *Present State*, seems also to draw on Smollett's memories of his native country, especially the remembrance of his final visit there in 1766. Martz writes, "During this last tour . . . the facts learned from the printed sources of *Present State* and from his own earlier tours must, it seems, have been enlivened and more deeply impressed upon Smollett's memory; while new facts were probably fixed more firmly in his mind by conscious or unconscious association with the description already prepared."[13] Matt Bramble's itinerary in Scotland corresponds to what little is known of Smollett's itinerary in 1766.[14]

All of Smollett's novels take the hero on a journey of some sort, but in *Humphry Clinker* the journey provides the formal as well as the symbolic structure of the entire novel.[15] The main characters, all Welsh, leave Brambleton Hall above Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, a border county then technically English; they tour England and Scotland, including in their travels some of the most famous English spas. A brief outline of the major stops on the itinerary brings the formal travel structure into clear focus. Arriving in England at Gloucester, Bramble and his family proceed to Bristol and the Hot Well and then to Bath, ending the first phase of their tour in London. From London they travel to Newark, Doncaster, Harrogate (or Harrigate, in Jery Melford's common eighteenth-century phonetic spelling), York, Scarborough, and Durham, finally crossing the Tweed into Scotland and arriving in Edinburgh, completing the second phase of the tour. In Scotland the entire group visits the area around Edinburgh, then goes to St. Andrews, Stirling, and Glasgow; Matt and Jery also visit the islands of Mull, Iona, Jura, and Islay. Returning to England at Carlisle, the party moves on to Manchester, Buxton, Chatsworth, and the Peak area, ending the journey at the home of the Dennisons. Formally, then, the novel follows the pattern of the currently popular travel books, many of which are in fact mentioned in the Dustwich-Davis correspondence opening the novel.[16] More specifically, the novel falls into the tradition of travel books dealing with the British Isles, such as Martin Martin's *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland* (1703) and Daniel Defoe's *Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain* (1724–27).[17]

The travel-book pattern, with its picaresque overtones,[18] readily encourages the introduction of the factual material so pervasive in the novel. By adopting as well the epistolary technique characteristic of some travel books, Smollett made the extensive commentary on incidents, experiences, people, and places even more credible; in the leisure of travel the main characters may be expected to describe events and sights to their correspondents. Smollett's use of multiple letter-writers projecting various viewpoints on the tour as well as on each other produces a sophisticated version of the epistolary technique made famous by Richardson. As Janet Altman points out, after the first few letters of the novel, narrative continuity for the internal addressees (whose replies we, the external readers, never see) carefully retreats in favor of narrative continuity for the external readers—the letter writers rarely repeat the chronology or sequence of events to their various internal readers. Even for the external readers, however, the sequence of events serves primarily as a means for epistolary self-revelation and cross-revelation of character, generating "the multiple visions of reality that Smollett creates by refracting each event through the eyes of different observers."[19]

The inspiration for this epistolary travel-book form may indeed have come from another literary work, Christopher Anstey's *New Bath Guide* (1766), a popular little volume of satiric verse epistles supposedly written by a traveling family group visiting Bath. In fact, the name Tabitha, assigned by Smollett to Matt's sister in ironic contrast to her biblical namesake, who was "full of good works and almsdeeds" (Acts 9:36), may have been borrowed from the maid Tabby Runt in Anstey's *Guide*. The maid and daughter in the *Guide* are affected by Methodism, and the son's dancing angers a gouty lord, perhaps suggesting to Smollett the satire on Methodism and the noisy dancing of Sir Ulic Mackilligut in *Humphry Clinker*. The *Guide*, however, is a burlesque of eighteenth-century poetry, and its satire is rather general and vague, so that its compositional influence on Smollett seems limited to these few matters.[20]

The epistolary travel-book form also encourages a series of episodes rather than a tightly knit plot. It is indeed difficult to define the main plot in *Humphry Clinker*. The novel forms primarily a congeries of "little plots,"[21] each a quest version of the journey structure: Matthew Bramble's search for health of mind, body, and soul; Tabitha Bramble's search for a husband; Lydia Melford's romantic search for Wilson; Humphry Clinker's search for a position in life and his discovery of a father; and Jeremy Melford's search to understand the variety of life.[22] The chronology of the journey does not even seem to have much importance for plot. For example, in the second edition, the date of the multiple marriages occurring near the end of the novel has been changed. In the view of Franklin B. Newman, this date change indicates that Smollett or some discerning reader attempted to rectify a chronological inaccuracy. The date change presumably allows for the fulfillment of the canonical time between the publication of the banns and the marriages.[23] Unfortunately, as Byron Gassman shows, this concern for accuracy is not very consistent. Whoever made the change also introduced another chronological inaccuracy, for Jery's statement that the visit to help Baynard occurred "about a fortnight ago" becomes with the change about twenty days ago.[24] Nor does chronological inaccuracy appear calculated to affect plot or character. The novel contains several other chronological inaccuracies, and all seem to be the result of carelessness or oversight, indicating a lack of detailed concern for the time scheme. Unlike Fielding in *Tom Jones*, Smollett ordered the chronology of *Humphry Clinker* impressionistically rather than symbolically, generating instead the sense of a realistic time frame for the tour.

If *Humphry Clinker* has a main plot holding together the "little plots," it is, perhaps, the gradual discovery by each of the major characters that happiness or felicity, as Matt Bramble calls it, will not be found in luxury and affectation (two of Matt's favorite denunciatory terms) but in order, moderation, and active concern for the mental, physical, and moral health of oneself and others. Matt levels fierce satiric attacks on luxury and affectation, both of which he sees everywhere, but primarily in the cities.[25] The gloom of his satire, however valid, receives tempering from the generally comic views of Jeremy Melford, his nephew, and the romantic idealizations of Lydia Melford, his niece. This balanced correction of satiric intensity relieves—on the social and moral level—the opposition between city and country and—on the political level—the opposition between England and Scotland. The denunciations of the city, usually delivered by Matt, focus on sanitation problems, architecture, density of population, breakdown of social order, extravagance, and luxury. The urban satire does not, however, oppose progress. In his tour of Scotland, for example, Matt cannot praise highly enough the commercial development of towns like Leith and Glasgow. At the same time, the travelers use the term *romantic*, usually with the meaning "full of wild scenery" (Samuel Johnson's third definition, *Dictionary*, 1755), again and again to describe Scotland, conveying the idea that Scotland's progress excludes the luxury, extravagance, and urban sprawl that Matt finds accompanying England's commercial successes. Matt's terms of praise for Scotland undoubtedly reflect Smollett's patriotic fervor, but they are also consistent with the thrust of his satiric attacks.

The novel regularly associates the traditional values it endorses with the country, but it never portrays country life as inherently virtuous or happy.[26] Rather, the country holds a special appeal: while it tolerates the folly and vices promoted by the city, it nourishes the traditional values, encouraging them to flourish without hostility. The narrative's concluding sections develop a contrast between the rural lives of Baynard and Dennison, old friends whom Matt has not seen in years, thus confirming this significance for the country and emblematically affirming traditional values as the resources necessary for resolving the diverse oppositions explored in the novel. As the story moves from the Baynard episode into the extended visit with the Dennisons, the satire readily yields to comedy and to a comic happy ending.[27] The romantic Lydia herself, after her initial raptures over Bath and London, seeks the country to practice virtue and pursue happiness, and the traditional values encouraged there potentially even bridge the chasm between England and Scotland. The extravagance and luxury of the Baynard household, reminiscent of Pope's Timon's villa, epitomize the denunciations of Bath and London, while the Dennisons' mode of rural life reflects the praises of Scottish industry and thrift. Mrs. Baynard's extravagance has destroyed Baynard's magnificent country estate and has flung Baynard himself into financial desperation. She has carried into the country vices fostered by the city, whereas the Dennisons have achieved economic and financial security by adopting the rural economy of farming and cultivating their small estate. In typical eighteenth-century fashion, Smollett uses the imagery of gardening and estate planning to carry the burden of moral assessment.

As suggested above, the Baynard episode does not convert the country into a guarantee for happiness or into a mere escape from the wickedness of the world. The country represents simply one of the few environments where evil expresses itself in a less complex manner and where men and women can more readily reject extravagance to pursue without derision or distraction a harmonious spiritual and physical life. Dennison's friends, for example, initially objected to his plans for a country life on the grounds that expenses would be higher in the country. These objections collapsed, according to Matt, "because they were chiefly founded upon the supposition, that he would be obliged to lead a life of extravagance and dissipation, which he and his consort equally detested, despised, and determined to avoid—The objects he had in view, were health of body, peace of mind, and the private satisfaction of domestic quiet, unallayed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence. . . . He required nothing but wholesome air, pure water, agreeable exercise, plain diet, convenient lodging, and decent apparel" (October 8).

The Dennisons have turned to the *Beatus Ille* tradition in its peculiar eighteenth-century interpretation, for to them the country is not an escapist rejection of society but an environment encouraging the growth of personal happiness through active social concern, as exemplified in the mutually supportive relationships of the Dennisons and the Wilsons.[28] The virtues that the Dennisons have cultivated in the country suggest to the main characters that happiness develops from within, a creation of the individual, and is sustained through active social intercourse. Matt discovers that each individual, if he strives, can imitate the Dennisons, who have reached that pitch of "rural felicity" toward which Matt himself had been aspiring these "twenty years in vain."

CHARACTERIZATION: TYPES, MONEY, LANGUAGE

If the epistolary travel-book form discourages a tightly knit plot, it does encourage a focus on character, especially as revealed through individual comments on the scenes and events experienced while traveling. The revelation of character is clearly one of Smollett's main concerns, as Jery indicates when he writes, in his letter from Gloucester of April 2, that he has got into a family of "originals." Jery and Lydia are doubtless the least "original" or, in different terms, the more "normal" of the characters. Certainly the original who dominates the journey is Matthew Bramble, a misanthrope who is simultaneously a man of feeling, perhaps reflecting his biblical namesake, the reputed author of the first Gospel. Matt is in part an extension of the peevish traveler in Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy* (1766).[29] In part he is, perhaps, also patterned on Smollett himself, combining Smollett's mixture of irascibility and generosity with his physical illness.[30] Indeed, Matt's various ailments evoke the extensive body of eighteenth-century medical lore found in the novel, and his search for health leads him to the various spas of England to find a cure. As a result, the reader is treated to extensive comments on diseases, reputable and not so reputable eighteenth-century cures, and the relative social merits and demerits of the various spas, including the relative medical merits and demerits of the mineral springs for which many spas were famous.

In literary terms Matt derives from a contemporary character type, the benevolent misanthrope, who appears in several novels and plays and is described at length by various literary and philosophic critics. Matt's most immediate predecessor is Mr. Drybone, the Man in Black, who appears in Oliver Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*.[31] Jery continually refers to Matt as a Cynic, and to some extent Matt and Jery both owe debts to the Cynic tradition. Jery is infected with the gayer cynicism of Crates and Menippus; he is able to laugh at the world. "Those follies, that move my uncle's spleen," he writes in his letter from Bath of April 30, "excite my laughter." Matt's gloomy view of the world suggests that he is infected with the spirit of Diogenes himself. But he is a very qualified Diogenes; in Jery's terms, "He affects misanthropy, in order to conceal the sensibility of a heart which is tender even to a degree of weakness" (Bath, April 24).

Matt's tenderness of heart generally expresses itself in gifts of money. As Jery notes, his uncle "is really a Don Quixote in generosity" (Carlisle, September 12). Throughout the novel, various characters discuss their own finances or the finances of others, and money transactions occur repeatedly, networking their way through the narrative. Tabby's parsimoniousness, exemplified in her repeated assertions that charity begins at home and symbolically conveyed by her generally outdated although once expensive clothes, evokes laughter, of course; yet the novel assumes that the pursuit of happiness demands some minimal financial basis to live, in Dennison's terms, "unallayed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence." Tabby's lack of charity deserves satiric contempt because she and the entire Bramble family enjoy significant financial means. The kind of money Matt dispenses, the fact that he is a former member of Parliament from Wales, and his hopes of procuring Jery a Welsh seat in the future all indicate in the economic context of the time that he enjoys an annual income somewhere between £3,000 and £5,000. Tabby's capital is about £4,000; Jery, with Matt's assistance, will receive an annual income of more than £2,000; and Matt and Jery together will settle on Lydia at her marriage a handsome sum of £5,000.

The Bramble family clearly possesses wealth beyond any minimum needed for happiness. Smollett never defines that minimum, but from the range of finances discussed it would fall somewhere between £160 and £300. Jery reports his clergyman friend Tom Eastgate's belief that he can exist well on a benefice of £160 a year, for he is "not a little pleased with the effects of his own sagacity" in finally extracting a promised living of that value from Mr. Prankley (Bath, May 17). In a similar manner Matt concludes that Baynard "can live comfortably for three hundred pounds a-year," devoting the remainder of his income from loans arranged by Matt, "above a thousand a-year," to liquidating "a debt of sixteen thousand" (October 26). This annual disposable income of £300, presented as more than adequate for Baynard's minimum financial security, contrasts sharply with the initial debt of £20,000 he owed at his wife's death and with the annual income of £1,500 he enjoyed at his marriage, to which his wife then brought another fortune of £20,000. The figure of £300 seems significantly connected to the Dennisons, for Dennison moved to the country with no more than that sum in his pocket, and over a period of twenty-two years improved the yield on his country farm into an annual income of £1,200, just £300 less than Baynard's original annual income. Matt concludes that, with an annual income the same as Dennison's starting capital and with dedication to following a "scheme of country life," Baynard can emulate the Dennisons' success in pursuing happiness.

Many characters in the novel live well below the range of £160–300 a year, among them Clinker, who, upon his first tattered appearance, evokes Matt's generosity. Paunceford, according to Jery, raises Matt's indignation when he repays Serle's kindnesses with shabby treatment which includes reducing him to eating on "twelve shillings a-week," or £32 a year (Bath, May 10). Matt's gift of £20 to the widow at the Bristol Hot Well causes her to faint, and then provokes Tabby's ungenerous hysterics, because it is no "trifle," as Matt protests, but is instead a very substantial gift indeed. Jery tacitly acknowledges as much in his account of the incident (Hot Well, April 20), which closes with his observation that the widow was found to live upon a meager yearly income of £15 drawn from her husband's ensign pension. Later, Jery reports that Matt is roused to compassion upon learning that Lismahago has retreated from Scotland because of the "impossibility of subsisting in it with any decency upon the wretched provision of a subaltern's half-pay" (Carlisle, September 12); that provision, according to Matt himself, is only £42 a year.

Matt Bramble's wealth is as great as his capacity for indignation or generosity, yet clearly still insufficient for happiness. Even the kindly disposition of his wealth to the insulted and indigent, expressed as benevolent misanthropy, as compassion shielding itself from hurt feelings and imposition, fails to increase his own happiness. Matt discovers on his journey that his generosity, however laudable, remains a passive virtue that can come alive with the promise of happiness only when translated into active involvement in the welfare of others—a lesson he learns practically from his own experience in assisting his former friend Baynard. The embodiment of this important ingredient for happiness, however, comes in the form of another original, Matt's indigent natural son, Humphry Clinker. Their different modes of expressing compassion emerge with startling clarity when Humphry rescues Matt from drowning in the river near the Dennison property. Humphry, with much noise and hilarious physical awkwardness, and before the discovery of his parentage, unhesitatingly and generously plunges in to save Matt's life, at some risk to his own. Matt's response, equally generous, yet comes in the only form he knows. He empties his pockets to Humphry, giving him a purse containing thirty guineas and a ring of approximately equal value, and he bestows upon him an annuity of £30 for life.

Although the novel is named for him, Humphry's actual purpose in the story is very often to serve as the catalyst for other characters to reveal themselves, as Matt does in the episode of the rescue. More generally, in his unaffected simplicity and generosity and in his active concern for others, Humphry embodies those fundamental qualities necessary for the happiness sought by the initial family group, especially Matt Bramble. This role is in no way undermined by Humphry's conspicuous identity as a comic figure whose name is a joke and whose personality, according to George Kahrl, may have been based on that of the muleteer, Joseph, who served Smollett on his travels to France.[32] (Joseph's dead friend, the bandit Mandrin, may even have been a source for the highwayman Martin, who evidently commits the theft of which Humphry is accused in the novel.) Smollett's earliest readers would have had no way to recognize a model for his comic original, but many would have gotten the joke of the name. "Humphry" may derive from the old proverb "To Dine with Duke Humphrey," meaning to dine as impoverished nobility, that is, to go without dinner; "Clinker" (which later changes to Loyd when Humphry is discovered to be Matt's natural son) may refer to the coals used in Humphry's role as a farrier, though the word *clinker* also had the scatological meaning of excrement.[33]

The basic compassion and generosity that link the comical Humphry to his natural father, Matt, contrast with the dourness of the equally comical Lismahago, who also joins the initial family group *en route* and is probably the most celebrated original in the novel. George Kahrl has argued that Lismahago is based on the historical Captain Robert Stobo, a Scottish acquaintance of Smollett, but this seems unlikely. Martz has shown that many details of Lismahago's travels, especially his military service, probably come from "A History of Canada," printed in the *British Magazine* between January 1760 and March 1763,[34] and now known to have been written or "overseen" by Smollett.[35] Michael Rymer notes that a few of the Indian details in *Humphry Clinker* may have come from Charles Johnstone's *Chrysal, or The Adventures of a Guinea* (1760–65); other Indian references were probably adapted from Cadwallader Colden's *The History of the Five Indian Nations*, first published in 1727, reprinted many times, and itself probably a partial source for the "History of Canada." Indeed, nearly every detail of Lismahago's military career has been lifted from a large body of eighteenth-century "Indian matter" repeated and distilled in works extending from John Oldmixon's *The British Empire in America* (1708), to Colden's *History*, to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1755, to the "History of Canada."[36]

Lismahago, whose Christian name, Obadiah, recalls the minor Old Testament prophet, belongs (in literary terms) to the humor tradition and is a humorist of the type Alan D. McKillop has called "incorrigible,"[37] expressing to some extent the traditional English view of the Scotsman as dour and pragmatical. Smollett elaborates Lismahago's humor into a peevish contentiousness that thrives on paradoxes. Matt claims, "The spirit of contradiction is naturally so strong in Lismahago, that I believe in my conscience he has rummaged, and read, and studied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himself to refute established maxims, and thus raise trophies for the gratification of polemical pride" (Tweedmouth, July 15). Lismahago, Matt finds, can be entertaining in small doses, but he is not an amiable humorist. He belongs instead to that Jonsonian tradition which extends in a direct line from Theophrastus's "Grumbler," through the Renaissance "surly man," to Samuel Johnson's "contentious man." He bears, in fact, a rather close resemblance to Johnson's humorist:

> . . . from the first exertions of reason I was bred a disputant, trained up in all the arts of domestic sophistry, initiated in a thousand low stratagems, nimble shifts, and sly concealments; versed in all the turns of altercation, and acquainted with the whole discipline of *fending* and *proving* . . . . I never spoke but to contradict, nor declaimed but in defence of a position universally acknowledged to be false, and therefore worthy, in my opinion, to be adorned with all the colours of false representation. (*Rambler*, no. 95, 12 February 1751)

This type of humorist would probably have been associated in the eighteenth-century mind with Stoicism, the philosophical position Lismahago pretends to follow. One eighteenth-century historian of philosophy writes: "The logic of the Stoics was perfectly embarrassing; it was rather the art of endless disputation, and of maintaining contradictions, than of investigating truth."[38]

Lismahago's own "art of endless disputation, and of maintaining contradictions" emerges clearly in his arguments about the English language, linking him with the two other originals in the novel, the husband-hunting, parsimonious Tabby and her maid Winifred Jenkins, both of whom enjoy their status as originals through their strange and hilarious spelling and their use of English diction. The most casual reading of the novel reveals that Smollett was fascinated by the theory of language and by dialect variations. In this fascination he reflects the Scottish literati, who avidly discussed and wrote about language, especially Scottish language—its status, and the controversial question of when and to what extent it should yield to "polite" English in writing and speech.[39] Smollett deals with the theory of language itself explicitly in Jery Melford's account of Lismahago's disquisition on the thesis that "the English tongue was spoke with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London" (Morpeth, July 13). Lismahago's argument, true to his character, is a mixture of accepted contemporary theory and controversial opinion. His contention that the Lowland Scots could understand Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare more easily than the English because they had retained so many early English words, and that contemporary English had been greatly changed by the great vowel shift and the loss of guttural sounds was generally accepted by the linguists of Smollett's day, especially by those of the Scottish School.

Lismahago's further contention that Lowland Scots was "true, genuine old English, with a mixture of some French terms and idioms," on the other hand, extends his argument into controversy. Linguists would have admitted the "mixture of some French terms and idioms," but they would also have maintained, as did Hugh Blair, that the Saxon "Tonge, a dialect of the Gothic or Teutonic, altogether distinct from the Celtic, laid the foundation of the present English Tongue."[40] Lowland Scots was based on Celtic and Teutonic, so that it was not the "true, genuine old English." Blair writes:

> The Language spoken in the low countries of Scotland, is now, and has been for many centuries, no other than a dialect of the English. How, indeed, or by what steps, the antient Celtic Tongue came to be banished from the Low Country in Scotland . . . cannot be so well pointed out, as how the like revolution was brought about in England. Whether the southernmost part of Scotland was once subject to the Saxons, and formed a part of the kingdom of Northumberland; or, whether the great number of English exiles that retreated into Scotland, upon the Norman conquest, and upon other occasions, introduced into that country their own Language, which afterwards, by the mutual intercourse of the two nations, prevailed over the Celtic, are uncertain and contested points.[41]

Rather than "true, genuine old English," Lowland Scots becomes for Blair a "dialect" of English, and only because it has not changed greatly is it closer to the earlier English of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare.

Running through Lismahago's argument is the position that the old language is better, that contemporary English has been weakened and corrupted as it has changed. This contention, supported by such clergymen-linguists as Conyers Middleton and Robert Lowth, was specifically repudiated in Scotland, especially by the celebrated George Campbell. As early as 1759 Campbell was formulating and teaching (at Marischal College, Aberdeen) the theory of language he later articulated at length in *The Philosophy of Rhetoric* (1776). Lismahago's argument rather astonishingly parallels, but from an opposing viewpoint, the movement of Campbell's argument in book 2, chapter 1 of the *Rhetoric*.[42] In this chapter Campbell establishes three criteria for determining good usage in English: reputable use (meaning use by authors and writers of great reputation), national use, and present use.

Lismahago's recommendation that Matt Bramble read the works of Allan Ramsay to discover Lowland Scots humor clearly opposes Campbell's criterion of reputable use.[43] Ramsay was undoubtedly an author of reputation in Scotland, but this was hardly the case in England, although he was certainly known there. In any event, Ramsay could serve as an author of reputation for determining good usage or humor only for the Lowland Scots. His local usage, however, could not very well be compared, contrary to Lismahago, with that of an English author of reputation to determine whether it was "equal in point of humour to any thing extant in any language dead or living." Lismahago seems to be contradicting Campbell's assertion that "You may find persons of a taste so particular as to prefer Parnell to Milton; but you will hardly find a person that will dispute the superiority of the latter in the article of fame."[44]

Lismahago's contention that the local dialect of the Lowlands is the "true" English language flies in the face of Campbell's second criterion of national use: "The narrowness of the circle to which the currency of the words and phrases of such dialects is confined, sufficiently discriminates them from that which is properly styled the language, and which commands a circulation incomparably wider."[45] Lismahago would prefer that the Lowland Scots dialect be "styled the language." The fatuousness of such a desire Campbell makes clear when he notes, "Though in every province they ridicule the idiom of every other province, they all vail to the English idiom, and scruple not to acknowledge its superiority over their own."[46]

Finally, Lismahago's implied idea that contemporary English should be restored to its ancient "purity," represented for him by Lowland Scots, is one that becomes the object of ridicule in Campbell's discussion of his third criterion of present use:

> But if present use is to be denounced for ancient, it will be necessary to determine at what precise period antiquity is to be regarded as a rule. One inclines to remove the standard to the distance of a century and a half; another may with as good reason, fix it three centuries backward, and another six. . . . To me it is so evident, either that the present use must be the standard of the present language, or that the language admits no standard whatsoever, that I cannot conceive a clearer or more indisputable principle, from which to bring an argument to support it.[47]

In his satiric rendering of Lismahago's argument, Smollett clearly distinguishes between a language and a dialect. He would doubtless not have called the Welsh language a dialect, but in the speech of Tabby and Win Jenkins he did strive to represent a dialect of English spoken by a semi-educated Welshwoman and a rather uneducated Welshwoman, respectively.[48] Attention inevitably focuses on Win, whose deviations from Smollett's contemporary English include Tabby's and then go even further. First of all, however, it should be recalled that several of the words used by Win that appear to be linguistic deviations resulting from her lack of education, and hence objects of fun, were then standard English, archaic but still in use in some areas of England, or just becoming archaic. Such terms as *banes* for *banns*, *potticary* for *[a]pothecary*, *smuggling* for *snuggling*, *ketched* for *caught*, and *learned* for *taught* were still standard usage in eighteenth-century England. Terms like *botler* for *butler*, *hare* for *hear*, and *discamp* for *decamp*, on the other hand, were archaic and had passed out of standard usage. Finally, terms like *doublet* for *jacket* and *which* for *who* or *whom* were in the process of passing out of standard usage.

Win is presumably also writing phonetically, so that her celebrated misspellings are sometimes misspellings of standard English, for example, *enuff* for *enough*. But quite often they are presumably meant to reflect some dialect pronunciation. As W. Arthur Boggs shows, however, Win's dialect seems to be a "polyglot of Welsh English, standard English, a variety of midland and southern dialects, cockney, and lowland Scotch."[49] Reflecting Welsh influence may be some of Win's vowel changes: the shift to *i* in *tinder* for *tender* and the shift to *ea* in *grease* for *grace*, the latter presumably representing the [ei] sound also predicated of Shakespeare, who puns on *grease*, *grace*, and *grass*. Also reflecting Welsh influence may be several consonant changes: [b] often becomes [p] as in *pyebill* for *bible;* [t] often becomes [d] as in *bumdaffy* for *bumtaffy;* [k] often becomes [g] as in *looker of Cain* for *lucre of gain*, or as in *gumbustion* for *combustion*. Finally, Win's dialect may reflect Welsh influence in the use of [b] for [v] as in *bally* for *value;* [d] for [þ] as in *furder* for *further;* [t] for [þ] as in *turd* for *third;* [f] for [v] as in *firchen* for *virgin;* [si] for [sh] as in *silling* for *shilling;* [g] or [I] for [dz] as in *gurney* for *journey;* [ks] or [s] for [t] as in *coxes* for *coaches;* and the loss of [w] before rounded vowels as in *owl* for *wool.*

It is impossible to say for certain that these vowel and consonant changes truly reflect Welsh influence, for Win is not consistent in the changes, and she also uses sounds from other dialects. She frequently shifts the -er sound to -ar, as in *sarvant* for *servant*, but this interchange was still common in standard eighteenth-century English. Also, several of the sounds presumably reflecting Welsh English were common to other dialects. Cockney influence seems clear in Win's exchange of [v] for [w], for example in *winegar* for *vinegar*, and in her frequent misuse of aspiration, for example in *hylands* for *islands*. Finally, Scots dialect probably plays a role in her use of such terms as *terrification*, *kiple* (couple), and *beastis*, and in the use of [f] for [x] as in *Loff-loming* for *Loch Lomond*. Win perhaps even coins a few words, such as *tumtawdry* for *rough wool cloth*, *titidal* for *Titivil* (a demon in the mystery plays), and *bumtaffy* or *bumdaffy* (also used by Tabby) for *laxative*, this coinage perhaps derived from the portmanteau word *bum* plus "Daffey's Elixer."[50]

In effect, neither Tabby's nor Win's dialect is internally consistent. Smollett instead brings together many dialect variations and simple misspellings of standard English that give the surface impression of a Welsh-English dialect. A few of the words are, indeed, not surely discernible. Win, for example, brags about her scholarship and her ability to "spell the ethnich vords without luking at the primmer." Boggs's interpretation of *ethnich* as a coinage for "easily bound together" does not seem very sound. Perhaps *ethnich* is Win's misspelling of *ethnish*, meaning gentile, heathen, pagan, or simply heathenish (according to the *OED*), and is used by her to mean secular learning as opposed to the religious learning of the "pyehouse sermon" she promises to bring back to Brambleton Hall. In any event, the comic effect on her characterization is unforgettable. Just as significant is Smollett's purpose in using this linguistic mélange: the setting in motion of several linguistic games to heighten the comic tone of the whole novel. One game is simply that of punning. Tabby writes *box with my jowels* instead of *box with my jewels; partake* instead of *protect* the house; and *circumflexion* instead of *circumspection*. Win puns continually, of course, writing (for example) *sin* for *shin*, *grease* for *grace*, *seizing* for *ceasing*, and *scullers* for *scholars;* and she even transforms *habeas corpus* into a five-hundred-year-old *congeror* (conjuror) named *Apias Korkus*.[51]

Another game is the misuse of language, which both Tabby and Win play with great gusto. When Tabby writes that Williams is an *impotent rascal* instead of an *impudent rascal*, she may be punning, but she is also perhaps using the wrong word unintentionally. Win, however, far outstrips Tabby in the use of what we now call malapropisms. Boggs calculates that she has "at least 126, of which twenty-seven are repetitions, leaving ninety-nine different ones, or about one and one-half times Mrs. Malaprop's sixty-three different usages of this type."[52] Win uses, for example, *deception* for *conception*, *asterisks* for *hysterics*, and *exorcised* for *exercised*. The most hilarious game, however, is that of scatology and sexual innuendo, for quite often both the puns and the malapropisms have scatological or sexual meanings. Thus *piece* becomes *piss; country* becomes *cuntry; morose* becomes *morass; beseeches* becomes *beshits; palace of St. James'* becomes *paleass of St. Gimes;* and *third* becomes *turd.*[53] Most of the puns, malapropisms, and scatological and sexual meanings are readily caught. Some require a little reflection and study of the context. Win, for example, complains, "I have been a vixen and a griffin these many days." Win has doubtless been acting the vixen to Humphry, and she may have pretensions to being a griffin, but what she evidently means to say is "I have been a-vexing and a-grieving these many days." In this family of eccentrics traveling through England and Scotland, Win Jenkins is, at least linguistically, certainly the most eccentric of them all. It is perhaps fitting that one of her letters, joining divinity, sexual innuendo, and monetary allusion, closes the novel. Win, who had earlier marvelled at Humphry's naked "pistereroes," announces in the concluding letter that "We were yesterday three kiple chined, by the grease of God, in the holy bands of mattermony."

BEYOND FACT AND FICTION

William Hazlitt praised *Humphry Clinker* as perhaps "the most pleasant gossiping novel that ever was written."[54] The final critical judgment on *Humphry Clinker* may not be Hazlitt's, but his term *gossiping* certainly highlights one of the novel's most conspicuous features: the wealth of historical, biographical, autobiographical, economic, political, social, geographical, and topographical data that the characters see, use, hear about, discuss, and report to their internal readers. Indeed, the various excerpts chosen for inclusion in contemporary reviews of the novel emphasized these data, indicating that, like their modern counterparts, eighteenth-century readers were struck by the factual content of *Humphry Clinker.*[55] Ever since its publication, historians have quoted from the novel, using, for example, its descriptions of Vauxhall and Ranelagh to render the historical London pleasure gardens[56] and Matt's diatribe on the adulteration of London food to explain the dietary crimes of the eighteenth-century capital.[57] Clearly, readers enjoy *Humphry Clinker* not just for its fictional qualities but for its "gossipy" insights into the life and times of late eighteenth-century England and Scotland. The reader meets Smollett's version of such famous historical personages as the duke of Newcastle, William Pitt, and James Quin, as well as fictionalized versions of Smollett's enemies and friends.

It is easy to assume that fact and fiction can be readily separated in the novel, that a clear demarcation exists between the historical and the invented. This assumption, however, can be quite misleading. The annotations in this edition make abundantly clear that facts inform the slender plot of the novel more extensively than has ever been suspected. In addition to the generally recognized historical persons, places, and events, Smollett includes a myriad of quotations from and allusions to the Bible, earlier and contemporary literature, the Book of Common Prayer, medical matter, and proverbial lore. Moreover, even minor and walk-on characters, generally assumed to be fictional, often turn out to be quite historical, undoubtedly including several not yet identified. Into many of the scenes we read as completely fictional, Smollett quietly introduces material that is just as factual and historical as the duke of Newcastle and his levee. Apparently fictional scenes thus emerge as fusions of fact and fiction, history and invention.

The inns, landlords, and landladies hosting the Bramble family as they travel provide an exemplary focus for understanding Smollett's literary strategy. The family, on so long a journey, must make frequent stops to dine and to find lodgings for the night or for several nights. Occasionally they lodge with friends and acquaintances, many of whom are historical persons such as Commissary Smollett of Cameron House, Loch Lomond, and the Campbells of Jura; sometimes they take lodgings in private homes, as in Bath, especially if they plan an extended visit. Inevitably, however, they must stay in many inns, and references to several inns occur in the text—the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, London; the Bear in Bath; the Saracen's Head in London; the Angel in Chippenham, Wiltshire, where Humphry's mother was barmaid; but in general Smollett rarely identifies by name those inns actually visited by the travelers. There is frequent mention of their dining and putting up at certain inns, and yet, curiously, only the Castle on Spin-Hill is mentioned by name. This fact is curious because it is clear that Smollett often intends very specific references. In Gloucester, for example, while the name of the inn itself is insignificant, a knowledge of its positioning and that of the city gate is requisite for a complete comprehension of the dueling scene between Jery and Wilson, a scene readers may be unaware Smollett means to locate quite precisely. Writing to Dr. Lewis, Matt carefully notes both his own physical infirmities and the setting for the duel: "I hobbled after . . . [Jery], whom I saw at a distance walking at a great pace towards the city gate" (Clifton, April 17). The problem with understanding the scene, however, is that at the time Gloucester boasted four city gates: the South Gate, the East Gate, the North Gate, and the Outer North Gate. Matt goes on to provide another crucial piece of information: "An old house luckily screened me from their view; so that I rushed upon them at once, before I was perceived." A 1712 map of Gloucester, reprinted in "Historic Gloucester" (a brochure about the city published in a second edition by the Gloucester Civic Trust, 1975), solves the problem, showing that during the eighteenth century only the South Gate had several houses standing outside it, so that the dueling scene must occur at this gate. Because of his hobbling and yet reaching the duelers in time, Matt had to be staying near the South Gate, most likely at the New Inn, dating from 1445 and still in operation, or the Bell Inn, birthplace of George Whitefield, both located near the Cross, about midway between the North and South Gates.

At Harrogate, the inn visited by the Bramble family indirectly associates Matt with Scotland and foreshadows the Scottish portion of the journey. In his letter of June 23, without identifying the inn where the family puts up, Jery claims that Harrogate has "five separate inns." These were, in fact, the Queen's Head, dating from c. 1660; the Old Swan, dating from c. 1700 and still operating; the Sinking Ship or Royal Oak, 1736; the Crown, 1740 and also still operating; and the Dragon, dating from the 1760s.[58] Matt later says he is "safely housed at the New Inn" (Harrigate, June 26), which would presumably be the Dragon, clearly the most recently built inn. This inn, from its then position on a hill overlooking the city, would locate the Bramble family in upper or High Harrogate. Smollett's likely reason for making the reference so nearly specific was the Dragon's particular association with the Scots and the English upper classes. Alexander Carlyle, a friend of Smollett introduced to the reader when the Bramble family reaches Scotland, stayed at the Dragon in 1763, writing that it "was not only Frequented by the Scotch at this time but was the Favourite House of the English Nobility and Gentry."[59]

Some towns and villages had well-known coaching inns, and as Smollett's travelers pass from place to place there is often a high probability that they have stopped in one of these. In Marlborough the inn of choice is either the Three Tuns (now the Ailesbury Arms) or the Castle and Ball, still in operation; in York the Black Swan, still in operation; in Durham the Three Tuns, "once famous all along the Great North Road for its welcoming glass of cherry brandy";[60] in Newcastle upon Tyne the Scotch Arms, known as the inn frequented by Scotsmen and called the Scottish Inn on John Speed's map of 1610—or perhaps the Fox and Lamb, where Roderick Random met Strap;[61] and in Morpeth one of three likely inns, the Black Bull, the Grey Nag's Head, or the Queen's Hotel. In some towns, however, there were many inns. Hatfield, for example, had several excellent establishments, and although the city "was an acknowledged stop on the way north, no one inn enjoyed a monopoly of the coaching and posting business, and the traveller could, within limits, pick and choose."[62] On or near the Great North Road were the Grey-hound, the Two Wrestlers, the Horse and Groom or Horse and Jockey (now the Bull), and the Angel on Brickwall Hill, at the northern end of Hatfield. Similarly, Stevenage contained a good number of inns, and on or near the Great North Road the Bramble family could choose from the Wheatsheaf, the George and Dragon, the Falcon, the Red Lion, the White Lion, the Yorkshire Grey, and the Swan, the last mentioned by Pepys and praised by Arthur Young on his travels in the north of England.[63]

More difficult to identify is the inn just north of Dunbar, yet Smollett clearly intends a specific one. Jery writes, "Passing through Dunbar . . . we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation; but for this we cannot give the Scots credit, as the landlord is a native of England" (Edinburgh, July 18). Unfortunately the English landlord, if historical, remains unidentified, but the inn was most likely the Beltonford Inn. According to a nineteenth-century local historian, John Martine, there was a "respectable road-side hostelry at Gateside," but the inn visited by the Bramble family is probably the larger inn at Beltonford: "There was a considerable business done for a long period at Beltonford Inn, which was situated at the junction of the crossroad from Broxburn, past Eweford, etc., to the High London Road. It was convenient for traffic by carts and carriages from the east part of the county. . . . The inn was a most convenient one for travellers resting and putting up at."[64] As a name, *Beltonford* appears on maps dating from at least 1722. Martine indicates that an inn existed at Beltonford "for a long period." In 1786 an inventory of Beltonford Inn was made, and in 1794 the furniture and equipment of the inn were sold at public auction. However, an inn was still operating at Beltonford as late as 1854, for in an ordnance survey map published in that year, among the buildings at Beltonford is one marked "Hay Arms Inn," evidently named after a Mr. Hay, proprietor of Belton Estate.[65]

Closely connected with the inns and private lodgings are the innkeepers, landlords, and landladies. At least two such people mentioned in the novel, and generally assumed to be fictitious, can be identified as historical persons. The first is the landlady at Tweedmouth; Jery calls her "Mrs. Humphreys, a very good sort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth . . ." (Edinburgh, July 18). Earlier, Matt had written that from his window at this inn he could see the "Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge [James VI Bridge] which connects this suburb to the town of Berwick" (Tweedmouth, July 15). Local tradition has long held that in 1766 Smollett stayed in lodgings facing the bridge. In 1852 James Raine, a local historian, wrote that "the House in Tweedmouth which immediately faces the bridge was formerly an inn. Here Smollett wrote the greater part of his 'Humphrey

Clinker.' "[66] Since three separate but adjoining buildings face the bridge, some confusion has arisen. *Tomlinson's Comprehensive Guide to the County of Northumberland*, however, asserts that "*Tweed House*, which immediately faces the bridge, was formerly a posting-house of considerable importance, and is referred to by Smollett in *Humphrey Clinker*."[67] Tweed House, a private home in the nineteenth century but known in the eighteenth century as the Virgin's Inn, began a few years ago to be restored by Philip Rothwell and was for a time converted by him back into an inn, the Bridge Hotel;[68] it has recently become a rest home for the elderly. From the front center window in Room 4 of the Bridge Hotel, the Tweed can be seen gliding through the arches of the bridge. Francis M. Cowe has also identified Tweed House or the Bridge Hotel as Smollett's residence.[69] Under the denomination of the Virgin's Inn the hotel was visited by Alexander Carlyle in 1755: "it was past 12 before we Reach'd Berwick. . . . The Virgins Inn, as it was Call'd, being at that time the best and on the S. Side of the Bridge [in Tweedmouth], made us forget all our Dissasters."[70]

Confirmation comes with the identification of Mrs. Humphreys as a historical person. The first piece of evidence derives from John Clephane (d. 1758), an army physician, who noted in 1750 on a journey from Scarborough to Kilravock, Nairnshire, that "At Tweedmouth, Mrs. Humphrey's a good house."[71] The second, and clinching, piece of evidence comes from deeds recorded in the court roll of the Manor of Tweedmouth and Spittle (now Spittal), the contents of which are related in a personal letter from Francis Cowe. The Virgin's Inn is not mentioned by name, but the deeds are to the Bridge Hotel, "formerly Tweedmouth House, Main Street, Tweedmouth, Berwick-upon-Tweed."[72] Dated 17 October 1765, the first deed names several people—James Humphreys of Berwick, painter, and Ann, his wife; David Humphreys of Gray's Inn, London, gentleman; Hannah Humphreys of Tweedmouth, spinster; Sarah Fowler of Tweedmouth, widow; and Jane Humphreys of Tweedmouth, spinster—who, with others, inherited the property in the vicinity from their cousin James Todd, who died earlier in the year. By the same deed James and David Humphreys made over their share of the copyhold properties to Hannah Humphreys, Sarah Fowler, and Jane Humphreys, presumably their sisters. The names of these same three ladies occur again in a later schedule of deeds, which gives the dates of their wills: Hannah, 4 November 1771; Sarah, 1 October 1777; and Jane, 14 June 1785. Assuming from the dates of the wills that Hannah is the oldest sister, it seems likely that she is the Mrs. Humphreys of the novel and that she ran the property as an inn with the help of Jane, her spinster sister, and Sarah, her widowed sister. The inn was evidently sold in 1770, and Hannah Humphreys died on 9 December 1776, five years after the publication of *Humphry Clinker.*

The second innkeeper to be identified is in Edinburgh. At the arrival of the Bramble party in that city, Samuel Mitchelson, a lawyer and a friend of Smollett, rescues them from the inn where they have stopped, presumably the White Horse Inn or Stables (built in 1623) in White Horse Close at the bottom of the High Street. Mitchelson puts them up himself, until, in Matt's words, he finds them "decent lodgings in the house of a widow gentlewoman, of the name of Lockhart" (Edinburgh, July 18). These lodgings, Jery notes, were "in the High-Street" (Edinburgh, July 18). Through the assistance of Dr. Walter H. Mackey, archivist for the City of Edinburgh District Council, the *Extent Roll for the Annuity Tax for 1769* (the earliest set of complete tax records extant for the High Street) was made available for examination. There are very few Lockharts in the *Extent Roll,* but on the fifth page of the "Second South East Bound" appears the name Mrs. Lockhart; it is crossed out to indicate that she had died or moved from the property owned by "John Stenhouse merch.," who sold it in 1769 to James Kerr. Mrs. Lockhart paid £48 Scots sterling for the rent of the house, which stood on the High Street, behind the Tron Church in what was then called Marline's Wynd, just off the current Blair Street. On page 23 of the "First North East Bound" of 1769 is the entry for Samuel Mitchelson. Mitchelson owned and lived on property in the still extant Carruber's Close, just diagonally across the High Street from Mrs. Lockhart. The first Edinburgh street directory, published in 1775, lists two Mrs. Lockharts, one living on the Canongate and one on Nicolson's Street.[73] It seems unlikely, however, that either one can be identified as the Mrs. Lockhart who lived on the High Street and provided lodgings for the Bramble family in the 1760s. In any event, it is now clear that Mrs. Lockhart and also Mrs. Humphreys were historical persons appearing as minor characters in *Humphry Clinker.*

Two further examples, this time from the medical field, will illustrate the pervasiveness of the factual even in what appears to be totally fictional material. In Clifton, at the Bristol Hot Well, Matt writes of Lydia that she "fell sick the fourth day after our arrival . . . , and continued so ill for a whole week, that her life was despaired of. It was not till yesterday that Dr. Rigge declared her out of danger" (Clifton, April 17). "Dr. Rigge" sounds like a perfectly fictitious name, one that Smollett would have enjoyed inventing; and since he spells it out, as he does Mrs. Humphreys and Mrs. Lockhart, a procedure he does not follow with generally recognizable historical names, the reader immediately assumes a fictional character. In fact, however, Rigge is as historical as the Dr. Edward Barry quoted by the equally historical Dr. Diederich Wessel Linden (both names given with dashes), the latter appearing in the Bristol Hot Well scenes as the defender of stench. Dr. Thomas Rigge (d. 1794) was one of the physicians at the Bristol Royal Infirmary from 3 March 1767 until 3 March 1778, and he practiced at the Hot Well. According to G. Munro Smith, historian of the Royal Infirmary, Dr. Rigge had a reputation for "irritability and proneness to quarrel," but "could be kind to his friends and to the poor, and his popularity as a clever practitioner was apparently well deserved."[74] His character, not unlike that of Matt himself, would undoubtedly have endeared him to the Bramble family. Smollett's fascination with doctors and the current practice of medicine appears on nearly every page of his novel, and, as suggested above, his references are very often recognizably factual and historical. During the comic and apparently fictional scenes with the Scots lawyer Micklewhimmen at Scarborough, however, Smollett once more overlaps fiction and fact by slipping in an obscure historical reference. Jery writes that the young "clothier from Leeds" is deceived into believing that his large draught of Micklewhimmen's wine contained a powerful purgative, and Micklewhimmen advises him "to send an express to Rippon for doctor Waugh, without delay" (Scarborough, July 1). Again Dr. Waugh, with his name spelled out, suggests a fictional character, and yet he is historical. At present, however, all that is known is the reference to his death in the *Scots Magazine* for 1776: "Feb. 26. At Edinburgh, Dr. Gilbert Waugh of Shaw, late physician at Rippon, Yorkshire."[75]

It is possible to explain such minor and generally unrecognized historical references as quiet tributes to some of Smollett's old friends and old haunts. But much more is involved, for in the novel Smollett projects a world where the historical and the fictional become indistinguishable. Reinforced by the biblical, medical, literary, and proverbial matters alluded to or quoted, fact and fiction merge to become simply a single set of data selected to generate a total, new comic reality. As if to underscore this new reality, Smollett reverses the usual historical-fictional process with the encounter at Harrogate between the Bramble family and four characters from his earlier novel, *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, published in 1753. Introduced as if they were historical persons, the fictional Renaldo de Melvile, his wife Serafina, Grieve (the erstwhile Fathom), and Elinor join the Brambles to conclude the Fathom part of the former Renaldo-Fathom story. In *Ferdinand Count Fathom* the villain Fathom, who had sought to destroy the benevolent Renaldo and his beloved Serafina, is finally defeated and brought to repentance. At the end of the novel Renaldo agrees to assist Fathom financially but refuses to communicate with him personally.

> Renaldo being still averse to any personal intercourse with such a wretch, until he should give some undoubted proofs of amendment, and as yet afraid of intrusting him with any office that required integrity, resolved, with the approbation of all present, to settle him in a cheap country in the north of England, where he and his wife could live comfortably on an annuity of sixty pounds, until his behaviour should intitle him to a better provision.[76]

The sentimentally comic reunion of the Melviles and the Fathoms in *Humphry Clinker* treats the earlier novel as history, explaining that Fathom, who has lived piously and humbly since his exile, now deserves the "better provision" promised by Renaldo in 1753.

Smollett's fusion of fact and fiction in *Humphry Clinker* throws into question that modern critical theory which insists, as Avrom Fleishman observes, that "whatever it is that appears in literature, it is not the 'real' world."[77] But such aesthetic theorizing, however attractive for separating literature from life, simply eliminates the referential "real" or external world from the invented world of the novel by ignoring it, by pretending it is not there. The presence of the external world instead, as Fleishman continues, raises the "question, how do we respond to works which themselves insist on their reality function, which tie themselves closely to historical time and geographical space, which mix invented names with the names of actual persons, and which refer to objects that are observable in the inhabited world?" Part of our response requires us to acknowledge that "some of the things literature talks about are evoked as *things* more than are others, and literature can be said to communicate *with* as well as *about* them" (p. 4).

The travel-book form of *Humphry Clinker* especially allows Smollett to perfect what he had been attempting in all of his earlier novels, the creation of a literary structure whose fiction does "communicate with" the external world, and in the process rejects any aesthetic that identifies "truth" or "reality" only with the empirical, the factual and historical, or only with the imagined, the invented. Reality becomes instead a world constructed from both fiction and fact. Fleishman is again suggestive: "Existing within the fictional work, referential signs maintain their original operation while acquiring a new one: they continue to refer to a real world while they are brought into play with entirely new terms in the text. Just as purely fictional place-names exist side by side with referential ones in a novel, so do other fictional objects—persons, things, situations—exist in tandem with the names of real beings, with which they enter into relations that determine the specific character of each work" (p. 10). A work like *Humphry Clinker*, that insists on a constant interplay of the fictional and empirical, effectually represents reality as something to which neither fact nor fiction can lay claim.

Any of the examples mentioned so far could serve to illustrate the implications of Smollett's aesthetic, but a particularly concise and illuminating one occurs in Jery's delightful account of the scene at Bath between Tabby and the historical actor James Quin. Haranguing Quin, Tabby claims, "'Mr. Gwynn . . . I was once vastly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet at Drury-Lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcofine*'" (Bath, April 30). For the fictional Tabby the fictional "Ghost of Gimlet" was real, and James Quin in the role was just as much a real ghost ("'Well, to be sure,'" Tabby argues, "'you looked and talked so like a real ghost'") as he is the real retired actor, appearing in Smollett's novel as a fictional character but living at 3a Pierrepont Street, just around the corner from the South Parade, where the fictional Bramble family first take lodgings. The scene moves rapidly to Quin's assertion that the "'Ghost of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again,'" to sexual puns on proverbs about dunghills and the crowing of cocks, to Nell Gwynn, to Charles II, to puns on royal descent, to the John Dory, historically Quin's favorite fish, to a final quotation from Cicero's "First Catilinarian" oration. What is the "reality" represented in this hilarious scene? Smollett appears to suggest that it is not the individual items, factual or fictional, but the new mixture, the comic fusion of historical, factual, and fictional elements that constitutes reality.

Tabby's reaction to Lismahago's recital of his adventures among the North American Indians may serve as a final example. Quoting from *Othello*, Jery writes, "Such are the out-lines of Mr. Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha *did seriously incline her ear*;—indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor *for the dangers he had past*" (Morpeth, July 13). Here we have another truly mixed scene. Lismahago becomes a comic Othello and Tabby a comic Desdemona. In fact, however, as mentioned earlier, nearly every detail in Lismahago's story has been lifted not just from the "History of Canada" in the *British Magazine*, noted by Louis Martz many years ago, but from the large corpus of eighteenth-century "Indian Matter," including Oldmixon's *The British Empire in America*, Colden's *History of the Five Indian Nations*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1755. What then constitutes the "reality" represented in this scene? Shakespeare's fictional Othello and Desdemona? Smollett's fictional Lismahago and Tabby? The factual and historical Indian matter comprising Lismahago's narrative? The meaning Smollett conveys is that reality, in the literary world and the external world, is neither fact nor fiction, but a separate construct shaped and ordered from both. The aesthetic generated by *Humphry Clinker* removes truth or reality from both fact and fiction. Fictional and factual materials become merely raw data from which men and women, historical or imaginary, select, interpret, and appropriate to form their own human reality, a "truth" beyond fact and fiction.

Wolfgang Iser writes of *Humphry Clinker*: "Smollett's presentation of the journey is not concerned primarily with the things that are experienced, but with the way in which they are experienced. Thus the events reported take on a double meaning: first, they reveal the subjectivity that colors the perception of the individual . . . ; and second, they rouse a greater interest in the various possibilities of perception that are opened up to the reader's imagination. . . . The revelation is no longer one of factual information, but is concerned with the abundance of viewpoints contained even in the most trivial of situations, which will still have as many sides as there are observers."[78] Jery seems to understand Iser's point full well, for near the end of the novel he claims, "Without all doubt, the greatest advantage acquired in travelling and pursuing mankind in the original, is that of dispelling those shameful clouds that darken the faculties of the mind, preventing it from judging with candour and precision" (October 14). Jery refers, of course, to factual, historical traveling, but as Smollett's aesthetic implies, his observation holds equally true for the fictional travelers in the novel and for the historical but symbolic travelers reading it.

Through this aesthetic, this separate reality constructed from fact and fiction, Smollett finally achieved in *Humphry Clinker* what seems to have been the artistic goal in all his novels—the harmony of a satiric vision of the world with a comic plot. Smollett's early novels are often described as picaresque, with the picaro or rogue-hero modified into a "young man of good family who has set out on his wanderings."[79] If Smollett wrote within the picaresque tradition, he carefully subordinated it to his own idea that the novel was also a vehicle for satire. In the preface to *Roderick Random*, for example, the Greek and Roman mythologies are called a "collection of extravagant romances" in verse, and the prose romances of the Middle Ages are scorned as works filled "with the most monstrous hyperboles." True romance originated only with Cervantes, who "by an inimitable piece of ridicule, reformed the taste of mankind" by making romance "assume the sock, and point out the follies of ordinary life." The importance of the novel lies then in its assumption of the sock, in its conversion into a mode of comic satire. This concept of the novel as an important satiric form underlies the famous paragraph opening the preface to *Roderick Random:* "Of all kinds of satire, there is none so entertaining, and universally improving, as that which is introduced, as it were, occasionally, in the course of an interesting story." In the mock dedication to *Ferdinand Count Fathom,* Smollett insisted that the novel also needed "a principal personage to attract the attention, unite the incidents, unwind the clue of the labyrinth, and at last close the scene by virtue of his own importance" (p. 4). The novel, then, performed for Smollett two simultaneous functions: it related the adventures of a principal personage and rendered a satirical yet comic vision of the world in which these adventures took place.

The travel-book structure of *Humphry Clinker* is ideally suited to the rendering of a satirical but finally comic vision while it also supports the adventures of the principal personage, Matt Bramble, whose desire to visit the spas of England necessitates his own travel. Ironically, Matt discovers that his cure lies in the very place where his travels began—the country. What he had lacked in his earlier country life was the proper attitude of humility and activity—the realization that health and happiness come from within, a creation of each individual, a separate reality constructed from all available fact and fiction. Thus, the travels represent Matt's own symbolic search for happiness, and when he finds the means to it he can transcend the world of his satire to reach a comic equilibrium. This equilibrium does not mean that the satirized world has dissolved. On the contrary, the viciousness of that world is even more solid because of Bramble's exposure of it; but happiness is, as the Dennisons have demonstrated, a personal matter, and it can be worked out only by each individual. The satirist, by revealing the evil of the world, has done all he can do. All individuals, including the satirist, must proceed from the recognition made possible by the revelation, and if they strive they may emulate the Dennisons rather than the Baynards.

Matt's final letter to Dr. Lewis indicates that he will cease to be a satirist, and, like Pope in the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," he will instead remain actively engaged in his own welfare and that of others: "As I have laid in a considerable stock of health, it is to be hoped you will not have much trouble with me in the way of physic, but I intend to work you on the side of exercise. . . . That this scheme of life may be prosecuted the more effectually, I intend to renounce all sedentary amusements, particularly that of writing long letters" (November 20). Matt returns to the country convinced that it surpasses urban pleasures, because there the individual finds an environment hospitable to the pursuit of happiness, to the construction of a comic reality that cures body and spirit. The intense physical and moral struggle Baynard undergoes in order to adopt this vision precludes any delusions that the cure comes easily. But Matt's excursion into the world of vice and folly has contributed extensively to his judgment of the need for and the means to the cure, as Jery's observation on the virtues of travel suggests. The objects of Matt's satire remain, but the comic vision of life toward which the novel has been moving can finally triumph over the satiric. Jery's concluding stage metaphor underscores this harmonious reconciliation of comedy and satire: "The comedy is near a close; and the curtain is ready to drop" (November 8). But the comic vision can be achieved only by those who actively seek it—Baynard, Matt, the Dennisons, perhaps the historical reader—and it demands that men and women of feeling squarely face the evils that the satiric vision of humanity forces into the foreground. Through the benevolent misanthropy of Matt Bramble, Smollett fuses satire and comedy into a single vision—a vision of a comic reality transcending the deficient realities limited only to fact or fiction.

Notes

1. Translated by Knapp, 298.
2. Cited in Lewis M. Knapp, "Ann Smollett, Wife of Tobias Smollett," *PMLA* 45 (1930): 1941–42.
3. Quoted by Lewis M. Knapp in the introduction to his Oxford English Novels edition of *Humphry Clinker* (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), x. The few known facts of the novel's composition are outlined here and also in Knapp, 288–89.
4. For a discussion of the publication history of the novel see below, the textual commentary.
5. See Charles Welsh, *A Bookseller of the Last Century* (London, 1885), 357–58. For assistance in understanding current values of eighteenth-century monetary figures, see Richard B. Schwartz, *Daily Life in Johnson's London* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1983), 44–54. Also useful is Douglas Jay, *Sterling, Its Use and Misuse: A Plea for Moderation* (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1985), Part 2 and Appendix.
6. Smollett's *Miscellaneous Works*, ed. Robert Anderson (Edinburgh: Stirling and Slade, 1820), 1:196–97.
7. For a complete tracing of Smollett's reputation from the publication of *Humphry Clinker*, see Fred Boege, *Smollett's Reputation as a Novelist* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1947), especially pp. 29–94. For a bibliography of Smol-

lett's novels as published during the eighteenth century, see Albert H. Smith, "The Printing and Publication of Early Editions of the Novels of Tobias George Smollett" (Ph.D. diss., University of London, 1976). See also *The Letters of John Keats*, ed. Maurice Buxton Forman (London: Oxford University Press, 1952), 75–76 and 391–92; and Gassman, 3–6.

8. See Gassman, 3–6.
9. Martz, 104–80.
10. The ablest and most detailed treatment of this whole question is found in Gassman, especially pp. 20–52.
11. Knapp, "Smollett's Self-Portrait in *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*," in *The Age of Johnson*, ed. Frederick W. Hilles (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1949), 151.
12. See Paul-Gabriel Boucé, "The Duke of Newcastle's Levee in Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*," *Yearbook of English Studies* 5 (1975): 136–41.
13. Martz, 138.
14. Kahrl, 119–32.
15. For a different view of the structure, see Paul-Gabriel Boucé, *The Novels of Tobias Smollett* (London: Longman, 1976), 191–251.
16. The Dustwich-Davis correspondence forms a slight framework structure in the tradition of *Gulliver's Travels* and *Shamela*. See Leon V. Driskell, "Looking for Dustwich," *TSLL* 9 (1967): 85–90.
17. On the relationship of *Humphry Clinker* to travel books, see the excellent discussion by Charles L. Batten, Jr., "*Humphry Clinker* and Eighteenth-Century Travel Literature," *Genre* 7 (1974): 392–408. For the history and nature of travel literature, see Batten's *Pleasurable Instruction* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978), and Percy G. Adams, *Travelers and Travel Liars: 1660–1800* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1962). Adams also provides a very helpful update on the criticism of travel literature in "Travel Literature of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries: A Review of Recent Approaches," *TSLL* 20 (1978): 489–515. Finally, Adams's *Travel Literature and the Evolution of the Novel* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1983) exhaustively explores the shaping effects of travel literature on the novel, with many specific references to Smollett.
18. Robert Donald Spector examines the novel as a development of the picaresque form; see *Tobias George Smollett*, rev. ed. (New York: Twayne, 1989), especially pp. 105–11. For a rejection of picaresque elements in the novel, see Boucé, *Novels*, especially pp. 80–87.
19. Altman, *Epistolarity* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1982), 174. See also Byron Gassman, "The Economy of *Humphry Clinker*," in *Tobias Smollett: Bicentennial Essays Presented to Lewis M. Knapp*, ed. G. S. Rousseau and P.-G. Boucé (New York: Oxford University Press, 1971), 155–68.
20. See Martz, 133–35. Smollett may have taken a hint for his satire on the Methodists from Samuel Foote's *The Minor* (1760), which he quotes in the *Briton*, no. 13,

21 August 1762: Mrs. Cole, a madam with Methodist persuasions, has "jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual."

21. The term "little plots" is borrowed from Scott Garrow, "A Study of the Organization of Smollett's *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker,*" *Southern Quarterly* 5 (1966): 22.
22. On the various quests of the characters, see the following essays: B. L. Reid, "Smollett's Healing Journey," *Virginia Quarterly Review* 41 (1965): 549–70; William Park, "Fathers and Sons: *Humphry Clinker,*" *Literature and Psychology* 16 (1966): 166–74; William West, "Matt Bramble's Journey to Health," *TSLL* 11 (1969): 1197–1208.
23. Newman, "A Consideration of the Bibliographical Problems Connected with the First Edition of *Humphry Clinker,*" *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 44 (1950): 364–65.
24. See Gassman, 331–48, for consideration of the whole question of chronology and dating. See also the chapter on *Humphry Clinker* in Boucé, *Novels.* Problems of chronology are discussed in detail in the textual commentary, below.
25. See the excellent study by John Sekora, *Luxury: The Concept in Western Thought, Eden to Smollett* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1977).
26. On the rural ideal in Smollett, see Jeffrey L. Duncan, "The Rural Ideal in Eighteenth-Century Fiction," *Studies in English Literature* 8 (1968): 517–35; David L. Evans, "*Humphry Clinker:* Smollett's Tempered Augustanism," *Criticism* 9 (1967): 257–74; Edward Copeland, "*Humphry Clinker:* A Comic Pastoral Poem in Prose," *TSLL* 16 (1974): 493–501.
27. See John M. Warner, "Smollett's Development as a Novelist," *Novel* 5 (1971): 148–61; Robert Hopkins, "The Function of Grotesque in *Humphry Clinker,*" *Huntington Library Quarterly* 32 (1969): 163–77; Robert Folkenflik, "Self and Society: Comic Union in *Humphry Clinker,*" *PQ* 53 (1974): 195–204.
28. See Maren-Sofie Røstvig, *The Happy Man* (Oslo: Norwegian University Press, 1958), 2:13–59.
29. See John F. Sena, "Smollett's Matthew Bramble and the Tradition of the Physician-Satirist," *PLL* 11 (1975): 380–96.
30. See Knapp, "Smollett's Self-Portrait," 149–58.
31. See Thomas R. Preston, "Smollett and the Benevolent Misanthrope Type," *PMLA* 79 (1964): 51–57; and *Not in Timon's Manner* (University: University of Alabama Press, 1975), 29–120.
32. Kahrl, 114–15.
33. See Sheridan Baker, "*Humphry Clinker* as Comic Romance," *PMASAL* 46 (1961): 646, 653.
34. See Kahrl, 132–47, and Martz, 175–76.
35. See *Salisbury Journal,* 20 July 1761, for a notice of items forthcoming in the *British Magazine* for June 1761: "The Proprietors of this Work assure the public, that the following standing Articles (besides Variety of occasional ones) are all Written by

Dr. *Smollet*, viz. The Introduction to the Study of Belles Lettres; The History of Sir Launcelot Greaves, a Novel; The History of France; The Peerage of England; The History of Canada, &c."

36. See Michael Rymer, "Another Source for Smollett's Lismahago," *N & Q*, n.s., 21 (1974): 57–59. See also Thomas R. Preston, "Smollett among the Indians," *PQ* 61 (1982): 231–41. The reasons for Scottish interest in American Indians are discussed by Roger L. Emerson, "American Indians, Frenchmen, and Scots Philosophers," in *Studies in Eighteenth-Century Culture*, vol. 9, ed. Roseann Runte (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1979), 211–36.
37. McKillop, *The Early Masters of English Fiction* (Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 1956), 152–53.
38. Jean Henri Samuel Formey, *A Concise History of Philosophy and Philosophers*, trans. (?) Oliver Goldsmith (London, 1766), 124.
39. See the excellent discussion by David Hewitt, "James Beattie and the Languages of Scotland," in *Aberdeen and the Enlightenment*, ed. Jennifer J. Carter and Joan H. Pittock (Aberdeen: Aberdeen University Press, 1987), 251–60. In this same volume see the other relevant essays by Christopher J. Berry, J. Derrick McClure, H. Lewis Ulman, Joan H. Pittock, Kathleen Holcomb, and Nalini Jain.
40. Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (London, 1783), 1:170.
41. Blair, *Lectures*, 1:171.
42. I am indebted to John D. Tinkler for noticing this parallel. *The Philosophy of Rhetoric*, begun in 1759, was published after Smollett's death, but as the draft of the manuscript developed, it was passed around and discussed among the Scottish literati, and its major theses were presumably presented in Campbell's university lectures. The work is conveniently available to modern readers in *The Rhetoric of Blair, Campbell, and Whatley*, ed. James L. Golden and Edward P. J. Corbett (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1968). Subsequent references are to the text as it appears in this edition.
43. See Campbell, *Philosophy*, 265.
44. Campbell, *Philosophy*, 265.
45. Campbell, *Philosophy*, 266.
46. Campbell, *Philosophy*, 266.
47. Campbell, *Philosophy*, 268. See also the devastating footnote on the same page by which Campbell demolishes the arguments of linguists like Middleton and Lowth.
48. In the character of Micklewhimmen, Smollett also gives a brief rendering of Lowland Scots dialect. It may be noted that Smollett's interest in Welsh speech was not restricted to *Humphry Clinker*; the character of Morgan, in *Roderick Random*, is a Welshman whose language is rendered with considerable enthusiasm and vigor.
49. W. Arthur Boggs, "Dialectical Ingenuity in *Humphry Clinker*," *PLL* 1 (1965): 332. The following discussion is based on this and other articles by Boggs concerning the language of Smollett's novel. The other articles are: "Hassock of Hair,"

N & Q, n.s., 7 (1960): 72–73; "Shakespeare and Win," *American Notes & Queries* 3 (1965): 149–50; "Some Standard Eighteenth-Century Usages," *Quarterly Journal of Speech* 51 (1965): 304–6.

50. For a discussion of Daffey's celebrated "elixir," see C. J. S. Thompson, *The Quacks of Old London* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1929), 255–56.
51. Boggs interprets *scullers* as "workers in a scullery," while from the context the meaning is clearly *scholars.* In fact, the pun is very old. See Jonathan Swift, *A Modest Defence of Punning:* "our Author is as ignorant as a certain Gentleman who reading of a *Roman Scholar,* thought *Roman* was a *Waterman* and *Scholar* a *Sculler*" (*Prose Works of Jonathan Swift,* ed. Herbert Davis with Louis Landa [Oxford: Basil Blackwell and Mott, 1957], 4:205). I am indebted to Paul-Gabriel Boucé for the Swift reference. It is possible that many of the Win and Tabby puns are of ancient vintage. The care that must be taken when using Boggs's studies is emphasized by Arthur Sherbo, "Win Jenkins' Language," *PLL* 5 (1969): 199–204.
52. Boggs, "Dialectical Ingenuity in *Humphry Clinker,*" 329.
53. For further discussion of the "Winisms," see Boucé, *Novels,* 302–42. See also Eric Rothstein, "Scatophilia and *Humphry Clinker:* The Politics of Beggary, Bugs, and Buttocks," *University of Toronto Quarterly* 52 (Fall 1982): 63–78.
54. Hazlitt, *Lectures on the English Comic Writers,* in the *Complete Works,* ed. P. P. Howe (London: J. M. Dent, 1931), 6:117.
55. See Gassman, 3–6.
56. See Mollie Sands, *Invitation to Ranelagh* (London: John Westhouse, 1946), and Warwick Wroth, *The London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century* (London: Macmillan, 1896), 109–218.
57. See, for example, J. C. Drummond and Anne Wilbrahaven, *The Englishman's Food,* rev. ed. (London: Jonathan Cape, 1958), 201–3; and Frederick A. Filby, *A History of Food Adulteration and Analysis* (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1934), 105–73.
58. See Bernard Jennings, ed., *A History of Harrogate and Knaresborough* (Huddersfield, Yorkshire: The Advertiser Press, Limited, 1970), 228, 231; see also George Capel, *Harrogate As It Was* (Hendon Mill, Nelson, Lancs.: Hendon Publishing Company, 1972).
59. Carlyle, *Anecdotes and Characters of the Times,* ed. James Kinsley (London: Oxford University Press, 1973), 222.
60. Michael Jamieson, *Coaching Days in the North Country* (Newcastle upon Tyne: Frank Graham, 1969), 40.
61. Frank Graham, *Old Inns and Taverns of Durham and Northumberland* (Newcastle upon Tyne: Frank Graham, 1966), 30–35.
62. *Hatfield and Its People,* book 4 (Hatfield: Hatfield W. E. A., June 1960), 9. I am indebted to Mrs. S. R. Head, local studies librarian, Hertfordshire County Council, for the information on the inns of Hatfield and Stevenage.
63. Anthony Burgess, *Coaching Days of England* (London: Paul Elek, 1966), 51. Fur-

ther information on the inns of England may be found in A. W. Coysh, *Historic English Inns* (Newton Abbot, Devon: David and Charles, 1972). See also Jack Hallam, *The Haunted Inns of England* (London: Wolfe, 1972), which includes a fine bibliography, pp. 220–21.

64. Martine, *Reminiscences and Notices of Ten Parishes of the County of Haddington*, ed. E. J. Wilson (Haddington: William Sinclair, 1894), 125.
65. This information was supplied by the Rev. Ian McMartin, Belhaven Church, Dunbar.
66. Raine, *The History and Antiquities of North Durham as subdivided into the Shires of Norham, Island, and Bedlington, which, From the Saxon Period until the year 1844, Constituted Parcels of the County Palatine of Durham, but Are now United to the County of Northumberland* (London: John Bowyer Nichols and Son; Durham: George Andrews, 1852), 244.
67. *Tomlinson's Comprehensive Guide to the County of Northumberland*, rev. R. J. Charleton (London and Felling-on-Tyne: Walter Scott [1916?]), 539.
68. The inn dates from Elizabethan times and was the first place James I of England and VI of Scotland supposedly stayed when he crossed the Tweed. Mr. Rothwell attempted restoring the building to its original condition.
69. Cowe, *Berwick upon Tweed: A Short Historical Guide* (Berwick: Bell's Bookshop, 1975), 62. Mr. Cowe has generously given me his notes and supplied me orally and in writing with much of the information on Smollett in Tweedmouth. See also the revised edition of his *Guide* (Berwick: How and Blackhall, 1984), 51.
70. Carlyle, *Anecdotes and Characters*, 154.
71. Quoted in C. Innes, *Sketches of Early Scotch History* (Edinburgh, 1861), 551.
72. The information on the deeds is included in a personal letter to me from Mr. Cowe, dated 17 August 1976. These deeds lay to rest claims that either the Lamb, which overlooks the bridge from the downstream side, or No. 20 Main Street, also too far east of the bridge for a view of the Tweed gliding under its arches, is the hotel intended in the novel. According to the late Rev. Dr. L. O. Henderson, vicar of Tweedmouth, in a personal letter to me also dated 17 August 1976, "the people of Tweedmouth have always said that Smollett stayed at the Lamb." Similarly, in a Department of the Environment report, No. 20 Main Street is designated as the place "where Smollett stayed when writing 'Humphrey Clinker' " (*List of Buildings of Special Architectural or Historic Interest, Borough of Berwick-upon-Tweed, Northumberland*, typescript, 1971, p. 36). The building this document erroneously describes (p. 35) as No. 4 Main Street is actually No. 20.
73. William Mason, *Directory for the City of Edinburgh, Cannongate, Leith, and Suburbs, From the 25th May 1774, to the 25th May 1775* (Edinburgh, 1775), 56.
74. Smith, *A History of the Royal Infirmary* (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 1917), 119–22.
75. *Scots Magazine* 38 (1776): 163.
76. *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, ed. Jerry C. Beasley (Athens: Univer-

sity of Georgia Press, 1988), 354–55. For a general discussion of Smollett's broad experiments with the fusion of history and fiction in this earlier novel see Beasley, "Smollett's Novels: *Ferdinand Count Fathom* for the Defense," *PLL* 20 (1984): 165–84.

77. Fleishman, *Fiction and the Ways of Knowing* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1978), 3.
78. Iser, "The Generic Control of the Esthetic Response: An Examination of Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*," in *The Implied Reader* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1974), 66.
79. McKillop, *Early Masters*, 149.

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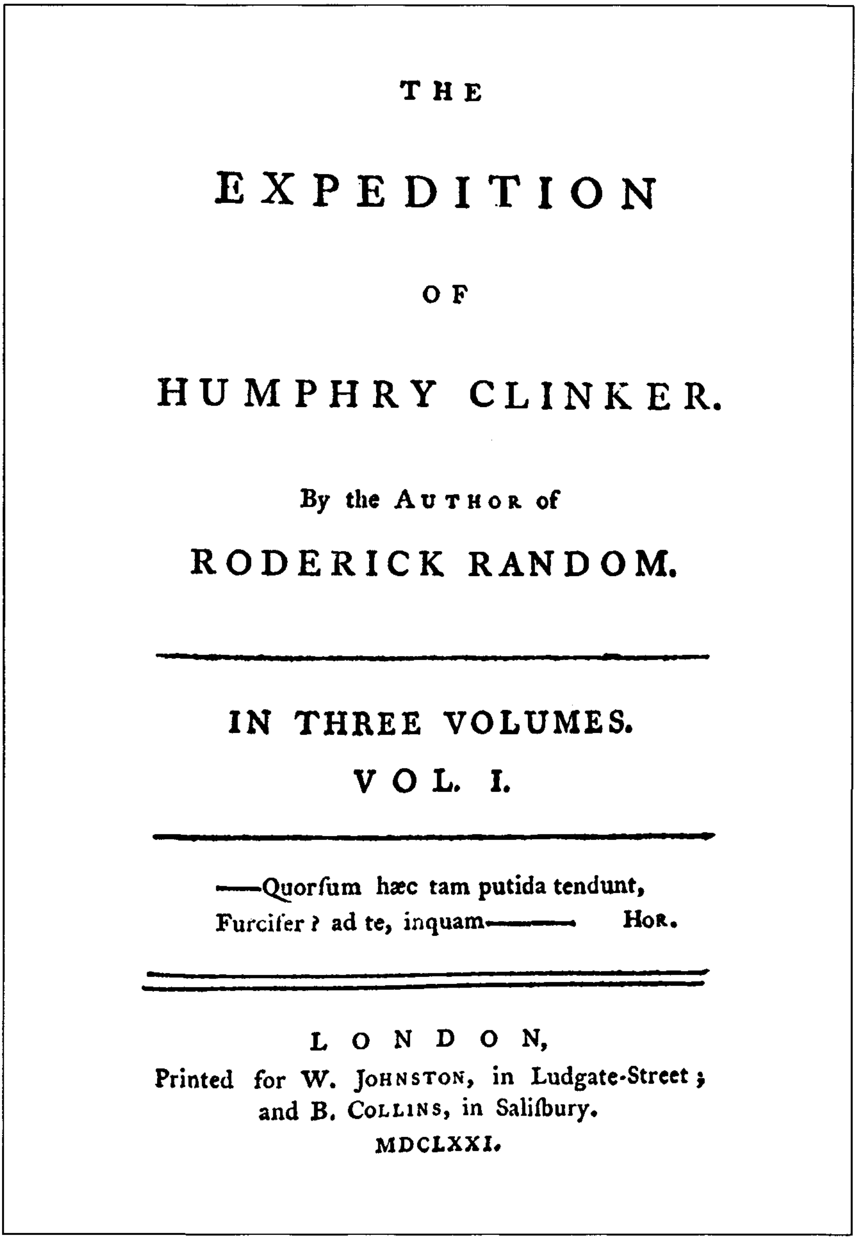

THE

EXPEDITION

OF

HUMPHRY CLINKER.

By the AUTHOR of

RODERICK RANDOM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

——Quorſum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furciſer? ad te, inquam—— HOR.

LONDON,
Printed for W. JOHNSTON, in Ludgate-Street;
and B. COLLINS, in Saliſbury.
MDCLXXI.

Title Page of First Edition, Volume 1, 1771.
(By Permission of the University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City.)

To Mr. HENRY DAVIS, Bookseller, in London.

Abergavenny, Aug. 4.

RESPECTED SIR,

I have received your esteemed favour of the 13th ultimo, whereby it appeareth, that you have perused those same Letters, the which were delivered unto you by my friend the reverend Mr. Hugo Behn; and I am pleased to find you think they may be printed with a good prospect of success; in as much as the objections you mention, I humbly conceive, are such as may be redargued,[1] if not entirely removed—And, first, in the first place, as touching what prosecutions may arise from printing the private correspondence of persons still living, give me leave, with all due submission, to observe, that the Letters in question were not written and sent under the seal of secrecy; that they have no tendency to the *mala fama*,[2] or prejudice of any person whatsoever; but rather to the information and edification of mankind: so that it becometh a sort of duty to promulgate them *in usum publicum.*[3] Besides, I have consulted Mr. Davy Higgins, an eminent attorney of this place, who, after due inspection and consideration, declareth, That he doth not think the said Letters contain any matter which will be held actionable in the eye of the law. Finally, if you and I should come to a right understanding, I do declare *in verbo sacerdotis*,[4] that, in case of any such prosecution, I will take the whole upon my own shoulders, even *quoad*[5] fine and imprisonment, though, I must confess, I should not care to undergo flagellation: *Tam ad turpitudinem, quam ad amaritudinem pœna spectans*[6]—Secondly, concerning the personal resentment of Mr. Justice Lismahago, I may say, *non flocci facio*[7]—I would not willingly vilipend any Christian, if, peradventure, he deserveth that epithet: albeit, I am much surprised that more care is not taken to exclude from the commission all such vagrant foreigners as may be justly suspected of disaffection to our happy constitution, in church and state—God forbid that I should be so uncharitable, as to affirm positively, that the said Lismahago is no better than a Jesuit in disguise; but this I will assert and maintain, *totis viribus*,[8] that, from the day he qualified, he has never been once seen *intra templi parietes*,[9] that is to say, within the parish church.

Thirdly, with respect to what passed at Mr. Kendal's table, when the said Lismahago was so brutal in his reprehensions, I must inform you, my good sir, that I was obliged to retire, not by fear arising from his minatory reproaches, which, as I said above, I value not of a rush; but from the sudden effect produced by a barbel's row, which I had eaten at dinner, not knowing, that the said row is at certain seasons violently cathartic, as Galen observeth in his chapter *περὶ ἰχθύς.*[10]

Fourthly, and lastly, with reference to the manner in which I got possession of these Letters, it is a circumstance that concerns my own conscience only; sufficeth it to say, I have fully satisfied the parties in whose custody they were; and, by this time, I hope I have also satisfied you in such ways, that the last hand may be put to our agreement, and the work proceed with all convenient expedition; in which hope I rest,

respected sir,
your very humble servant,
Jonathan Dustwich.[11]

P.S. I propose, *Deo volente,*[12] to have the pleasure of seeing you in the great city, towards All-hallowtide,[13] when I shall be glad to treat with you concerning a parcel of MS. sermons, of a certain clergyman deceased; a cake of the right leaven, for the present taste of the public. *Verbum sapienti, &c.*[14]

J.D.

To the Revd. Mr. Jonathan Dustwich, at ——.

SIR,

I received yours in course of post, and shall be glad to treat with you for the MS. which I have delivered to your friend Mr. Behn; but can by no means comply with the terms proposed. Those things are so uncertain—Writing is all a lottery—I have been a loser by the works of the greatest men of the age—I could mention particulars, and name names; but don't chuse it—The taste of the town is so changeable. Then there have been so many letters upon travels lately published[1]—What between Smollett's, Sharp's, Derrick's, Thickness's, Baltimore's, and Baretti's, together with Shandy's Sentimental Travels, the public seems to be cloyed with that kind of entertainment—Nevertheless, I will, if you please, run the risque of printing and publishing, and you shall have half the profits of the impression—You need not take the trouble to bring up your sermons on my account—No body reads sermons but Methodists and Dissenters—Besides, for my own part, I am quite a stranger to that sort of reading; and the two persons, whose judgment I depended upon in these matters, are out of the way; one is gone abroad, carpenter of a man of war; and the other has been silly enough to abscond, in order to avoid a prosecution for blasphemy—I'm a great loser by his going off—He has left a manual of devotion half finished on my hands, after having received money for the whole copy—He was the soundest divine, and had the most orthodox pen of all my people; and I never knew his judgment fail, but in flying from his bread and butter on this occasion.

By owning you was not put in bodily fear by Lismahago, you preclude yourself from the benefit of a good plea, over and above the advantage of binding him over. In the late war,[2] I inserted in my evening paper, a paragraph that came by the post, reflecting upon the behaviour of a certain regiment in battle.[3] An officer of said regiment came to my shop, and, in the presence of my wife and journeyman, threatened to cut off my ears——As I exhibited marks of bodily fear, more ways than one, to the conviction of the byestanders, I bound him over; my action lay, and I recovered. As for flagellation, you have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope, on that head—There has been but one printer flogged at the cart's tail[4] these thirty years; that was Charles Watson;[5] and he assured me it was no more than a flea-bite. C—— S——[6] has been threatened several times by the House of L——; but it came to nothing. If an information[7] should be moved for, and granted against you, as the editor of those Letters, I hope you will have honesty and wit enough to appear and take your trial——If you should be sentenced to the pillory, your fortune is made[8]—As times go, that's a sure step to honour and preferment. I shall think myself happy if I can lend you a lift;[9] and am, very sincerely,

yours,
HENRY DAVIS.

London, Aug. 10th.

Please my kind service to your neighbour, my cousin Madoc—I have sent an Almanack and Court-kalendar,[10] directed for him at Mr. Sutton's, bookseller, in Gloucester, carriage paid, which he will please to accept as a small token of my regard. My wife, who is very fond of toasted cheese,[11] presents her compliments to him, and begs to know if there's any of that kind, which he was so good as to send us last Christmas, to be sold in London.

H.D.

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THE
EXPEDITION
OF
Humphry Clinker

To Dr. Lewis.

DOCTOR,

The pills are good for nothing—I might as well swallow snow-balls to cool my reins[1]—I have told you over and over, how hard I am to move; and at this time of day, I ought to know something of my own constitution. Why will you be so positive? Prithee send me another prescription—I am as lame and as much tortured in all my limbs as if I was broke upon the wheel: indeed, I am equally distressed in mind and body—As if I had not plagues enough of my own, those children of my sister are left me for a perpetual source of vexation—what business have people to get children to plague their neighbours? A ridiculous incident that happened yesterday to my niece Liddy, has disordered me in such a manner, that I expect to be laid up with another fit of the gout—perhaps, I may explain myself in my next. I shall set out to-morrow morning for the Hot Well at Bristol,[2] where I am afraid I shall stay longer than I could wish. On the receipt of this, send Williams thither with my saddle-horse and the *demi pique.*[3] Tell Barns to thresh out the two old ricks, and send the corn to market,[4] and sell it off to the poor at a shilling a bushel under market price.—I have received a sniveling letter from Griffin, offering to make a public submission and pay costs. I want none of his submissions; neither will I pocket any of his money—The fellow is a bad neighbour, and I desire to have nothing to do with him: but as he is purse-proud, he shall pay for his insolence: let him give five pounds to the poor of the parish, and I'll withdraw my action; and in the mean time you may tell Prig to stop proceedings.—Let Morgan's widow[5] have the Alderney cow, and forty shillings to clothe her children: but don't say a syllable of the matter to any living soul—I'll make her pay when she is able. I desire you will lock up all my drawers, and keep the keys till meeting; and be sure you take the iron chest with my papers into your own custody—Forgive all this trouble from,

Dear Lewis,
Your affectionate
M. BRAMBLE.

Gloucester, April 2.

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, house-keeper at Brambleton-hall.

MRS. GWILLIM,

When this cums to hand, be sure to pack up in the trunk male[1] that stands in my closet, to be sent me in the Bristol waggon without loss of time, the following articles, viz. my rose collard neglejay,[2] with green robins, my yellow damask, and my black velvet suit, with the short hoop; my bloo quilted petticot, my green manteel, my laced apron, my French commode,[3] Macklin head[4] and lappets, and the litel box with my jowls. Williams may bring over my bum-daffee,[5] and the viol with the easings of Dr. Hill's dock-water,[6] and Chowder's lacksitif. The poor creature has been terribly constuprated ever since we left huom. Pray take particular care of the house while the family is absent. Let there be a fire constantly kept in my brother's chamber and mine. The maids, having nothing to do, may be sat a spinning. I desire you'll clap a pad-luck on the wind-seller, and let none of the men have excess to the strong bear[7]—don't forget to have the gate shit every evening before dark.——The gardnir and the hind may lie below in the landry, to partake the house, with the blunderbuss and the great dog; and I hope you'll have a watchfull eye over the maids. I know that hussy, Mary Jones, loves to be rumping with the men. Let me know if Alderney's calf be sould yet, and what he fought[8]—if the ould goose be sitting; and if the cobler has cut Dicky, and how the pore anemil bore the operation.—No more at present, but rests,

Yours,
TABITHA BRAMBLE.[9]

Glostar, April 2.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MOLLY,

Heaving this importunity, I send my love to you and Saul, being in good health, and hoping to hear the same from you; and that you and Saul will take my poor kitten to bed with you this cold weather.—We have been all in a sad taking[1] here at Glostar—Miss Liddy had like to have[2] run away with a player-man, and young master and he would adone themselves a mischief; but the squire applied to the mare, and they were bound over.—Mistress bid me not speak a word of the matter to any Christian soul—no more I shall: for, we servints should see all and say nothing—But what was worse than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle—Mistriss was taken with the asterisks, but they soon went off. The docter was sent for to Chowder, and he subscribed a repository, which did him great service—thank God he's now in a fair way to do well—pray take care of my box and the pillyber,[3] and put them under your own bed; for, I do suppose, madam Gwyllim will be a prying into my secrets, now my back is turned. John Thomas is in good health, but sulky. The squire gave away an ould coat to a poor man; and John says as how tis robbing him of his parquisites.—I told him, by his agreement he was to receive no vails; but he says as how there's a difference betwixt vails and parquisites;[4] and so there is for sartain. We are all going to the Hot Well, where I shall drink your health in a glass of water, being,

Dear Molly,
Your humble servant to command,
WIN. JENKINS.

Glostar, April 2d.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.[1]

DEAR PHILLIPS,

As I have nothing more at heart than to convince you I am incapable of forgetting, or neglecting the friendship I made at college, I now begin that correspondence by letters, which you and I agreed, at parting, to cultivate. I begin it sooner than I intended, that you may have it in your power to refute any idle reports which may be circulated to my prejudice at Oxford, touching a foolish quarrel, in which I have been involved on account of my sister, who had been some time settled here in a boarding-school.—When I came hither with my uncle and aunt (who are our guardians) to fetch her away, I found her a fine, tall girl, of seventeen, with an agreeable person; but remarkably simple, and quite ignorant of the world. This disposition, and want of experience, had exposed her to the addresses of a person—I know not what to call him, who had seen her at a play; and, with a confidence and dexterity peculiar to himself, found means to be recommended to her acquaintance. It was by the greatest accident I intercepted one of his letters; as it was my duty to stifle this correspondence in its birth, I made it my business to find him out, and tell him very freely my sentiments of the matter. The spark did not like the stile I used, and behaved with abundance of mettle. Though his rank in life (which, by the bye, I am ashamed to declare) did not entitle him to much deference; yet as his behaviour was remarkably spirited, I admitted him to the privilege of a gentleman, and something might have happened, had not we been prevented.—In short, the business took air, I know not how, and made abundance of noise—recourse was had to justice—I was obliged to give my word and honour, *&c.* and to-morrow morning we set out for Bristol Wells, where I expect to hear from you by the return of the post.——I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement. My aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, is a maiden of forty-five, exceedingly starched, vain, and ridiculous.—My uncle is an odd kind of humorist, always on the fret, and so unpleasant in his manner, that rather than be obliged to keep him company, I'd resign all claim to the inheritance of his estate.—Indeed his being tortured by the gout may have soured his temper, and, perhaps, I may like him better on further acquaintance: certain it is, all his servants and neighbours in the country, are fond of him, even to a degree of enthusiasm, the reason of which I cannot as yet comprehend. Remember me to Griffy Price, Gwyn, Mansel, Basset, and all the rest of my old Cambrian companions.——Salute[2] the bed-maker in my name—give my service to the cook, and pray take care of poor Ponto, for the sake of his old master, who is, and ever will be,

Dear Phillips,
Your affectionate friend,
and humble servant,
JER. MELFORD.

Gloucester, April 2.

To Mrs. JERMYN, at her house in Gloucester.

DEAR MADAM,

Having no mother of my own, I hope you will give me leave to disburthen my poor heart to you, who have always acted the part of a kind parent to me, ever since I was put under your care.—Indeed, and indeed, my worthy governess may believe me, when I assure her, that I never harboured a thought that was otherwise than virtuous; and, if God will give me grace, I shall never behave so as to cast a reflection on the care you have taken in my education. I confess I have given just cause of offence by my want of prudence and experience. I ought not to have listened to what the young man said; and it was my duty to have told you all that passed, but I was ashamed to mention it; and then he behaved so modest and respectful, and seemed to be so melancholy and timorous, that I could not find in my heart to do any thing that should make him miserable and desperate. As for familiarities, I do declare, I never once allowed him the favour of a salute; and as to the few letters that passed between us, they are all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour.—I am still persuaded that he is not what he appears to be: but time will discover—mean while I will endeavour to forget a connexion, which is so displeasing to my family. I have cried without ceasing, and have not tasted any thing but tea, since I was hurried away from you; nor did I once close my eyes for three nights running.——My aunt continues to chide me severely when we are by ourselves; but I hope to soften her in time, by humility and submission.—My uncle, who was so dreadfully passionate in the beginning, has been moved by my tears and distress; and is now all tenderness and compassion; and my brother is reconciled to me, on my promise to break off all correspondence with that unfortunate youth: but, notwithstanding all their indulgence, I shall have no peace of mind 'till I know my dear and ever honoured governess has forgiven her poor, disconsolate, forlorn,

Affectionate humble servant,
till death,
LYDIA MELFORD.

Clifton, April 6.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAREST LETTY,

I am in such a fright, lest this should not come safe to hand by the conveyance of Jarvis the carrier, that I beg you will write me, on the receipt of it, directing to me, under cover, to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my aunt's maid, who is a good girl, and has been so kind to me in my affliction, that I have made her my confidant; as for Jarvis, he was very shy of taking charge of my letter and the little parcel, because his sister Sally had like to have lost her place on my account: indeed I cannot blame the man for his caution; but I have made it worth his while.—My dear companion and bed-fellow, it is a grievous addition to my other misfortunes, that I am deprived of your agreeable company and conversation, at a time when I need so much the comfort of your good humour and good sense; but, I hope, the friendship we contracted at boarding-school, will last for life—— I doubt not but on my side it will daily increase and improve, as I gain experience, and learn to know the value of a true friend.—O, my dear Letty! what shall I say about poor Mr. Wilson? I have promised to break off all correspondence, and, if possible, to forget him: but, alas! I begin to perceive that will not be in my power. As it is by no means proper that the picture should remain in my hands, lest it should be the occasion of more mischief, I have sent it to you by this opportunity, begging you will either keep it safe till better times, or return it to Mr. Wilson himself, who, I suppose, will make it his business to see you at the usual place. If he should be low-spirited at my sending back his picture, you may tell him I have no occasion for a picture, while the original continues engraved on my—— But no; I would not have you tell him that neither; because there must be an end of our correspondence—I wish he may forget me, for the sake of his own peace; and yet if he should, he must be a barbarous—— But 'tis impossible—poor Wilson cannot be false and inconstant: I beseech him not to write to me, nor attempt to see me for some time; for, considering the resentment and passionate temper of my brother Jery, such an attempt might be attended with consequences which would make us all miserable for life—let us trust to time and the chapter of accidents; or rather to that Providence which will not fail, sooner or later, to reward those that walk in the paths of honour and virtue.[1]—I would offer my love to the young ladies; but it is not fit that any of them should know you have received this letter.—If we go to Bath, I shall send you my simple remarks upon that famous center of polite amusement, and every other place we may chance to visit; and I flatter myself that my dear Miss Willis will be punctual in answering the letters of her affectionate,

LYDIA MELFORD.

Clifton, April 6.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

I have followed your directions with some success, and might have been upon my legs by this time, had the weather permitted me to use my saddle-horse. I rode out upon the Downs last Tuesday, in the forenoon, when the sky, as far as the visible horizon, was without a cloud; but before I had gone a full mile, I was overtaken instantaneously by a storm of rain that wet me to the skin in three minutes—whence it came the devil knows; but it has laid me up (I suppose) for one fortnight. It makes me sick to hear people talk of the fine air upon Clifton-Downs:[1] how can the air be either agreeable or salutary, where the dæmon of vapours descends in a perpetual drizzle? My confinement is the more intolerable, as I am surrounded with domestic vexations.—My niece has had a dangerous fit of illness, occasioned by that cursed incident at Gloucester, which I mentioned in my last.——She is a poor good-natured simpleton, as soft as butter, and as easily melted—not that she's a fool—the girl's parts are not despicable, and her education has not been neglected; that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak French, and play upon the harpsichord; then she dances finely, has a good figure, and is very well inclined; but, she's deficient in spirit, and so susceptible—and so tender forsooth!—truly, she has got a languishing eye, and reads romances——Then there's her brother, 'squire Jery, a pert jackanapes, full of college-petulance and self-conceit; proud as a German count, and as hot and hasty as a Welch mountaineer. As for that fantastical animal, my sister Tabby, you are no stranger to her qualifications—I vow to God, she is sometimes so intolerable, that I almost think she's the devil incarnate[2] come to torment me for my sins; and yet I am conscious of no sins that ought to entail such family-plagues upon me—why the devil should not I shake off these torments at once? I an't married to Tabby, thank Heaven! nor did I beget the other two: let them choose another guardian: for my part, I an't in a condition to take care of myself; much less to superintend the conduct of giddy-headed boys and girls.

You earnestly desire to know the particulars of our adventure at Gloucester, which are briefly these, and I hope they will go no further: – Liddy had been so long cooped up in a boarding-school, which, next to a nunnery, is the worst kind of seminary that ever was contrived for young women, that she became as inflammable as touch-wood; and going to a play in holiday-time, – 'sdeath, I'm ashamed to tell you! she fell in love with one of the actors – a handsome young fellow that goes by the name of Wilson. The rascal soon perceived the impression he had made, and managed matters so as to see her at a house where she went to drink tea with her governess. – This was the beginning of a correspondence, which they kept up by means of a jade of a milliner, who made and dressed caps for the girls at the boarding-school. When we arrived at Gloucester, Liddy came to stay at lodgings with her aunt, and Wilson bribed the maid to deliver a letter into her own hands; but it seems Jery had already acquired so much credit with the maid, (by what means he best knows) that she carried the letter to him, and so the whole plot was discovered. The rash boy, without saying a word of the matter to me, went immediately in search of Wilson; and, I suppose, treated him with insolence enough. The theatrical hero was too far gone in romance to brook such usage: he replied in blank verse, and a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to meet early next morning and decide the dispute with sword and pistol. I heard nothing at all of the affair, 'till Mr. Morley[3] came to my bed-side in the morning, and told me he was afraid my nephew was going to fight, as he had been over-heard talking very loud and vehement with Wilson at the young man's lodgings the night before, and afterwards went and bought powder and ball at a shop in the neighbourhood. I got up immediately, and upon inquiry found he was just gone out. I begged Morley to knock up the mayor, that he might interpose as a magistrate, and in the mean time I hobbled after the squire, whom I saw at a distance walking at a great pace towards the city gate – in spite of all my efforts, I could not come up 'till our two combatants had taken their ground, and were priming their pistols. An old house luckily screened me from their view;[4] so that I rushed upon them at once, before I was perceived. They were both confounded, and attempted to make their escape different ways; but Morley coming up with constables at that instant, took Wilson into custody, and Jery followed him quietly to the mayor's house. All this time I was ignorant of what had passed the preceding day; and neither of the parties would discover a tittle of the matter. The mayor observed that it was great presumption in Wilson, who was a stroller, to proceed to such extremities with a gentleman of family and fortune; and threatened to commit him on the vagrant act.[5] – The young fellow bustled up with great spirit, declaring he was a gentleman, and would be treated as such; but he refused to explain himself further. The master of the company being sent for, and examined, touching the said Wilson, said the young man had engaged with him at Birmingham about six months ago; but never would take his salary; that he had behaved so well in his private character, as to acquire the respect and good-will of all his acquaintance, and that the public owned his merit, as an actor, was altogether extraordinary.——After all, I fancy, he will turn out to be a run-away prentice from London.—The manager offered to bail him for any sum, provided he would give his word and honour that he would keep the peace; but the young gentleman was on his high ropes,[6] and would by no means lay himself under any restrictions: on the other hand, Hopefull was equally obstinate; till at length the mayor declared, that if they both refused to be bound over, he would immediately commit Wilson as a vagrant to hard labour. I own I was much pleased with Jery's behaviour on this occasion: he said, that rather than Mr. Wilson should be treated in such an ignominious manner, he would give his word and honour to prosecute the affair no further while they remained at Gloucester—Wilson thanked him for his generous manner of proceeding, and was discharged. On our return to our lodgings, my nephew explained the whole mystery; and I own I was exceedingly incensed.——Liddy being questioned on the subject, and very severely reproached by that wild-cat my sister Tabby, first swooned away, then dissolving in a flood of tears, confessed all the particulars of the correspondence, at the same time giving up three letters, which was all she had received from her admirer. The last, which Jery intercepted, I send you inclosed, and when you have read it, I dare say you won't wonder at the progress the writer had made in the heart of a simple girl, utterly unacquainted with the characters of mankind. Thinking it was high time to remove her from such a dangerous connexion, I carried her off the very next day to Bristol; but the poor creature was so frightened and fluttered, by our threats and expostulations, that she fell sick the fourth day after our arrival at Clifton, and continued so ill for a whole week, that her life was despaired of. It was not till yesterday that Dr. Rigge[7] declared her out of danger. You cannot imagine what I have suffered, partly from the indiscretion of this poor child, but much more from the fear of losing her entirely. This air is intolerably cold, and the place quite solitary—I never go down to the well without returning low-spirited; for there I meet with half a dozen poor emaciated creatures, with ghostly looks, in the last stage of a consumption, who have made shift to linger through the winter, like so many exotic plants languishing in a hot-house; but, in all appearance, will drop into their graves before the sun has warmth enough to mitigate the rigour of this ungenial spring.—If you think the Bath water will be of any service to me, I will go thither as soon as my niece can bear the motion of the coach.—— Tell Barns I am obliged to him for his advice; but don't choose to follow it. If Davis voluntarily offers to give up the farm, the other shall have it; but I will not begin at this time of day to distress my tenants, because they are unfortunate, and cannot make regular payments: I wonder that Barns should think me capable of such oppression—As for Higgins, the fellow is a notorious poacher, to be sure; and an impudent rascal to set his snares in my own paddock; but, I suppose, he thought he had some right (especially in my absence) to partake of what nature seems to have intended for common use—you may threaten him in my name, as much as you please, and if he repeats the offence, let me know it before you have recourse to justice.——I know you are a great sportsman, and oblige many of your friends: I need not tell you to make use of my grounds; but it may be necessary to hint, that I'm more afraid of my fowling piece than of my game. When you can spare two or three brace of partridges, send them over by the stage coach, and tell Gwyllim that she forgot to pack up my flannels and wide shoes[8] in the trunk-mail—I shall trouble you as usual, from time to time, 'till at last I suppose you will be tired of corresponding with

Your assured friend,
M. BRAMBLE.

Clifton, April 17.

To Miss LYDIA MILFORD.

Miss Willis has pronounced my doom——you are going away, dear Miss Milford!—you are going to be removed, I know not whither! what shall I do? which way shall I turn for consolation? I know not what I say—all night long have I been tossed in a sea of doubts and fears, uncertainty and distraction, without being able to connect my thoughts, much less to form any consistent plan of conduct—I was even tempted to wish that I had never seen you; or that you had been less amiable, or less compassionate to your poor Wilson; and yet it would be detestable ingratitude in me to form such a wish, considering how much I am indebted to your goodness, and the ineffable pleasure I have derived from your indulgence and approbation—Good God! I never heard your name mentioned without emotion! the most distant prospect of being admitted to your company, filled my whole soul with a kind of pleasing alarm! as the time approached, my heart beat with redoubled force, and every nerve thrilled with a transport of expectation; but, when I found myself actually in your presence;—when I heard you speak;—when I saw you smile; when I beheld your charming eyes turned favourably upon me; my breast was filled with such tumults of delight, as wholly deprived me of the power of utterance, and wrapt me in a delirium of joy!—encouraged by your sweetness of temper and affability, I ventured to describe the feelings of my heart—even then you did not check my presumption—you pitied my sufferings, and gave me leave to hope—you put a favourable—perhaps too favourable a construction, on my appearance—certain it is, I am no player in love—I speak the language of my own heart; and have no prompter but nature.—Yet there is something in this heart, which I have not yet disclosed—I flattered myself—But, I will not—I must not proceed—Dear Miss Liddy! for Heaven's sake, contrive, if possible, some means of letting me speak to you before you leave Gloucester; otherwise, I know not what will—But I begin to rave again—I will endeavour to bear this trial with fortitude—while I am capable of reflecting upon your tenderness and truth, I surely have no cause to despair—yet I am strangely affected. The sun seems to deny me light—a cloud hangs over me, and there is a dreadful weight upon my spirits! While you stay in this place, I shall continually hover about your lodgings, as the parted soul is said to linger about the grave where its mortal consort lies.—I know, if it is in your power, you will task your humanity—your compassion—shall I add, your affection?—in order to assuage the almost intolerable disquiet that torments the heart of your afflicted,

WILSON.

Gloucester, March 31.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

Hot-well, April 18.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

I give Mansel credit for his invention, in propagating the report that I had a quarrel with a mountebank's merry Andrew[1] at Gloucester: but I have too much respect for every appendage of wit, to quarrel even with the lowest buffoonery; and therefore I hope Mansel and I shall always be good friends. I cannot, however, approve of his drowning my poor dog Ponto, on purpose to convert Ovid's pleonasm into a punning epitaph.—*deerant quoque Littora*

Ponto:[2] for, that he threw him into the Isis,[3] when it was so high and impetous, with no other view than to kill the fleas, is an excuse that will not hold water—But I leave poor Ponto to his fate, and hope Providence will take care to accommodate Mansel with a drier death.

As there is nothing that can be called company at the Well, I am here in a state of absolute rustication: This, however, gives me leisure to observe the singularities in my uncle's character, which seems to have interested your curiosity. The truth is, his disposition and mine, which, like oil and vinegar, repelled one another at first, have now begun to mix by dint of being beat up together. I was once apt to believe him a complete Cynic; and that nothing but the necessity of his occasions could compel him to get within the pale of society—I am now of another opinion. I think his peevishness arises partly from bodily pain, and partly from a natural excess of mental sensibility; for, I suppose, the mind as well as the body, is in some cases endued with a morbid excess of sensation.

I was t'other day much diverted with a conversation that passed in the Pump-room, betwixt him and the famous Dr. L——n,[4] who is come to ply at the Well for patients. My uncle was complaining of the stink, occasioned by the vast quantity of mud and slime,[5] which the river leaves at low ebb under the windows of the Pump-room. He observed, that the exhalations arising from such a nuisance, could not but be prejudicial to the weak lungs of many consumptive patients, who came to drink the water. The Doctor overhearing this remark, made up to him, and assured him he was mistaken. He said, people in general were so misled by vulgar prejudices, that philosophy was hardly sufficient to undeceive them. Then humming thrice, he assumed a most ridiculous solemnity of aspect, and entered into a learned investigation of the nature of stink. He observed, that stink, or stench, meant no more than a strong impression on the olfactory nerves; and might be applied to substances of the most opposite qualities; that in the Dutch language, *stinken* signified the most agreeable perfume, as well as the most fetid odour, as appears in Van Vloudel's translation of Horace,[6] in that beautiful ode, *Quis multa gracilis,* &c.—The words *liquidis perfusus odoribus,* he translates *van civet & moschata gestinken:*[7] that individuals differed *toto cælo*[8] in their opinion of smells, which, indeed, was altogether as arbitrary as the opinion of beauty; that the French were pleased with the putrid effluvia of animal food; and so were the Hottentots in Africa, and the Savages in Greenland; and that the Negroes on the coast of Senegal would not touch fish till it was rotten; strong presumptions in favour of what is generally called *stink,* as those nations are in a state of nature, undebauched by luxury,[9] unseduced by whim and caprice: that he had reason to believe the stercoraceous[10] flavour, condemned by prejudice as a stink, was, in fact, most agreeable to the organs of smelling; for, that every person who pretended to nauseate the smell of another's excretions, snuffed up his own with particular complacency; for the truth of which he appealed to all the ladies and gentlemen then present: he said, the inhabitants of Madrid and Edinburgh found particular satisfaction in breathing their own atmosphere, which was always impregnated with stercoraceous effluvia: that the learned Dr. B——, in his treatise on the Four Digestions,[11] explains in what manner the volatile effluvia from the intestines, stimulate and promote the operations of the animal œconomy: he affirmed, the last Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the *Medicis* family,[12] who refined upon sensuality with the spirit of a philosopher, was so delighted with that odour, that he caused the essence of ordure to be extracted, and used it as the most delicious perfume: that he himself, (the doctor) when he happened to be low-spirited, or fatigued with business, found immediate relief and uncommon satisfaction from hanging over the stale contents of a close-stool, while his servant stirred it about under his nose; nor was this effect to be wondered at, when we consider that this substance abounds with the self-same volatile salts that are so greedily smelled to by the most delicate invalids, after they have been extracted and sublimed by the chemists.——By this time the company began to hold their noses; but the doctor, without taking the least notice of this signal, proceeded to shew, that many fetid substances were not only agreeable but salutary; such as *assafetida,*[13] and other medicinal gums, resins, roots, and vegetables, over and above burnt feathers, tan-pits,[14] candle-snuffs, *&c.* In short, he used many learned arguments to persuade his audience out of their senses; and from *stench* made a transition to *filth,* which he affirmed was also a mistaken idea, in as much as objects so called, were no other than certain modifications of matter, consisting of the same principles that enter into the composition of all created essences, whatever they may be: that in the filthiest production of nature, a philosopher considered nothing but the earth, water, salt, and air of which it was compounded; that, for his own part, he had no more objection to drinking the dirtiest ditch water, than he had to a glass of water from the Hot Well, provided he was assured there was nothing poisonous in the concrete. Then addressing himself to my uncle, "Sir, (said he) you seem to be of a dropsical habit, and probably will soon have a confirmed *ascites:*[15] if I should be present when you are tapped, I will give you a convincing proof of what I assert, by drinking without hesitation the water that comes out of your abdomen."——The ladies made wry faces at this declaration, and my uncle, changing colour, told him he did not desire any such proof of his philosophy: "But I should be glad to know (said he) what makes you think I am of a dropsical habit?" "Sir, I beg pardon, (replied the doctor) I perceive your ancles are swelled, and you seem to have the *facies leucophlegmatica.*[16] Perhaps, indeed, your disorder may be *œdematous,*[17] or gouty, or it may be the *lues venerea:*[18] If you have any reason to flatter yourself it is this last, sir, I will undertake to cure you with three small pills, even if the disease should have attained its utmost inveteracy. Sir, it is an arcanum which I have discovered, and prepared with infinite labour.—Sir, I have lately cured a woman in Bristol—a common prostitute, sir, who had got all the worst symptoms of the disorder; such as *nodi, tophi,* and *gummata, verrucæ, cristæ Galli,* and a *serpiginous* eruption,[19] or rather a pocky itch all over her body.—— By that time she had taken the second pill, sir, by Heaven! she was as smooth as my hand, and the third made her as sound and as fresh as a new born infant." "Sir, (cried my uncle peevishly) I have no reason to flatter myself that my disorder comes within the efficacy of your nostrum. But, this patient you talk of, may not be so sound at bottom as you imagine." "I can't possibly be mistaken: (rejoined the philosopher) for I have had communication with her three times—I always ascertain my cures in that manner." At this remark, all the ladies retired to another corner of the room, and some of them began to spit.—As to my uncle, though he was ruffled at first by the doctor's saying he was dropsical, he could not help smiling at this ridiculous confession, and, I suppose, with a view to punish this original, told him there was a wart upon his nose, that looked a little suspicious. "I don't pretend to be a judge of those matters; (said he) but I understand that warts are often produced by the distemper; and that one upon your nose seems to have taken possession of the very keystone of the bridge,[20] which I hope is in no danger of falling." L——n seemed a little confounded at this remark, and assured him it was nothing but a common excrescence of the cuticula, but that the bones were all sound below; for the truth of this assertion he appealed to the touch, desiring he would feel the part. My uncle said it was a matter of such delicacy to meddle with a gentleman's nose, that he declined the office—upon which, the Doctor turning to me, intreated me to do him that favour. I complied with his request, and handled it so roughly, that he sneezed, and the tears ran down his cheeks, to the no small entertainment of the company, and particularly of my uncle, who burst out a-laughing for the first time since I have been with him; and took notice, that the part seemed to be very tender. "Sir, (cried the Doctor) it is naturally a tender part; but to remove all possibility of doubt, I will take off the wart this very night."

So saying, he bowed with great solemnity all round, and retired to his own lodgings, where he applied caustic to the wart; but it spread in such a manner as to produce a considerable inflammation, attended with an enormous swelling; so that when he next appeared, his whole face was overshadowed by this tremendous nozzle; and the rueful eagerness with which he explained this unlucky accident, was ludicrous beyond all description.—I was much pleased with meeting the original of a character, which you and I have often laughed at in description; and what surprizes me very much, I find the features in the picture, which has been drawn for him, rather softened than over-charged.—

As I have something else to say; and this letter has run to an unconscionable length, I shall now give you a little respite, and trouble you again by the very first post. I wish you would take it in your head to retaliate these double strokes upon

Yours always,
J. MELFORD.

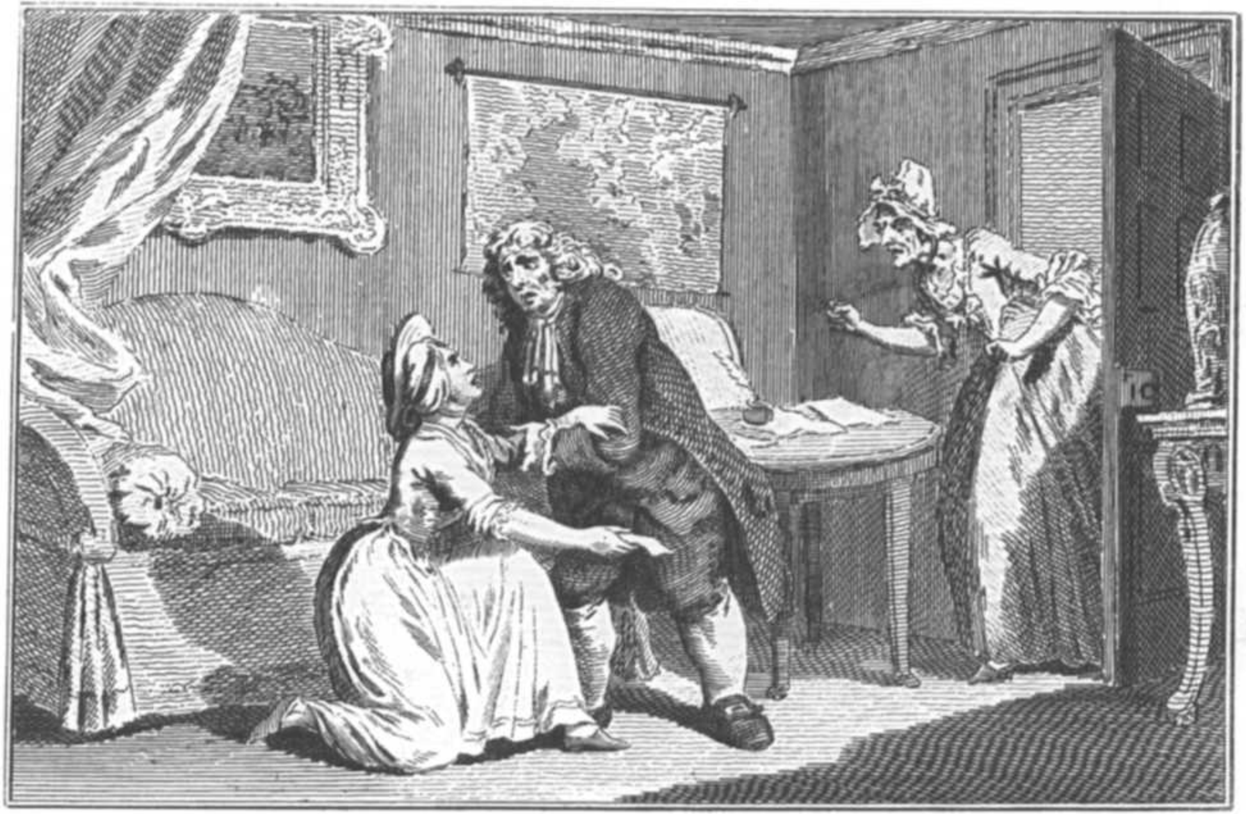
To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

Hot Well, April 20.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I now sit down to execute the threat in the tail of my last. The truth is, I am big with the secret, and long to be delivered. It relates to my guardian, who, you know, is at present our principal object in view.

T'other day, I thought I had detected him in such a state of frailty, as would but ill become his years and character. There is a decent sort of a woman, not disagreeable in her person, that comes to the Well, with a poor emaciated child, far gone in a consumption. I had caught my uncle's eyes several times directed to this person, with a very suspicious expression in them, and every time he saw himself observed, he hastily withdrew them, with evident marks of confusion—I resolved to watch him more narrowly, and saw him speaking to her privately in a corner of the walk. At length, going down to the Well one day, I met her half way up the hill to Clifton, and could not help suspecting she was going to our lodgings by appointment, as it was about one o'clock, the hour when my sister and I are generally at the Pump-room.—This notion exciting my curiosity, I returned by a back way, and got unperceived into my own chamber, which is contiguous to my uncle's apartment. Sure enough, the woman was introduced, but not into his bed-chamber; he gave her audience in a parlour; so that I was obliged to shift my station to another room, where, however, there was a small chink in the partition, through which I could perceive what passed—My uncle, though a little lame, rose up when she came in, and setting a chair for her, desired she would sit down: then he asked if she would take a dish of chocolate, which she declined, with much acknowledgment. After a short pause, he said, in a croaking tone of voice, which confounded me not a little, "Madam, I am truly concerned for your misfortunes; and if this trifle can be of any service to you, I beg you will accept it without ceremony." So saying, he put a bit of paper into her hand, which she opening with great trepidation, exclaimed in an extacy, "Twenty pounds![1] O, sir!" and sinking down upon a settee, fainted away—Frightened at this fit, and, I suppose, afraid of calling for assistance, lest her situation should give rise to unfavourable conjectures, he ran about the room in distraction, making frightful grimaces; and, at length, had recollection enough to throw a little water in her face; by which application she was brought to herself: but, then her feeling took another turn. She shed a flood of tears, and cried aloud, "I know not who you are: but, sure—worthy sir!—generous sir!—the distress of me and my poor dying child—Oh! if the widow's prayers—if the orphan's tears of gratitude can ought avail—gracious Providence!—Blessings! shower down eternal blessings—" Here she was interrupted by my uncle, who muttered in a voice still more and more discordant, "For Heaven's sake be quiet, madam—consider—the people of the house—'sdeath! can't you—" All this time she was struggling to throw herself on her knees, while he seizing her by the wrists, endeavoured to seat her upon the settee, saying, "Pr'ythee—good now—hold your tongue—" At that instant, who should burst into the room but our aunt Tabby! of all antiquated maidens the most diabolically capricious—Ever prying into other people's affairs, she had seen the woman enter, and followed her to the door, where she stood listening, but probably could hear nothing distinctly, except my uncle's last exclamation; at which she bounced into the parlour in a violent rage, that dyed the tip of her nose of a purple hue,—"Fy upon you, Matt! (cried she) what doings are these, to disgrace your own character, and disparage your family?—" Then, snatching the bank-note out of the stranger's hand, she went on—"How now, twenty pounds!—here is temptation with a witness!—Good-woman, go about your business—Brother, brother, I know not which most to admire;[2] your concupissins, or your extravagance!—" "Good God, (exclaimed the poor woman) shall a worthy gentleman's character suffer for an action, that does honour to humanity?" By this time, uncle's indignation was effectually roused. His face grew pale, his teeth chattered, and his eyes flashed—"Sister, (cried he, in a voice like thunder) I vow to God, your impertinence is exceedingly provok-



Mrs. Tabitha suspects her Brother of incontinency, by Rowlandson.

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ing." With these words, he took her by the hand, and, opening the door of communication, thrust her into the chamber where I stood, so affected by the scene, that the tears ran down my cheeks. Observing these marks of emotion, "I don't wonder (said she) to see you concerned at the back-slidings of so near a relation; a man of his years and infirmities: These are fine doings, truly—This is a rare example, set by a guardian, for the benefit of his pupils[3]—Monstrous! incongrous! sophistical!"—I thought it was but an act of justice to set her to rights; and therefore explained the mystery—But she would not be undeceived. "What! (said she) would you go for to offer, for to arguefy me out of my senses? Did'n't I hear him whispering to her to hold her tongue? Did'n't I see her in tears? Did'n't I see him struggling to throw her upon the couch? O filthy! hideous! abominable! Child, child, talk not to me of charity.——Who gives twenty pounds in charity?—But you are a stripling—You know nothing of the world—Besides, charity begins at home[4]—Twenty pounds would buy me a complete suit of flowered silk, trimmings and all—" In short, I quitted the room, my contempt for her, and my respect for her brother, being increased in the same proportion. I have since been informed, that the person, whom my uncle so generously relieved, is the widow of an ensign, who has nothing to depend upon but the pension of fifteen pounds a year. The people of the Well-house give her an excellent character. She lodges in a garret, and works very hard at plain-work,[5] to support her daughter, who is dying of a consumption. I must own, to my shame, I feel a strong inclination to follow my uncle's example, in relieving this poor widow; but, betwixt friends, I am afraid of being detected in a weakness, that might entail the ridicule of the company upon,

Dear Phillips,
yours always,
J. MELFORD.

Direct your next to me at Bath; and remember me to all our fellow-jesuits.

To Dr. LEWIS.

Hot Well, April 20.

I understand your hint. There are mysteries in physick, as well as in religion; which we of the profane have no right to investigate—A man must not presume to use his reason, unless he has studied the categories, and can chop logic by mode and figure—Between friends, I think, every man of tolerable parts ought, at my time of day, to be both physician and lawyer, as far as his own constitution and property are concerned. For my own part, I have had an hospital these fourteen years within myself, and studied my own case with the most painful attention; consequently may be supposed to know something of the matter, although I have not taken regular courses of physiology *et cetera et cetera.*—In short, I have for some time been of opinion, (no offence, dear Doctor) that the sum of all your medical discoveries amounts to this, that the more you study the less you know.—I have read all that has been written on the Hot Wells, and what I can collect from the whole, is, that the water contains nothing but a little salt, and calcarious earth, mixed in such inconsiderable proportion, as can have very little, if any, effect on the animal œconomy. This being the case, I think, the man deserves to be fitted with a cap and bells, who, for such a paltry advantage as this spring affords, sacrifices his precious time, which might be employed in taking more effectual remedies, and exposes himself to the dirt, the stench, the chilling blasts, and perpetual rains, that render this place to me intolerable. If these waters, from a small degree of astringency, are of some service in the *diabetes, diarrhæa,* and *night sweats,* when the secretions are too much encreased, must not they do harm in the same proportion, where the humours are obstructed, as in the *asthma, scurvy, gout,* and *dropsy?*—Now we talk of the *dropsy,* here is a strange, fantastical oddity, one of your brethren, who harrangues every day in the Pump-room, as if he was hired to give lectures on all subjects whatsoever—I know not what to make of him——Sometimes he makes shrewd remarks; at other times, he talks like the greatest simpleton in nature—He has read a great deal; but without method or judgment, and digested nothing. He believes every thing he has read; especially if it has any thing of the marvelous in it; and his conversation is a surprizing hotch-potch[1] of erudition and extravagance.——He told me t'other day, with great confidence, that my case was dropsical; or, as he called it, *leucophlegmatic:*[2] A sure sign, that his want of experience is equal to his presumption; for, you know, there is nothing analagous to the dropsy in my disorder—I wish those impertinent fellows, with their ricketty understandings, would keep their advice for those that ask it——*Dropsy,* indeed! Sure I have not lived to the age of fifty-five, and had such experience of my own disorder, and consulted you and other eminent physicians, so often, and so long, to be undeceived by such a—But, without all doubt, the man is mad; and, therefore, what he says is of no consequence. I had, yesterday, a visit from Higgins; who came hither under the terror of your threats, and brought me in a present a brace of hares; which he owned he took in my ground; and I could not persuade the fellow that he did wrong, or that I would ever prosecute him for poaching—I must desire you will wink hard at the practices of this rascallion; otherwise I shall be plagued with his presents; which cost me more than they are worth.—If I could wonder at any thing Fitzowen does, I should be surprized at his assurance, in desiring you to solicit my vote for him, at the next election for the county: for him, who opposed me on the like occasion, with the most illiberal competition—You may tell him civilly, that I beg to be excused. Direct your next for me at Bath, whither I propose to remove to-morrow; not only on my own account, but for the sake of my niece, Liddy, who is like to relapse. The poor creature fell into a fit yesterday, while I was cheapening[3] a pair of spectacles, with a Jew-pedlar.—I am afraid there is something still lurking in that little heart of her's; which I hope a change of objects will remove. Let me know what you think of this half-witted Doctor's impertinent, ridiculous, and absurd notion of my disorder—So far from being dropsical, I am as lank in the belly[4] as a grey-hound; and, by measuring my ancle with a pack-thread, I find the swelling subsides every day—From such doctors, good Lord deliver us![5]—I have not yet taken any lodgings in Bath; because there we can be accommodated at a minute's warning, and I shall choose for myself—I need not say your directions for drinking and bathing will be agreeable to,

Dear Lewis,
yours ever,
MAT. BRAMBLE.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that my right ancle pits,[6] a symptom, as I take it, of its being *oedematous*, not *leucophlegmatic.*

To Miss LETTY WILLIS, at Gloucester.

Hot Well, April 21.

MY DEAR LETTY,

I did not intend to trouble you again, till we should be settled at Bath; but having the occasion of Jarvis, I could not let it slip, especially as I have something extraordinary to communicate—O, my dear companion! What shall I tell you? for several days past there was a Jew-looking man, that plied at the Wells with a box of spectacles; and he always eyed me so earnestly, that I began to be very uneasy. At last, he came to our lodgings at Clifton, and lingered about the door, as if he wanted to speak to somebody——I was seized with an odd kind of fluttering, and begged Win to throw herself in his way: but the poor girl has weak nerves, and was afraid of his beard. My uncle, having occasion for new glasses, called him up stairs, and was trying a pair of spectacles, when the man, advancing to me, said, in a whisper—O gracious! what d'ye think he said?—"I am Wilson!" His features struck me that very moment——it was Wilson, sure enough! but so disguised, that it would have been impossible to know him, if my heart had not assisted in the discovery. I was so surprised, and so frightened, that I fainted away; but soon recovered; and found myself supported by him on the chair, while my uncle was running about the room, with the spectacles on his nose, calling for help. I had no opportunity to speak to him; but our looks were sufficiently expressive. He was payed for his glasses, and went away. Then I told Win who he was, and sent her after him to the Pump-room; where she spoke to him, and begged him in my name to withdraw from the place, that he might not incur the suspicion of my uncle or my brother, if he did not want to see me die of terror and vexation. The poor youth declared, with tears in his eyes, that he had something extraordinary to communicate; and asked, if she would deliver a letter to me: but this she absolutely refused, by my order.—Finding her obstinate in her refusal, he desired she would tell me, that he was no longer a player, but a gentleman; in which character he would very soon avow his passion for me, without fear of censure or reproach—Nay, he even discovered his name and family; which, to my great grief, the simple girl forgot, in the confusion occasioned by her being seen talking to him by my brother; who stopt her on the road, and asked what business she had with that rascally Jew—She pretended she was cheapening a stay-hook; but was thrown into such a quandary, that she forgot the most material part of the information; and when she came home, went into an hysteric fit of laughing. This transaction happened three days ago, during which he has not appeared; so that I suppose he is gone. Dear Letty! you see how Fortune takes pleasure in persecuting your poor friend. If you should see him at Gloucester—or if you have seen him, and know his real name and family, pray keep me no longer in suspence—And yet, if he is under no obligation to keep himself longer concealed, and has a real affection for me, I should hope he will, in a little time, declare himself to my relations. Sure, if there is nothing unsuitable in the match, they won't be so cruel as to thwart my inclinations—O what happiness would then be my portion! I can't help indulging the thought, and pleasing my fancy with such agreeable ideas; which, after all, perhaps, will never be realised—But, why should I despair? who knows what will happen?—We set out for Bath tomorrow, and I am almost sorry for it; as I begin to be in love with solitude, and this is a charming romantic place. The air is so pure; the Downs are so agreeable; the furze in full blossom; the ground enamelled with daisies, and primroses, and cowslips; all the trees bursting into leaves, and the hedges already clothed with their vernal livery; the mountains covered with flocks of sheep, and tender bleating wanton lambkins playing, frisking and skipping from side to side; the groves resound with the notes of black-bird, thrush, and linnet; and all night long sweet Philomel pours forth her ravishingly delightful song. Then, for variety, we go down to the *nymph of Bristol spring*,[1] where the company is assembled before dinner; so good-natured, so free, so easy; and there we drink the water so clear, so pure, so mild, so charmingly maukish.[2] There the sun is so chearful and reviving; the weather so soft; the walk so agreeable; the prospect so amusing; and the ships and boats going up and down the river, close under the windows of the Pump-room, afford such an enchanting variety of moving pictures, as require a much abler pen than mine to describe. To make this place a perfect paradise to me, nothing is wanting but an agreeable companion and sincere friend; such as my dear miss Willis hath been, and I hope still will be, to her ever faithful

LYDIA MELFORD.

Direct for me, still under cover, to Win; and Jarvis will take care to convey it safe. Adieu.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

Bath, April 24.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

You have, indeed, reason to be surprised, that I should have concealed my correspondence with miss Blackerby from you, to whom I disclosed all my other connexions of that nature; but the truth is, I never dreamed of any such commerce, till your last informed me, that it had produced something which could not be much longer concealed. It is a lucky circumstance, however, that her reputation will not suffer any detriment, but rather derive advantage from the discovery; which will prove, at least, that it is not quite so rotten, as most people imagined—For my own part, I declare to you, in all the sincerity of friendship, that, far from having any amorous intercourse with the object in question, I never had the least acquaintance with her person; but, if she is really in the condition you describe, I suspect Mansel to be at the bottom of the whole. His visits to that shrine were no secret; and this attachment, added to some good offices, which you know he has done me, since I left *Alma-mater*, give me a right to believe him capable of saddling me with this scandal, when my back was turned——Nevertheless, if my name can be of any service to him, he is welcome to make use of it; and if the woman should be abandoned enough to swear his bantling to me, I must beg the favour of you to compound with the parish: I shall pay the penalty without repining; and you will be so good as to draw upon me immediately for the sum required——On this occasion, I act by the advice of my uncle; who says, I shall have good-luck if I pass through life without being obliged to make many more compositions of the same kind. The old gentleman told me last night, with great good-humour, that betwixt the age of twenty and forty, he had been obliged to provide for nine bastards, sworn to him by women whom he never saw—Mr. Bramble's character, which seems to interest you greatly, opens and improves upon me every day.—His singularities afford a rich mine of entertainment: his understanding, so far as I can judge, is well cultivated: his observations on life are equally just, pertinent, and uncommon. He affects misanthrophy, in order to conceal the sensibility of a heart, which is tender, even to a degree of weakness. This delicacy of feeling, or soreness of the mind, makes him timorous and fearful; but then he is afraid of nothing so much as of dishonour; and although he is exceedingly cautious of giving offence, he will fire at the least hint of insolence or ill-breeding.[1]—Respectable as he is, upon the whole, I can't help being sometimes diverted by his little distresses; which provoke him to let fly the shafts of his satire, keen and penetrating as the arrows of Teucer[2]—Our aunt, Tabitha, acts upon him as a perpetual grind-stone—She is, in all respects, a striking contrast to her brother—But I reserve her portrait for another occasion.

Three days ago we came hither from the Hot Well, and took possession of the first floor of a lodging-house, on the South Parade;[3] a situation which my uncle chose, for its being near the Bath, and remote from the noise of carriages. He was scarce warm in the lodgings when he called for his night cap, his wide shoes, and flannel; and declared himself invested with the gout in his right foot; though, I believe, it had as yet reached no farther than his imagination. It was not long before he had reason to repent his premature declaration; for our aunt Tabitha found means to make such a clamour and confusion, before the flannels could be produced from the trunk, that one would have imagined the house was on fire. All this time, uncle sat boiling with impatience, biting his fingers, throwing up his eyes, and muttering ejaculations; at length he burst into a kind of convulsive laugh, after which he hummed a song; and when the hurricane was over, exclaimed, "Blessed be God for all things!" This, however, was but the beginning of his troubles.

Mrs. Tabitha's favourite dog Chowder, having paid his compliments to a female turnspit, of his own species, in the kitchen, involved himself in a quarrel with no fewer than five rivals, who set upon him at once, and drove him up stairs to the dining-room door, with hideous noise: there our aunt and her woman, taking arms in his defence, joined the concert; which became truly diabolical. This fray being with difficulty suppressed, by the intervention of our own foot-man and the cook-maid of the house, the 'squire had just opened his mouth, to expostulate with Tabby, when the town-waits,[4] in the passage below, struck up their musick, (if musick it may be called) with such a sudden burst of sound, as made him start and stare, with marks of indignation and disquiet. He had recollection enough to send his servant with some money to silence those noisy intruders; and they were immediately dismissed, though not without some opposition on the part of Tabitha, who thought it but reasonable that he should have more musick for his money. Scarce had he settled this knotty point, when a strange kind of thumping and bouncing was heard right over-head, in the second story, so loud and violent as to shake the whole building. I own I was exceedingly provoked at this new alarm; and before my uncle had time to express himself on the subject, I ran up stairs, to see what was the matter. Finding the room-door open, I entered without ceremony, and perceived an object, which I cannot now recollect without laughing to excess—It was a dancing-master,[5] with his scholar, in the act of teaching. The master was blind of one eye, and lame of one foot, and led about the room his pupil; who seemed to be about the age of three-score, stooped mortally, was tall, raw-boned, hard-favoured, with a woollen night-cap on his head; and he had stript off his coat, that he might be more nimble in his motions—Finding himself intruded upon, by a person he did not know, he forthwith girded himself with a long iron sword, and advancing to me, with a peremptory air, pronounced, in a true Hibernian accent, "Mister What d'ye callum, by my saoul and conscience, I am very glad to sea you, if you are after coming in the way of friendship; and indeed, and indeed now, I believe you are my friend sure enough, gra;[6] though I never had the honour to sea your face before, my dear; for becaase you come like a friend, without any ceremony at all, at all—" I told him the nature of my visit would not admit of ceremony; that I was come to desire he would make less noise, as there was a sick gentleman below, whom he had no right to disturb with such preposterous doings. "Why, look-ye now, young gentleman, (replied this original) perhaps, upon another occasion, I might shivilly request you to explain the maining of that hard word, *prepasterous:* but there's a time for all things, honey—" So saying, he passed me with great agility, and, running down stairs, found our foot-man at the dining-room door, of whom he demanded admittance, to pay his respects to the stranger. As the fellow did not think proper to refuse the request of such a formidable figure, he was immediately introduced, and addressed himself to my uncle in these words: "Your humble servant, good sir—I'm not so *prepasterous*, as your son calls it, but I know the rules of shivility—I'm a poor knight of Ireland, my name is sir Ulic Mackilligut, of the county of Galway; being your fellow-lodger, I'm come to pay my respects, and to welcome you to the South Parade, and to offer my best services to you, and your good lady, and your pretty daughter; and even to the young gentleman your son, though he thinks me a *prepasterous* fellow—You must know I am to have the honour to open a ball next door to-morrow with lady Mac Manus; and being rusted in my dancing, I was refreshing my memory with a little exercise; but if I had known there was a sick person below, by Christ! I would have sooner danced a hornpipe upon my own head, than walk the softest minuet over yours."—My uncle, who was not a little startled at his first appearance, received his compliment with great complacency, insisted upon his being seated, thanked him for the honour of his visit, and reprimanded me for my abrupt expostulation with a gentleman of his rank and character. Thus tutored, I asked pardon of the knight, who, forthwith starting up, embraced me so close, that I could hardly breathe; and assured me, he loved me as his own soul. At length, recollecting his night-cap, he pulled it off in some confusion; and, with his bald-pate uncovered, made a thousand apologies to the ladies, as he retired—At that instant, the Abbey bells[7] began to ring so loud, that we could not hear one another speak; and this peal, as we afterwards learned, was for the honour of Mr. Bullock, an eminent cow-keeper of Tottenham,[8] who had just arrived at Bath, to drink the waters for indigestion. Mr. Bramble had not time to make his remarks upon the agreeable nature of this serenade, before his ears were saluted with another concert that interested him more nearly. Two negroes, belonging to a Creole gentleman,[9] who lodged in the same house, taking their station at a window in the stair-case, about ten feet from our dining-room door, began to practise upon the French-horn;[10] and being in the very first rudiments of execution, produced such discordant sounds, as might have discomposed the organs of an ass——You may guess what effect they had upon the irritable nerves of uncle; who, with the most admirable expression of splenetic[11] surprize in his countenance, sent his man to silence those dreadful blasts, and desire the musicians to practise in some other place, as they had no right to stand there and disturb all the lodgers in the house. Those sable performers, far from taking the hint, and withdrawing, treated the messenger with great insolence; bidding him carry his compliments to their master, colonel Rigworm, who would give him a proper answer, and a good drubbing into the bargain; in the mean time they continued their noise, and even endeavoured to make it more disagreeable; laughing between whiles, at the thoughts of being able to torment their betters with impunity. Our 'squire, incensed at the additional insult, immediately dispatched the servant, with his compliments to colonel Rigworm; requesting that he would order his blacks to be quiet, as the noise they made was altogether intolerable—To this message, the Creole colonel replied, that his horns had a right to sound on a common stair-case; that there they should play for his diversion; and that those who did not like the noise, might look for lodgings else-where. Mr. Bramble no sooner received this reply, than his eyes began to glisten, his face grew pale, and his teeth chattered. After a moment's pause, he slipt on his shoes, without speaking a word, or seeming to feel any further disturbance from the gout in his toes. Then, snatching his cane, he opened the door and proceeded to the place where the black trumpeters were posted. There, without further hesitation, he began to belabour them both; and exerted himself with such astonishing vigour and agility, that both their heads and horns were broken in a twinkling, and they ran howling down stairs to their master's parlour-door. The 'squire, following them half way, called aloud, that the colonel might hear him, "Go, rascals, and tell your master what I have done; if he thinks himself injured, he knows where to come for satisfaction. As for you, this is but an earnest of what you shall receive, if ever you presume to blow a horn again here, while I stay in the house." So saying, he retired to his apartment, in expectation of hearing from the West Indian; but the colonel prudently declined any farther prosecution of the dispute. My sister Liddy was frighted into a fit, from which she was no sooner recovered, than Mrs. Tabitha began a lecture upon patience; which her brother interrupted with a most significant grin, exclaiming, "True, sister, God increase my patience and your discretion. I wonder (added he) what sort of sonata we are to expect from this overture, in which the devil, that presides over horrid sounds, hath given us such variations of discord—The trampling of porters, the creaking and crashing of trunks, the snarling of curs, the scolding of women, the squeaking and squalling of fiddles and hautboys out of tune, the bouncing of the Irish baronet over-head, and the bursting, belching, and brattling of the French-horns in the passage (not to mention the harmonious peal that still thunders from the Abbey steeple) succeeding one another without interruption, like the different parts of the same concert, have given me such an idea of what a poor invalid has to expect in this temple, dedicated to Silence and Repose, that I shall certainly shift my quarters to-morrow, and endeavour to effectuate my retreat before Sir Ulic opens the ball with my lady Mac Manus; a conjunction that bodes me no good." This intimation was by no means agreeable to Mrs. Tabitha, whose ears were not quite so delicate as those of her brother—She said it would be great folly to move from such agreeable lodgings, the moment they were comfortably settled. She wondered he should be such an enemy to musick and mirth. She heard no noise but of his own making: it was impossible to manage a family in dumb-shew. He might harp as long as he pleased upon her scolding; but she never scolded, except for his advantage; but he would never be satisfied, even tho'f she should sweat blood and water[12] in his service—I have a great notion that our aunt, who is now declining into the most desperate state of celibacy, had formed some design upon the heart of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, which she feared might be frustrated by our abrupt departure from these lodgings. Her brother, eyeing her askance, "Pardon me, sister, (said he) I should be a savage, indeed, were I insensible of my own felicity, in having such a mild, complacent, good-humoured, and considerate companion and house-keeper; but as I have got a weak head, and my sense of hearing is painfully acute, before I have recourse to plugs of wooll and cotton, I'll try whether I can't find another lodging, where I shall have more quiet and less musick." He accordingly dispatched his man upon this service; and next day he found a small house in Milsham-street,[13] which he hires by the week. Here, at least, we enjoy convenience and quiet within doors, as much as Tabby's temper will allow; but the 'squire still complains of flying pains in the stomach and head, for which he bathes and drinks the waters. He is not so bad, however, but that he goes in person to the pump, the rooms, and the coffee-houses;[14] where he picks up continual food for ridicule and satire. If I can glean any thing for your amusement, either from his observation or my own, you shall have it freely, though I am afraid it will poorly compensate the trouble of reading these tedious insipid letters of,

Dear Phillips,
yours always,
J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

Bath, April 23.

DEAR DOCTOR,

If I did not know that the exercise of your profession has habituated you to the hearing of complaints, I should make a conscience of troubling you with my correspondence, which may be truly called *the lamentations of Mat-*

thew Bramble.[1] Yet I cannot help thinking, I have some right to discharge the overflowings of my spleen upon you, whose province it is to remove those disorders that occasioned it; and let me tell you, it is no small alleviation of my grievances, that I have a sensible friend, to whom I can communicate my crusty humours, which, by retention, would grow intolerably acrimonious.

You must know, I find nothing but disappointment at Bath;[2] which is so altered, that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you say, "Altered it is, without all doubt; but then it is altered for the better; a truth which, perhaps, you would own without hesitation, if you yourself was not altered for the worse." The reflection may, for aught I know, be just. The inconveniences which I overlooked in the high-day of health, will naturally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long-suffering—But, I believe, you will not deny, that this place, which Nature and Providence seem to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very center of racket and dissipation. Instead of that peace, tranquility and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits; here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry; with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive, than the etiquette of a German elector.[3] A national hospital[4] it may be; but one would imagine, that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath.—But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject—I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture, for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated, and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The Square,[5] though irregular, is, on the whole, pretty well laid out, spacious, open, and airy; and, in my opinion, by far the most wholsome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the Baths, is through the yard of an inn,[6] where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and postilions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance—I suppose after some chairmen shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think, in earnest, about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The Circus[7] is a pretty bauble; contrived for shew, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre[8] turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye; and, perhaps, we shall find it still more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind. If, instead of the areas and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridore with arcades all round, as in Covent-Garden,[9] the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking; those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present, the chairs stand soaking in the open street, from morning to night, till they become so many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place. Indeed this is a shocking inconvenience that extends over the whole city; and, I am persuaded, it produces infinite mischief to the delicate and infirm; even the close chairs,[10] contrived for the sick, by standing in the open air, have their frize[11] linings impregnated, like so many spunges, with the moisture of the atmosphere, and those cases of cold vapour must give a charming check to the perspiration of a patient, piping hot from the Bath, with all his pores wide open.

But, to return to the Circus: it is inconvenient from its situation, at so great a distance from all the markets, baths, and places of public entertainment. The only entrance to it, through Gay-street,[12] is so difficult, steep, and slippery, that, in wet weather, it must be exceedingly dangerous, both for those that ride in carriages, and those that walk a-foot; and when the street is covered with snow, as it was for fifteen days successively this very winter,[13] I don't see how any individual could go either up or down, without the most imminent hazard of broken bones. In blowing weather, I am told, most of the houses in this hill are smothered with smoke, forced down the chimneys, by the gusts of wind reverberated from the hill behind, which (I apprehend likewise) must render the atmosphere here more humid and unwholesome than it is in the square below; for the clouds, formed by the constant evaporation from the baths and rivers in the bottom, will, in their ascent this way, be first attracted and detained by the hill that rises close behind the Circus, and load the air with a perpetual succession of vapours: this point, however, may be easily ascertained by means of an hygrometer, or a paper of salt of tartar exposed to the action of the atmosphere. The same artist, who planned the Circus, has likewise projected a Crescent;[14] when that is finished, we shall probably have a Star; and those who are living thirty years hence, may, perhaps, see all the signs of the Zodiac exhibited in architecture at Bath. These, however fantastical, are still designs that denote some ingenuity and knowledge in the architect; but the rage of building has laid hold on such a number of adventurers, that one sees new houses starting up in every out-let and every corner of Bath; contrived without judgment, executed without solidity, and stuck together, with so little regard to plan and propriety, that the different lines of the new rows and buildings interfere with, and intersect one another in every different angle of conjunction. They look like the wreck of streets and squares disjointed by an earthquake, which hath broken the ground into a variety of holes and hillocks; or, as if some Gothic devil[15] had stuffed them altogether in a bag, and left them to stand higgledy piggledy, just as chance directed. What sort of a monster Bath will become in a few years, with those growing excrescences, may be easily conceived: but the want of beauty and proportion is not the worst effect of these new mansions; they are built so slight, with the soft crumbling stone[16] found in this neighbourhood, that I should never sleep quietly in one of them, when it blowed (as the sailors say) a cap-full of wind; and, I am persuaded, that my hind, Roger Williams, or any man of equal strength, would be able to push his foot through the strongest part of their walls, without any great exertion of his muscles. All these absurdities arise from the general tide of luxury,[17] which hath overspread the nation, and swept away all, even the very dregs of the people. Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation—Clerks and factors from the East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two successive wars,[18] on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth, and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness, but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country-dances[19] and cotillons among lordlings, 'squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher-row, Crutched-Friers, and Botolph-lane,[20] cannot breathe in the gross air of the Lower Town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband, therefore, must provide an entire house, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath; where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum; and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters.

Thus the number of people, and the number of houses continue to increase; and this will ever be the case, till the streams that swell this irresistible torrent of folly and extravagance, shall either be exhausted, or turned into other channels, by incidents and events which I do not pretend to foresee. This, I own, is a subject on which I cannot write with any degree of patience; for the mob is a monster I never could abide, either in its head, tail, midriff, or members: I detest the whole of it, as a mass of ignorance, presumption, malice, and brutality; and, in this term of reprobation, I include, without respect of rank, station, or quality, all those of both sexes, who affect its manners, and court its society.

But I have written till my fingers are crampt, and my nausea begins to return—By your advice, I sent to London a few days ago for half a pound of Gengzeng;[21] though I doubt much, whether that which comes from America is equally efficacious with what is brought from the East Indies. Some years ago, a friend of mine paid sixteen guineas for two ounces of it; and, in six months after, it was sold in the same shop for five shillings the pound. In short, we live in a vile world of fraud and sophistication; so that I know nothing of equal value with the genuine friendship of a sensible man; a rare jewel! which I cannot help thinking myself in possession of, while I repeat the old declaration, that I am, as usual,

Dear Lewis,
Your affectionate
M. BRAMBLE.

After having been agitated in a short hurricane, on my first arrival, I have taken a small house in Milsham-street, where I am tolerably well lodged, for five guineas a week. I was yesterday at the Pump-room, and drank about a pint of the water, which seems to agree with my stomach; and to-morrow morning I shall bathe, for the first time; so that in a few posts you may expect farther trouble; mean while, I am glad to find that the inoculation[22] has succeeded so well with poor Joyce, and that her face will be but little marked—— If my friend Sir Thomas was a single man, I would not trust such a handsome wench in his family; but as I have recommended her, in a particular manner, to the protection of lady G——,[23] who is one of the best women in the world, she may go thither without hesitation, as soon as she is quite recovered, and fit for service—Let her mother have money to provide her with necessaries, and she may ride behind her brother on Bucks; but you must lay strong injunctions on Jack, to take particular care of the trusty old veteran, who has faithfully earned his present ease, by his past services.

To Miss WILLIS, at Gloucester.

Bath, April 26.

MY DEAREST COMPANION,

The pleasure I received from yours, which came to hand yesterday, is not to be expressed. Love and friendship are, without doubt, charming passions; which absence serves only to heighten and improve. Your kind present of the garnet bracelets, I shall keep as carefully as I preserve my own life; and I beg you will accept, in return, of my heart-housewife,[1] with the tortoise-shell memorandum-book, as a trifling pledge of my unalterable affection.

Bath is to me a new world——All is gayety, good-humour, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage; and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round*,[2] from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city-waits in our own lodgings: we have musick in the Pump-room every morning, cotillons every fore-noon in the rooms, balls twice a week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies and parties without number—As soon as we were settled in lodgings, we were visited by the Master of the Ceremonies;[3] a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil, and polite, that in our country he might pass for the prince of Wales; then he talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse; for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage. He did us the favour to dine with us, by my uncle's invitation; and next day 'squired my aunt and me to every part of Bath; which, to be sure, is an earthly paradise. The Square, the Circus, and the Parades, put you in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Princes-row, Harlequin's-row, Bladud's-row,[4] and twenty other rows, look like so many enchanted castles, raised on hanging terraces.

At eight in the morning, we go in dishabille to the Pump-room;[5] which is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the highest quality, and the lowest trades folks, jostling each other, without ceremony, hail-fellow well-met.[6] The noise of the musick playing in the gallery, the heat and flavour of such a crowd, and the hum and buz of their conversation, gave me the head-ach and vertigo the first day; but, afterwards, all these things became familiar, and even agreeable.—Right under the Pump-room windows is the King's Bath;[7] a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats,[8] in which they fix their handkerchifs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all these causes together, they look so flushed, and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way—My aunt, who says every person of fashion should make her appearance in the bath, as well as in the abbey church, contrived a cap with cherry-coloured ribbons to suit her complexion, and obliged Win to attend her yesterday morning in the water. But, really, her eyes were so red, that they made mine water as I viewed her from the Pump-room; and as for poor Win, who wore a hat trimmed with blue, what betwixt her wan complexion and her fear, she looked like the ghost of some pale maiden, who had drowned herself for love. When she came out of the bath, she took assafœtida drops,[9] and was fluttered all day; so that we could hardly keep her from going into hysterics:[10] but her mistress says it will do her good; and poor Win curtsies, with the tears in her eyes. For my part, I content myself with drinking about half a pint of the water every morning.

The pumper, with his wife and servant, attend within a bar; and the glasses, of different sizes, stand ranged in order before them, so you have nothing to do but to point at that which you chuse, and it is filled immediately, hot and sparkling from the pump. It is the only hot water I could ever drink, without being sick—Far from having that effect, it is rather agreeable to the taste, grateful to the stomach, and reviving to the spirits. You cannot imagine what wonderful cures it performs—My uncle began with it the other day; but he made wry faces in drinking, and I'm afraid he will leave it off—The first day we came to Bath, he fell into a violent passion; beat two black-a-moors, and I was afraid he would have fought with their master; but the stranger proved a peaceable man. To be sure, the gout had got into his head, as my aunt observed: but, I believe, his passion drove it away; for he has been remarkably well ever since. It is a thousand pities he should ever be troubled with that ugly distemper; for, when he is free from pain, he is the best-tempered man upon earth; so gentle, so generous, so charitable, that every body loves him; and so good to me, in particular, that I shall never be able to shew the deep sense I have of his tenderness and affection.

Hard by the Pump-room, is a coffee-house for the ladies; but my aunt says, young girls are not admitted, inasmuch as the conversation turns upon politics, scandal, philosophy, and other subjects above our capacity; but we are allowed to accompany them to the booksellers shops, which are charming places of resort; where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and news-papers, for so small a subscription as a crown a quarter; and in these offices of intelligence, (as my brother calls them) all the reports of the day, and all the private transactions of the Bath, are first entered and discussed. From the bookseller's shop, we make a tour through the milliners and toy-men;[11] and commonly stop at Mr. Gill's,[12] the pastry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a small bason of vermicelli. There is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other side of the water, opposite to the Grove;[13] to which the company cross over in a boat—It is called Spring Gardens;[14] a sweet retreat, laid out in walks and ponds, and parterres of flowers; and there is a long-room for breakfasting and dancing. As the situation is low and damp, and the season has been remarkably wet, my uncle won't suffer me to go thither, lest I should catch cold: but my aunt says it is all a vulgar prejudice;[15] and, to be sure, a great many gentlemen and ladies of Ireland frequent the place, without seeming to be the worse for it. They say, dancing at Spring Gardens, when the air is moist, is recommended to them as an excellent cure for the rheumatism. I have been twice at the play; where, notwithstanding the excellence of the performers, the gayety of the company, and the decorations of the theatre,[16] which are very fine, I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, upon our poor homely representations at Gloucester—But this, in confidence to my dear Willis—You know my heart, and will excuse its weakness.—

After all, the great scenes of entertainment at Bath, are the two public rooms;[17] where the company meet alternately every evening—They are spacious, lofty, and, when lighted up, appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together, just as they are disposed. Twice a-week there is a ball; the expence of which is defrayed by a voluntary subscription among the gentlemen; and every subscriber has three tickets.[18] I was there

Friday last with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a subscriber; and Sir Ulic Mackilligut recommended his nephew, captain O Donaghan, to me as a partner; but Jerry excused himself, by saying I had got the head-ach; and, indeed, it was really so, though I can't imagine how he knew it. The place was so hot, and the smell so different from what we are used to in the country, that I was quite feverish when we came away. Aunt says it is the effect of a vulgar constitution, reared among woods and mountains; and, that as I become accustomed to genteel company, it will wear off.—Sir Ulic was very complaisant, made her a great many high-flown compliments; and, when we retired, handed her with great ceremony to her chair. The captain, I believe, would have done me the same favour; but my brother, seeing him advance, took me under his arm, and wished him good-night. The Captain is a pretty man, to be sure; tall and strait, and well made; with light-grey eyes, and a Roman nose; but there is a certain boldness in his look and manner, that puts one out of countenance—But I am afraid I have put you out of all patience with this long unconnected scrawl; which I shall therefore conclude, with assuring you, that neither Bath nor London, nor all the diversions of life, shall ever be able to efface the idea of my dear Letty, from the heart of her ever affectionate

LYDIA MELFORD.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MOLLY JONES,

Heaving got a frank,[1] I now return your fever, which I received by Mr. Higgins, at the Hot Well, together with the stockings, which his wife footed for me; but now they are of no survice. No body wears such things in this place—O Molly! you that live in the country have no deception of our doings at Bath. Here is such dressing, and fidling, and dancing, and gadding, and courting, and plotting—O gracious! if God had not given me a good stock of discretion, what a power of things might not I reveal, consarning old mistress and young mistress; Jews with beards, that were no Jews; but handsome Christians, without a hair upon their sin, strolling with spectacles, to get speech of Miss Liddy. But she's a dear sweet soul, as innocent as the child unborn.[2] She has tould me all her inward thoughts, and disclosed her passion for Mr. Wilson; and that's not his name neither; and thof he acted among the player-men, he is meat for their masters;[3] and she has gi'en me her yallow trollopea;[4] which Mrs. Drab, the manty-maker,[5] says will look very well when it is scowred and smoaked with silfur—You knows as how, yallow fitts my fizzogmony. God he knows what havock I shall make among the mail-sex, when I make my first appearance in this killing collar, with a full soot of gaze, as good as new, that I bought last Friday of madam Friponeau, the French mullaner—Dear girl, I have seen all the fine shews of Bath; the Prades, the Squires, and the Circlis, the Crashit, the Hottogon, and Bloody Buildings, and Harry King's row;[6] and I have been twice in the Bath with mistress, and na'r a smoak upon our backs, hussy——The first time I was mortally afraid, and flustered all day; and afterwards made believe that I had got the heddick; but mistress said, if I didn't go, I should take a dose of bum-taffy; and so remembring how it worked Mrs. Gwyllim a pennorth, I chose rather to go again with her into the Bath, and then I met with an axident. I dropt my petticoat, and could not get it up from the bottom—But what did that signify? they mought laff, but they could see nothing; for I was up to the sin in water. To be sure, it threw me into such a gumbustion, that I know not what I said, nor what I did, nor how they got me out, and rapt me in a blanket—Mrs. Tabitha scoulded a little when we got home; but she knows as I know what's what—Ah Laud help you!—There is Sir Yury Micligut, of Balnaclinch, in the cunty of Kalloway—I took down the name from his gentleman, Mr. O Frizzle, and he has got an estate of fifteen hundred a year—I am sure he is both rich and generous——But you nose, Molly, I was always famous for keeping secrets; and so he was very safe in trusting me with his flegm for mistress; which, to be sure, is very honourable; for Mr. O Frizzle assures me, he values not her portion a brass varthing[7]—And, indeed, what's poor ten thousand pounds to a Baron Knight of his fortune? and, truly, I told Mr. O Frizzle, that was all she had to trust to—As for John Thomas, he's a morass fellor—I vow, I thought he would a[8] fit with Mr. O Frizzle, because he axed me to dance with him at Spring Garden—But God he knows I have no thoughts eyther of wan or t'other.

As for house news, the worst is, Chowder has fallen off greatly from his stomick—He eats nothing but white meats, and not much of that; and wheezes, and seems to be much bloated. The doctors think he is threatened with a dropsy—Parson Marrofat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters; but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire; and mistress says, if his case don't take a favourable turn, she will sartinly carry him to Aberga'nny,[9] to drink goat's-whey—To be sure, the poor dear honymil is lost for want of axercise; for which reason, she intends to give him an airing once a-day upon the Downs, in a post-chaise—I have already made very creditable correxions in this here place; where, to be sure, we have the very squintasense of satiety——Mrs. Patcher, my lady Kilmacullock's woman, and I are sworn sisters. She has shewn me all her secrets, and learned me to wash gaze, and refrash rusty siks and bumbeseens,[10] by boiling them with winegar, chamberlye,[11] and stale beer. My short sack and apron luck as good as new from the shop, and my pumpydoor[12] as fresh as a rose, by the help of turtle-water[13]—But this is all Greek and Latten to you, Molly——If we should come to Aberga'ny, you'll be within a day's ride of us; and then we shall see wan another, please God——If not, remember me in your prayers, as I shall do by you in mine; and take care of my kitten, and give my kind sarvice to Sall; and this is all at present, from your beloved friend and sarvent,

WINIFRED JENKINS.

Bath, April 26.

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, house-keeper at Brambleton-hall.

I am astonished, that Dr. Lewis should take upon him to give away Alderney, without my privity and concurrants—What signifies my brother's order? My brother is little better than Noncompush.[1] He would give away the shirt off his back,[2] and the teeth out of his head; nay, as for that matter, he would have ruinated the family with his ridiculous charities, if it had not been for my four quarters[3]—What between his willfullness and his waste, his trumps,[4] and his frenzy, I lead the life of an indented slave. Alderney gave four gallons a-day, ever since the calf was sent to market. There is so much milk out of my dairy, and the press must stand still: but I won't loose a cheese paring; and the milk shall be made good, if the sarvents should go without butter. If they must needs have butter, let them make it of sheeps' milk; but then my wool will suffer for want of grace; so that I must be a looser on all sides——Well, patience is like a stout Welsh poney; it bears a great deal, and trots a great way; but it will tire at the long run. Before its long, perhaps I may shew Matt, that I was not born to be the household drudge to my dying day—Gwyn rites from Crickhowel, that the price of flannel is fallen three-farthings an ell; and that's another good penny out of my pocket—When I go to market to sell, my commodity stinks; but when I want to buy the commonest thing, the owner pricks it up under my nose; and it can't be had for love nor money[5]—I think every thing runs cross at Brambleton-hall—You say the gander has broke the eggs; which is a phinumenon I don't understand; for when the fox carried off the old goose last year, he took her place, and hatched the eggs, and partected the goslings like a tender parent—Then you tell me the thunder has soured two barrels of beer[6] in the seller. But how the thunder should get there, when the seller was double-locked, I can't comprehend. Howsomever, I won't have the beer thrown out, till I see it with my own eyes. Perhaps, it will recover—At least it will serve for vinegar to the sarvents. You may leave off the fires in my brother's chamber and mine, as it is unsartain when we return.——I hope, Gwyllim, you'll take care there is no waste; and have an eye to the maids, and keep them to their spinning. I think they may go very well without beer in hot weather—It serves only to inflame the blood, and set them a-gog after the men. Water will make them fair, and keep them cool and tamperit. Don't forget to put up in the portmantel, that cums with Williams, along with my riding-habit, hat, and feather, the viol of purl water,[7] and the tincktur for my stomach; being as how I am much troubled with flutterencies. This is all at present, from

Yours,
TABITHA BRAMBLE.

Bath, April 26.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

I have done with the waters; therefore your advice comes a day too late—I grant that physick is no mystery of your making. I know it is a mystery in its own nature; and, like other mysteries, requires a strong gulp of faith to make it go down—Two days ago, I went into the King's Bath, by the advice of our friend Ch——,[1] in order to clear the strainer of the skin, for the benefit of a free perspiration; and the first object that saluted my eye, was a child full of scrophulous ulcers, carried in the arms of one of the guides, under the very noses of the bathers. I was so shocked at the sight, that I retired immediately with indignation and disgust—Suppose the matter of those ulcers, floating on the water, comes in contact with my skin, when the pores are all open, I would ask you what must be the consequence?——Good Heaven, the very thought makes my blood run cold! we know not what sores may be running into the water while we are bathing, and what sort of matter we may thus imbibe; the king's-evil,[2] the scurvy, the cancer,[3] and the pox; and, no doubt, the heat will render the *virus*[4] the more volatile and penetrating. To purify myself from all such contamination, I went to the duke of Kingston's private

Bath,[5] and there I was almost suffocated for want of free air; the place was so small, and the steam so stifling.

After all, if the intention is no more than to wash the skin, I am convinced that simple element is more effectual than any water impregnated with salt and iron; which, being astringent, will certainly contract the pores, and leave a kind of crust upon the surface of the body. But I am now as much afraid of drinking, as of bathing; for, after a long conversation with the Doctor, about the construction of the pump and the cistern, it is very far from being clear with me, that the patients in the Pump-room don't swallow the scourings of the bathers. I can't help suspecting, that there is, or may be, some regurgitation from the bath into the cistern of the pump. In that case, what a delicate beveridge is every day quaffed by the drinkers; medicated with the sweat, and dirt, and dandriff; and the abominable discharges of various kinds, from twenty different diseased bodies, parboiling in the kettle below. In order to avoid this filthy composition, I had recourse to the spring that supplies the private baths on the Abbey-green; but I at once perceived something extraordinary in the taste and smell; and, upon inquiry, I find that the Roman baths in this quarter, were found covered by an old burying ground, belonging to the Abbey; thro' which, in all probability, the water drains in its passage: so that as we drink the decoction of living bodies at the Pump-room, we swallow the strainings of rotten bones and carcasses at the private bath—I vow to God, the very idea turns my stomach!—Determined, as I am, against any farther use of the Bath waters, this consideration would give me little disturbance, if I could find any thing more pure, or less pernicious, to quench my thirst; but, although the natural springs of excellent water are seen gushing spontaneous on every side, from the hills that surround us, the inhabitants, in general, make use of well-water, so impregnated with nitre, or alum, or some other villainous mineral, that it is equally ungrateful to the taste, and mischievous to the constitution.[6] It must be owned, indeed, that here, in Milsham-street, we have a precarious and scanty supply from the hill; which is collected in an open bason in the Circus, liable to be defiled with dead dogs, cats, rats, and every species of nastiness, which the rascally populace may throw into it, from mere wantonness and brutality.—

Well, there is no nation that drinks so hoggishly as the English——What passes for wine among us, is not the juice of the grape. It is an adulterous mixture, brewed up of nauseous ingredients, by dunces, who are bunglers in the art of poison-making; and yet we, and our forefathers, are and have been poisoned by this cursed drench, without taste or flavour—The only genuine and wholsome beveridge in England, is London porter, and Dorchester table-beer;[7] but as for your ale and your gin, your cyder, and your perry,[8] and all the trashy family of made wines, I detest them as infernal compositions, contrived for the destruction of the human species.—But what have I to do with the human species? except a very few friends, I care not if the whole was—.

Heark ye, Lewis, my misanthrophy increases every day—The longer I live, I find the folly and the fraud of mankind grow more and more intolerable—I wish I had not come from Brambleton-hall; after having lived in solitude so long, I cannot bear the hurry and impertinence of the multitude; besides, every thing is sophisticated in these crowded places. Snares are laid for our lives in every thing we eat or drink: the very air we breathe, is loaded with contagion. We cannot even sleep, without risque of infection. I say, infection—This place is the rendezvous of the diseased—You won't deny, that many diseases are infectious; even the consumption itself, is highly infectious. When a person dies of it in Italy, the bed and bedding are destroyed; the other furniture is exposed to the weather, and the apartment white-washed, before it is occupied by any other living soul. You'll allow, that nothing receives infection sooner, or retains it longer, than blankets, feather-beds, and matrasses—'Sdeath! how do I know what miserable objects have been stewing in the bed where I now lie!—I wonder, Dick, you did not put me in mind of sending for my own matrasses—But, if I had not been an ass, I should not have needed a remembrancer—There is always some plaguy reflection that rises up in judgment against me, and ruffles my spirits—Therefore, let us change the subject—

I have other reasons for abridging my stay at Bath—You know sister Tabby's complexion—If Mrs. Tabitha Bramble had been of any other race, I should certainly have looked upon her as the most—But, the truth is, she has found means to interest my affection; or, rather, she is beholden to the force of prejudice, commonly called the ties of blood. Well, this amiable maiden has actually commenced a flirting correspondence with an Irish baronet of sixty-five. His name is Sir Ulic Mackilligut. He is said to be much out at elbows; and, I believe, has received false intelligence with respect to her fortune. Be that as it may, the connexion is exceedingly ridiculous, and begins already to excite whispers. For my part, I have no intention to dispute her free-agency; though I shall fall upon some expedient to undeceive her paramour, as to the point which he has principally in view. But I don't think her conduct is a proper example for Liddy, who has also attracted the notice of some coxcombs in the Rooms; and Jery tells me, he suspects a strapping fellow, the knight's nephew, of some design upon the girl's heart. I shall, therefore, keep a strict eye over her aunt and her, and even shift the scene, if I find the matter grow more serious—You perceive what an agreeable task it must be, to a man of my kidney, to have the cure of such souls as these—But, hold, you shall not have another peevish word (till the next occasion) from

yours,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Bath, April 28.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I think those people are unreasonable, who complain that Bath is a contracted circle, in which the same dull scenes perpetually revolve, without variation—I am, on the contrary, amazed to find so small a place, so crowded with entertainment and variety. London itself can hardly exhibit one species of diversion, to which we have not something analogous at Bath, over and above those singular advantages that are peculiar to the place. Here, for example, a man has daily opportunities of seeing the most remarkable characters of the community. He sees them in their natural attitudes and true colours; descended from their pedestals, and divested of their formal draperies, undisguised by art and affectation—Here we have ministers of state, judges, generals, bishops, projectors, philosophers, wits, poets, players, *chemists*, *fiddlers*, and *buffoons*.[1] If he makes any considerable stay in the place, he is sure of meeting with some particular friend, whom he did not expect to see; and to me there is nothing more agreeable, than such casual rencounters—Another entertainment, peculiar to Bath, arises from the general mixture of all degrees assembled in our public rooms, without distinction of rank or fortune. This is what my uncle reprobates, as a monstrous jumble of heterogeneous principles; a vile mob of noise and impertinence, without decency or subordination. But this chaos is to me a source of infinite amusement.

I was extremely diverted, last ball-night, to see the Master of the Ceremonies leading, with great solemnity, to the upper end of the room, an antiquated Abigail,[2] dressed in her lady's cast-clothes; whom he (I suppose) mistook for some countess[3] just arrived at the Bath. The ball was opened by a Scotch lord, with a mulatto heiress from St. Christopher's;[4] and the gay colonel Tinsel danced all the evening with the daughter of an eminent tinman from the borough of Southwark[5]—Yesterday morning, at the Pump-room, I saw a broken-winded Wapping landlady[6] squeeze through a circle of peers, to salute her brandy-merchant, who stood by the window, prop'd upon crutches; and a paralytic attorney of Shoe-lane,[7] in shuffling up to the bar, kicked the shins of the chancellor of England,[8] while his lordship, in a cut bob,[9] drank a glass of water at the pump. I cannot account for my being pleased with these incidents, any other way than by saying, they are truly ridiculous in their own nature, and serve to heighten the humour in the farce of life, which I am determined to enjoy as long as I can.—

Those follies, that move my uncle's spleen, excite my laughter. He is as tender as a man without a skin; who cannot bear the slightest touch without flinching. What tickles another would give him torment; and yet he has what we may call lucid intervals, when he is remarkably facetious—Indeed, I never knew a hypochondriac so apt to be infected with good-humour. He is the most risible misanthrope I ever met with. A lucky joke, or any ludicrous incident, will set him a-laughing immoderately, even in one of his most gloomy paroxysms; and, when the laugh is over, he will curse his own imbecillity. In conversing with strangers, he betrays no marks of disquiet—He is splenetic with his familiars only; and not even with them, while they keep his attention employed; but when his spirits are not exerted externally, they seem to recoil and prey upon himself——He has renounced the waters with execration; but he begins to find a more efficacious, and, certainly, a much more palatable remedy in the pleasures of society. He has discovered some old friends, among the invalids of Bath; and, in particular, renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated James Quin,[10] who certainly did not come here to drink water. You cannot doubt, but that I had the strongest curiosity to know this original; and it was gratified by Mr. Bramble, who has had him twice at our house to dinner.

So far as I am able to judge, Quin's character is rather more respectable than it has been generally represented. His *bon mots* are in every witling's mouth; but many of them have a rank flavour, which one would be apt to think was derived from a natural grossness of idea. I suspect, however, that justice has not been done the author, by the collectors of those *Quiniana;* who have let the best of them slip through their fingers, and only retained such as were suited to the taste and organs of the multitude. How far he may relax in his hours of jollity, I cannot pretend to say; but his general conversation is conducted by the nicest rules of propriety; and Mr. James Quin is, certainly, one of the best bred men in the kingdom. He is not only a most agreeable companion; but (as I am credibly informed) a very honest man; highly susceptible of friendship, warm, steady, and even generous in his attachments; disdaining flattery, and incapable of meanness and dissimulation. Were I to judge, however, from Quin's eye alone, I should take him to be proud, insolent, and cruel. There is something remarkably severe and forbidding in his aspect; and, I have been told, he was ever disposed to insult his inferiors and dependants.——Perhaps that report has influenced my opinion of his looks——You know we are the fools of prejudice. Howsoever that may be, I have as yet seen nothing but his favourable side; and my uncle, who frequently confers with him in a corner, declares he is one of the most sensible men he ever knew—He seems to have a reciprocal regard for old Square-toes,[11] whom he calls by the familiar name of Matthew, and often reminds of their old tavern-adventures: on the other hand, Matthew's eyes sparkle whenever Quin makes his appearance—Let him be never so jarring and discordant, Quin puts him in tune; and, like treble and bass in the same concert, they make excellent musick together—T'other day, the conversation turning upon Shakespeare, I could not help saying, with some emotion, that I would give an hundred guineas to see Mr. Quin act the part of Falstaff;[12] upon which, turning to me with a smile, "And I would give a thousand, young gentleman, (said he) that I could gratify your longing." My uncle and he are perfectly agreed in their estimate of life; which, Quin says, would stink in his nostrils, if he did not steep it in claret.

I want to see this phenomenon in his cups; and have almost prevailed upon uncle to give him a small turtle at the Bear.[13] In the mean time, I must entertain you with an incident, that seems to confirm the judgment of those two cynic philosophers. I took the liberty to differ in opinion from Mr. Bramble, when he observed, that the mixture of people in the entertainments of this place was destructive of all order and urbanity; that it rendered the plebeians insufferably arrogant and troublesome, and vulgarized the deportment and sentiments of those who moved in the upper spheres of life. He said, such a preposterous coalition would bring us into contempt with all our neighbours; and was worse, in fact, than debasing the gold coin of the nation. I argued, on the contrary, that those plebeians who discovered such eagerness to imitate the dress and equipage of their superiors, would likewise, in time, adopt their maxims and their manners, be polished by their conversation, and refined by their example; but when I appealed to Mr. Quin, and asked if he did not think that such an unreserved mixture would improve the whole mass?—"Yes, (said he) as a plate of marmalade would improve a pan of sirreverence."[14]

I owned I was not much conversant in high-life, but I had seen what were called polite assemblies in London and else-where; that those of Bath seemed to be as decent as any; and that, upon the whole, the individuals that composed it, would not be found deficient in good manners and decorum. "But let us have recourse to experience, (said I)—Jack Holder, who was intended for a parson, has succeeded to an estate of two thousand a year, by the death of his elder brother. He is now at the Bath, driving about in a phæton and four, with French horns. He has treated with turtle and claret at all the taverns in Bath and Bristol, till his guests are gorged with good chear: he has bought a dozen suits of fine clothes, by the advice of the Master of the Ceremonies, under whose tuition he has entered himself: he has lost some hundreds at billiards to sharpers, and taken one of the nymphs of Avon-street[15] into keeping; but, finding all these channels insufficient to drain him of his current cash, his counsellor has engaged him to give a general tea-drinking to-morrow at Wiltshire's room.[16] In order to give it the more eclat, every table is to be furnished with sweet-meats and nosegays; which, however, are not to be touched till notice is given by the ringing of a bell, and then the ladies may help themselves without restriction. This will be no bad way of trying the company's breeding—"

"I will abide by that experiment, (cried my uncle) and if I could find a place to stand secure, without the vortex of the tumult, which I know will ensue, I would certainly go thither and enjoy the scene." Quin proposed that we should take our station in the musick-gallery; and we took his advice. Holder had got thither before us, with his horns perdue; but we were admitted. The tea-drinking passed as usual; and the company having risen from the tables, were sauntring in groupes, in expectation of the signal for attack, when the bell beginning to ring, they flew with eagerness to the desert, and the whole place was instantly in commotion. There was nothing but justling, scrambling, pulling, snatching, struggling, scolding, and screaming. The nosegays were torn from one another's hands and bosoms; the glasses and china went to wreck; the tables and floor were strewed with comfits. Some cried; some swore; and the tropes and figures of Billingsgate[17] were used without reserve in all their native zest and flavour; nor were those flowers of rhetoric unattended with significant gesticulation. Some snapped their fingers; some forked them out; some clapped their hands, and some their back-sides; at length, they fairly proceeded to pulling caps, and every thing seemed to presage a general battle; when Holder ordered his horns to sound a charge, with a view to animate the combatants, and inflame the contest; but this manœuvre produced an effect quite contrary to what he expected. It was a note of reproach that roused them to an immediate sense of their disgraceful situation. They were ashamed of their absurd deportment, and suddenly desisted. They gathered up their caps, ruffles, and handkerchiefs; and great part of them retired in silent mortification.

Quin laughed at this adventure; but my uncle's delicacy was hurt. He hung his head in manifest chagrin, and seemed to repine at the triumph of his judgment—Indeed, his victory was more complete than he imagined; for, as we afterwards learned, the two amazons who singularized themselves most in the action, did not come from the purlieus of Puddle-dock,[18] but from the courtly neighbourhood of St. James's palace. One was a baroness, and the other, a wealthy knight's dowager—My uncle spoke not a word, till we had made our retreat good to the coffee-house; where, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead, "I bless God (said he) that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble did not take the field to-day!" "I would pit her for a cool hundred (cried Quin) against the best shake-bag[19] of the whole main."[20] The truth is, nothing could have kept her at home but the accident of her having taken physick before she knew the nature of the entertainment. She has been for some days furbishing up an old suit of black velvet, to make her appearance as Sir Ulic's partner at the next ball.

I have much to say of this amiable kinswoman; but she has not been properly introduced to your acquaintance. She is remarkably civil to Mr. Quin; of whose sarcastic humour she seems to stand in awe; but her caution is no match for her impertinence. "Mr. Gwynn, (said she the other day) I was once vastly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcofine*[21]—Do, pray, spout a little the Ghost of Gimlet." "Madam, (said Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain) the Ghost of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again—" Insensible of this check, she proceeded: "Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real ghost; and then the cock crowed so natural. I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact, in the very nick of time; but, I suppose, he's game——An't he game, Mr. Gwynn?" "Dunghill,[22] madam." "Well, dung-hill, or not dunghill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such another at Brambleton-hall, to wake the maids of a morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?" "Probably in the work-house of St. Giles's parish,[23] madam; but I protest I know not his particular mew."[24] My uncle, frying with vexation, cried, "Good God, sister, how you talk! I have told you twenty times, that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn.—" "Hoity toity, brother mine, (she replied) no offence, I hope—Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old British extraction——I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen

Gwynn,[25] who was of his own profession; and if so be that were the case, he might be of king Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins—" "No, madam, (answered Quin, with great solemnity) my mother was not a whore of such distinction—True it is, I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of royal descent; for my inclinations are often arbitrary—If I was an absolute prince, at this instant, I believe I should send for the head of your cook in a charger—She has committed felony, on the person of that John Dory;[26] which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even presented without sauce—*O tempora! O mores!*"[27]

This good-humoured sally turned the conversation into a less disagreeable channel—But, lest you should think my scribble as tedious as Mrs. Tabby's clack, I shall not add another word, but that I am as usual

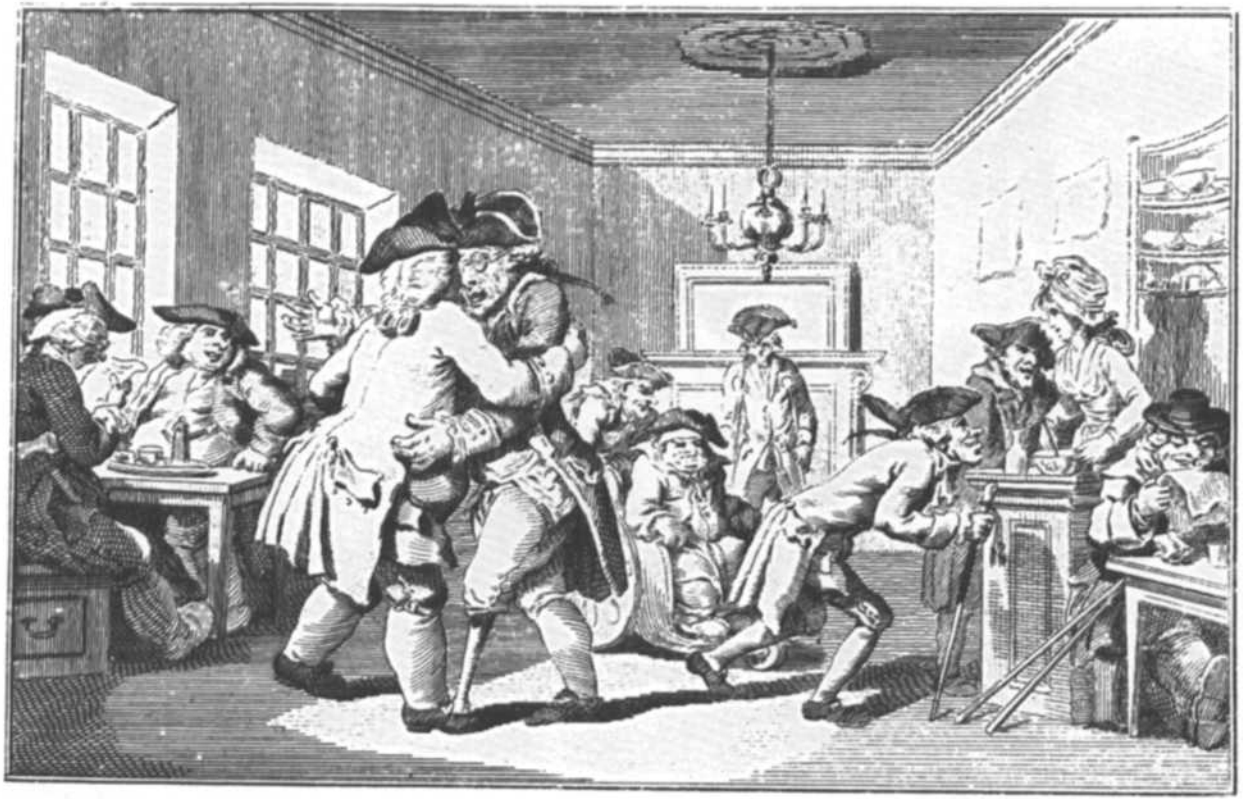
Yours,
J. MELFORD.

Bath, April 30.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

I received your bill[1] upon Wiltshire, which was punctually honoured; but as I don't choose to keep so much cash by me, in a common lodging-house, I have deposited 250*l.* in the bank of Bath, and shall take their bills for it in London, when I leave this place, where the season draws to an end—You must know, that now being a-foot, I am resolved to give Liddy a glimpse of London. She is one of the best hearted creatures I ever knew, and gains upon my affection every day—As for Tabby, I have dropt such hints to the Irish baronet, concerning her fortune, as, I make no doubt, will cool the ardour of his addresses. Then her pride will take the alarm; and the rancour of stale maidenhood being chafed, we shall hear nothing but slander and abuse of Sir Ulic Mackilligut—This rupture, I foresee, will facilitate our departure from Bath; where, at present, Tabby seems to enjoy herself with peculiar satisfaction. For my part, I detest it so much, that I should not have been able to stay so long in the place if I had not discovered some old friends; whose conversation alleviates my disgust—Going to the coffee-house one forenoon, I could not help contemplating the company, with equal surprize and compassion—We consisted of thirteen individuals; seven lamed by the gout, rheumatism, or palsy; three maimed by accident; and the rest either deaf or blind. One



Matthew Bramble recognises some ancient Friends, by Rowlandson.
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hobbled, another hopped, a third dragged his legs after him like a wounded snake, a fourth straddled betwixt a pair of long crutches, like the mummy of a felon hanging in chains; a fifth was bent into a horizontal position, like a mounted telescope, shoved in by a couple of chairmen; and a sixth was the bust of a man, set upright in a wheel machine,[2] which the waiter moved from place to place.

Being struck with some of their faces, I consulted the subscription-book; and, perceiving the names of several old friends, began to consider the groupe with more attention. At length I discovered rear-admiral Balderick, the companion of my youth, whom I had not seen since he was appointed lieutenant of the Severn. He was metamorphosed into an old man, with a wooden leg and a weatherbeaten face; which appeared the more antient from his grey locks, that were truly venerable—Sitting down at the table, where he was reading a news-paper, I gazed at him for some minutes, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, which made my heart gush with tenderness; then, taking him by the hand, "Ah, Sam, (said I) forty years ago I little thought—" I was too much moved to proceed. "An old friend, sure enough! (cried he, squeezing my hand, and surveying me eagerly thro' his glasses) I know the looming of the vessel, though she has been hard strained since we parted; but I can't heave up the name—" The moment I told him who I was, he exclaimed, "Ha! Matt, my old fellow cruizer, still afloat!" And, starting up, hugged me in his arms. His transport, however, boded me no good; for, in saluting me, he thrust the spring of his spectacles into my eye, and, at the same time, set his wooden stump upon my gouty toe; an attack that made me shed tears in sad earnest——After the hurry of our recognition was over, he pointed out two of our common friends in the room: the bust was what remained of colonel Cockril, who had lost the use of his limbs in making an American campaign; and the telescope proved to be my college chum, sir Reginald Bently; who, with his new title, and unexpected inheritance, commenced fox-hunter, without having served his apprenticeship to the mystery; and, in consequence of following the hounds through a river, was seized with an inflammation in his bowels, which has contracted him into his present attitude.

Our former correspondence was forthwith renewed, with the most hearty expressions of mutual good-will; and as we had met so unexpectedly, we agreed to dine together that very day at the tavern. My friend Quin, being luckily unengaged, obliged us with his company; and, truly, this was the most happy day I have passed these twenty years. You and I, Lewis, having been always together, never tasted friendship in this high goût, contracted from long absence. I cannot express the half of what I felt at this casual meeting of three or four companions, who had been so long separated, and so roughly treated by the storms of life. It was a renovation of youth; a kind of resuscitation of the dead, that realized those interesting dreams, in which we sometimes retrieve our antient friends from the grave. Perhaps my enjoyment was not the less pleasing for being mixed with a strain of melancholy, produced by the remembrance of past scenes, that conjured up the ideas of some endearing connexions, which the hand of Death has actually dissolved.

The spirits and good-humour of the company seemed to triumph over the wreck of their constitutions. They had even philosophy enough to joke upon their own calamities; such is the power of friendship, the sovereign cordial of life—I afterwards found, however, that they were not without their moments, and even hours of disquiet. Each of them apart, in succeeding conferences, expatiated upon his own particular grievances; and they were all malcontents at bottom—Over and above their personal disasters, they thought themselves unfortunate in the lottery of life.[3] Baldrick complained, that all the recompence he had received for his long and hard service, was the half-pay of a rear-admiral. The colonel was mortified to see himself over-topped by upstart generals, some of whom he had once commanded; and, being a man of a liberal turn, could ill put up with a moderate annuity, for which he had sold his commission. As for the baronet, having run himself considerably in debt, on a contested election, he has been obliged to relinquish his seat in parliament, and his seat in the country at the same time, and put his estate to nurse; but his chagrin, which is the effect of his own misconduct, does not affect me half so much as that of the other two; who have acted honourable and distinguished parts on the great theatre, and are now reduced to lead a weary life in this stew-pan of idleness and insignificance. They have long left off using the waters, after having experienced their inefficacy. The diversions of the place they are not in a condition to enjoy. How then do they make shift to pass their time? In the forenoon, they crawl out to the Rooms or the coffee-house, where they take a hand at whist, or descant upon the General Advertiser;[4] and their evenings they murder in private parties, among peevish invalids, and insipid old women—This is the case with a good number of individuals, whom nature seems to have intended for better purposes.

About a dozen years ago, many decent families, restricted to small fortunes, besides those that came hither on the score of health, were tempted to settle at Bath, where they could then live comfortably, and even make a genteel appearance, at a small expence: but the madness of the times has made the place too hot for them, and they are now obliged to think of other migrations—Some have already fled to the mountains of Wales, and others have retired to

Exeter. Thither, no doubt, they will be followed by the flood of luxury and extravagance, which will drive them from place to place to the very Land's End; and there, I suppose, they will be obliged to ship themselves to some other country. Bath is become a mere sink of profligacy and extortion. Every article of house-keeping is raised to an enormous price; a circumstance no longer to be wondered at, when we know that every petty retainer of fortune piques himself upon keeping a table, and thinks 'tis for the honour of his character to wink at the knavery of his servants, who are in a confederacy with the market-people; and, of consequence, pay whatever they demand. Here is now a mushroom of opulence, who pays a cook seventy guineas a week for furnishing him with one meal a day. This portentous frenzy is become so contagious, that the very rabble and refuse of mankind are infected. I have known a negro-driver, from Jamaica, pay over-night to the master of one of the rooms, sixty-five guineas for tea and coffee to the company, and leave Bath next morning, in such obscurity, that not one of his guests had the slightest idea of his person, or even made the least inquiry about his name. Incidents of this kind are frequent; and every day teems with fresh absurdities, which are too gross to make a thinking man merry.—But I feel the spleen creeping on me apace; and therefore will indulge you with a cessation, that you may have no unnecessary cause to curse your correspondence with,

Dear Dick,
yours ever,
MAT. BRAMBLE.

Bath, May 5.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAR LETTY,

I wrote you at great length by the post, the twenty-sixth of last month, to which I refer you for an account of our proceedings at Bath; and I expect your answer with impatience. But, having this opportunity of a private hand, I send you two dozen of Bath rings;[1] six of the best of which I desire you will keep for yourself, and distribute the rest among the young ladies, our common friends, as you shall think proper——I don't know how you will approve of the mottoes; some of them are not much to my own liking; but I was obliged to take such as I could find ready manufactured—I am vexed, that neither you nor I have received any further information of a certain person—Sure it can't be wilful neglect!—O my dear Willis! I begin to be visited by strange fancies, and to have some melancholy doubts; which, however, it would be ungenerous to harbour without further inquiry—My uncle, who has made me a present of a very fine set of garnets, talks of treating us with a jaunt to London; which, you may imagine, will be highly agreeable: but I like Bath so well, that I hope he won't think of leaving it till the season is quite over; and yet, betwixt friends, something has happened to my aunt, which will probably shorten our stay in this place.

Yesterday, in the forenoon, she went by herself to a breakfasting in one of the rooms; and, in half an hour, returned in great agitation, having Chowder along with her in the chair. I believe some accident must have happened to that unlucky animal, which is the great source of all her troubles. Dear Letty! what a pity it is, that a woman of her years and discretion, should place her affection upon such an ugly, ill-conditioned cur, that snarls and snaps at every body. I asked John Thomas, the foot-man who attended her, what was the matter? and he did nothing but grin. A famous dog-doctor was sent for, and undertook to cure the patient, provided he might carry him home to his own house; but his mistress would not part with him out of her own sight——She ordered the cook to warm cloths, which she applied to his bowels, with her own hand. She gave up all thoughts of going to the ball in the evening; and when Sir Ulic came to drink tea, refused to be seen; so that he went away to look for another partner. My brother Jery whistles and dances. My uncle sometimes shrugs up his shoulders, and sometimes bursts out a-laughing. My aunt sobs and scolds by turns; and her woman, Win Jenkins, stares and wonders with a foolish face of curiosity;[2] and, for my part, I am as curious as she, but ashamed to ask questions.

Perhaps time will discover the mystery; for if it was any thing that happened in the Rooms, it can't be long concealed—All I know is, that last night at supper, miss Bramble spoke very disdainfully of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, and asked her brother if he intended to keep us sweltering all the summer at Bath? "No, sister Tabitha, (said he, with an arch smile) we shall retreat before the Dog-days[3] begin; though I make no doubt, that with a little temperance and discretion, our constitutions might be kept cool enough all the year, even at Bath." As I don't know the meaning of this insinuation, I won't pretend to make any remarks upon it at present: hereafter, perhaps, I may be able to explain it more to your satisfaction——In the mean time, I beg you will be punctual in your correspondence, and continue to love your ever faithful

LYDIA MELFORD.

Bath, May 6.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

So then Mrs. Blackerby's affair has proved a false alarm, and I have saved my money? I wish, however, her declaration had not been so premature; for though my being thought capable of making her a mother, might have given me some credit, the reputation of an intrigue with such a cracked pitcher does me no honour at all——In my last I told you I had hopes of seeing Quin, in his hours of elevation at the tavern which is the temple of mirth and good-fellowship; where he, as priest of Comus,[1] utters the inspirations of wit and humour——I have had that satisfaction. I have dined with his club at the Three Tuns,[2] and had the honour to sit him out. At half an hour past eight in the evening, he was carried home with six good bottles of claret under his belt; and it being then Friday, he gave orders, that he should not be disturbed till Sunday at noon——You must not imagine that this dose had any other effect upon his conversation, but that of making it more extravagantly entertaining—He had lost the use of his limbs, indeed, several hours before we parted, but he retained all his other faculties in perfection; and as he gave vent to every whimsical idea as it rose, I was really astonished at the brilliancy of his thoughts, and the force of his expression. Quin is a real voluptuary in the articles of eating and drinking; and so confirmed an epicure, in the common acceptation of the term, that he cannot put up with ordinary fare. This is a point of such importance with him, that he always takes upon himself the charge of catering; and a man admitted to his mess, is always sure of eating delicate victuals, and drinking excellent wine—He owns himself addicted to the delights of the stomach, and often jokes upon his own sensuality; but there is nothing selfish in this appetite——He finds that good chear unites good company; exhilerates the spirits, opens the heart, banishes all restraint from conversation, and promotes the happiest purposes of social life.—But Mr. James Quin is not a subject to be discussed in the compass of one letter; I shall therefore, at present, leave him to his repose, and call another of a very different complexion.

You desire to have further acquaintance with the person of our aunt, and promise yourself much entertainment from her connexion with Sir Ulic Mackilligut: but in this hope you are baulked already; that connexion is dissolved. The Irish baronet is an old hound, that, finding her carrion, has quitted the scent—I have already told you, that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is a maiden of forty-five. In her person, she is tall, raw-boned, aukward, flat-chested, and stooping; her complexion is sallow and freckled; her eyes are not grey, but greenish, like those of a cat, and generally inflamed; her hair is of a sandy, or rather dusty hue; her forehead low; her nose long, sharp, and, towards the extremity, always red in cool weather; her lips skinny, her mouth extensive, her teeth straggling and loose, of various colours and conformation; and her long neck shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles—In her temper, she is proud, stiff, vain, imperious, prying, malicious, greedy, and uncharitable. In all likelihood, her natural austerity has been soured by disappointment in love; for her long celibacy is by no means owing to her dislike of matrimony: on the contrary, she has left no stone unturned[3] to avoid the reproachful epithet of old maid.

Before I was born, she had gone such lengths in the way of flirting with a recruiting officer, that her reputation was a little singed. She afterwards made advances to the curate of the parish, who dropped some distant hints about the next presentation to the living, which was in her brother's gift; but finding that was already promised to another, he flew off at a tangent; and Mrs. Tabby, in revenge, found means to deprive him of his cure. Her next lover was lieutenant of a man of war, a relation of the family, who did not understand the refinements of the passion, and expressed no aversion to grapple with cousin Tabby in the way of marriage; but before matters could be properly adjusted, he went out on a cruise, and was killed in an engagement with a French frigate. Our aunt, though baffled so often, did not yet despair—She layed all her snares for Dr. Lewis, who is the *fidus Achates*[4] of my uncle. She even fell sick upon the occasion, and prevailed with Matt to interpose in her behalf with his friend; but the Doctor, being a shy cock, would not be caught with chaff, and flatly rejected the proposal: so that Mrs. Tabitha was content to exert her patience once more, after having endeavoured in vain to effect a rupture betwixt the two friends; and now she thinks proper to be very civil to Lewis, who is become necessary to her in the way of his profession.

These, however, are not the only efforts she has made towards a nearer conjunction with our sex. Her fortune was originally no more than a thousand pounds; but she gained an accession of five hundred by the death of a sister, and the lieutenant left her three hundred in his will. These sums she has more than doubled, by living free of all expence, in her brother's house; and dealing in cheese and Welsh flannel, the produce of his flocks and dairy. At present her capital is increased to about four thousand pounds; and her avarice seems to grow every day more and more rapacious: but even this is not so intolerable, as the perverseness of her nature, which keeps the whole family in disquiet and uproar. She is one of those geniuses who find some diabolical enjoyment in being dreaded and detested by their fellow-creatures.

I once told my uncle, I was surprised that a man of his disposition could bear such a domestic plague, when it could be so easily removed—The remark made him sore, because it seemed to tax him with want of resolution—Wrinkling up his nose, and drawing down his eye-brows, "A young fellow, (said he) when he first thrusts his snout into the world, is apt to be surprised at many things, which a man of experience knows to be ordinary and unavoidable—This precious aunt of yours is become insensibly a part of my constitution—Damn her! She's a *noli me tangere*[5] in my flesh, which I cannot bear to be touched or tampered with." I made no reply; but shifted the conversation. He really has an affection for this original; which maintains its ground in defiance of common sense, and in despite of that contempt which he must certainly feel for her character and understanding. Nay, I am convinced, that she has likewise a most virulent attachment to his person; though her love never shews itself but in the shape of discontent; and she persists in tormenting him out of sheer tenderness—The only object within doors upon which she bestows any marks of affection, in the usual stile, is her dog Chowder; a filthy cur from Newfoundland, which she had in a present from the wife of a skipper in Swansey[6]—One would imagine she had distinguished this beast with her favour on account of his ugliness and ill-nature; if it was not, indeed, an instinctive sympathy between his disposition and her own. Certain it is, she caresses him without ceasing; and even harrasses the family in the service of this cursed animal, which, indeed, has proved the proximate cause of her breach with Sir Ulic Mackilligut.

You must know, she yesterday wanted to steal a march of poor Liddy, and went to breakfast in the Room without any other companion than her dog, in expectation of meeting with the Baronet, who had agreed to dance with her in the evening—Chowder no sooner made his appearance in the Room, than the Master of the Ceremonies, incensed at his presumption, ran up to drive him away, and threatened him with his foot; but the other seemed to despise his authority, and displaying a formidable case of long, white, sharp teeth, kept the puny monarch[7] at bay—While he stood under some trepidation, fronting his antagonist, and bawling to the waiter, Sir Ulic Mackilligut came to his assistance; and seeming ignorant of the connexion between this intruder and his mistress, gave the former such a kick in the jaws, as sent him howling to the door——Mrs. Tabitha, incensed at this outrage, ran after him, squalling in a tone equally disagreeable; while the Baronet followed her on one side, making apologies for his mistake; and Derrick on the other, making remonstrances upon the rules and regulations of the place.

Far from being satisfied with the Knight's excuses, she said she was sure he was no gentleman; and when the Master of the Ceremonies offered to hand her into the chair, she rapped him over the knuckles with her fan. My uncle's footman being still at the door, she and Chowder got into the same vehicle, and were carried off amidst the jokes of the chairmen and other populace—I had been riding out on Clerkendown,[8] and happened to enter just as the *fracas* was over—The Baronet, coming up to me with an affected air of chagrin, recounted the adventure; at which I laughed heartily, and then his countenance cleared up. "My dear soul, (said he) when I saw a sort of a wild baist, snarling with open mouth at the Master of the Ceremonies, like the red cow going to devour Tom Thumb,[9] I could do no less than go to the assistance of the little man; but I never dreamt the baist was one of Mrs. Bramble's attendants—O! if I had, he might have made his breakfast upon Derrick and wellcome—But, you know, my dear friend, how natural it is for us Irishmen to blunder, and to take the wrong sow by the ear[10]—However, I will confess judgment, and cry her mercy; and, 'tis to be hoped, a penitent sinner may be forgiven."[11] I told him, that as the offence was involuntary of his side, it was to be hoped he would not find her implacable.

But, in truth, all this concern was dissembled. In his approaches of gallantry to Mrs. Tabitha, he had been misled by a mistake of at least six thousand pounds, in the calculation of her fortune; and in this particular he was just undeceived. He, therefore, seized the first opportunity of incurring her displeasure decently, in such a manner as would certainly annihilate the correspondence; and he could not have taken a more effectual method, than that of beating her dog. When he presented himself at our door, to pay his respects to the offended fair, he was refused admittance; and given to understand, that he should never find her at home for the future. She was not so inaccessible to Derrick, who came to demand satisfaction for the insult she had offered to him, even in the verge of his own court. She knew it was convenient to be well with the Master of the Ceremonies, while she continued to frequent the Rooms; and, having heard he was a poet, began to be afraid of making her appearance in a ballad or lampoon.[12]—She therefore made excuses for what she had done, imputing it to the flutter of her spirits; and subscribed handsomely for his poems: so that he was perfectly appeased, and overwhelmed her with a profusion of compliment. He even solicited a reconciliation with Chowder; which, however, the latter declined; and he declared, that if he could find a precedent in the annals of the Bath, which he would carefully examine for that purpose, her favourite should be admitted to the next public breakfasting—But, I believe, she will not expose herself or him to the risque of a second disgrace—Who will supply the place of Mackilligut in her affections, I cannot foresee; but nothing in the shape of man can come amiss. Though she is a violent church-woman, of the most intolerant zeal, I believe in my conscience she would have no objection, at present, to treat on the score of matrimony with an Anabaptist, Quaker, or Jew; and even ratify the treaty, at the expence of her own conversion. But, perhaps, I think too hardly of this kinswoman; who, I must own, is very little beholden to the good opinion of

Yours,
J. MELFORD.

Bath, May 6.

To Dr. LEWIS.

You ask me, why I don't take the air a-horseback, during this fine weather?—In which of the avenues of this paradise would you have me take that exercise? Shall I commit myself to the high-roads of London or Bristol, to be stifled with dust, or pressed to death in the midst of post-chaises, flying-machines,[1] waggons, and coal-horses; besides the troops of fine gentlemen that take to the high-way, to shew their horsemanship; and the coaches of fine ladies, who go thither to shew their equipages? Shall I attempt the Downs, and fatigue myself to death in climbing up an eternal ascent, without any hopes of reaching the summit? Know then, I have made divers desperate leaps at those upper regions; but always fell backward into this vapour-pit, exhausted and dispirited by those ineffectual efforts; and here we poor valetudinarians pant and struggle, like so many Chinese gudgeons,[2] gasping in the bottom of a punch-bowl. By Heaven, it is a kind of inchantment! If I do not speedily break the spell, and escape, I may chance to give up the ghost in this nauseous stew of corruption—It was but two nights ago, that I had like to have made my public exit, at a minute's warning. One of my greatest weaknesses is that of suffering myself to be over-ruled by the opinion of people, whose judgment I despise—I own, with shame and confusion of face, that importunity of any kind I cannot resist. This want of courage and constancy is an original flaw in my nature, which you must have often observed with compassion, if not with contempt. I am afraid some of our boasted virtues may be traced up to this defect.——

Without further preamble, I was persuaded to go to a ball, on purpose to see Liddy dance a minuet with a young petulant jackanapes, the only son of a wealthy undertaker[3] from London, whose mother lodges in our neighbourhood, and has contracted an acquaintance with Tabby. I sat a couple of long hours, half stifled, in the midst of a noisome crowd; and could not help wondering, that so many hundreds of those that rank as rational creatures, could find entertainment in seeing a succession of insipid animals, describing the same dull figure[4] for a whole evening, on an area, not much bigger than a taylor's shop-board. If there had been any beauty, grace, activity, magnificent dress, or variety of any kind, howsoever absurd, to engage the attention, and amuse the fancy, I should not have been surprised; but there was no such object: it was a tiresome repetition of the same languid, frivolous scene, performed by actors that seemed to sleep in all their motions——The continual swimming of those phantoms before my eyes, gave me a swimming of the head; which was also affected by the fouled air, circulating through such a number of rotten human bellows——I therefore retreated towards the door, and stood in the passage to the next room, talking to my friend Quin; when an end being put to the minuets, the benches were removed to make way for the country-dances; and the multitude rising at once, the whole atmosphere was put in commotion. Then, all of a sudden, came rushing upon me an Egyptian gale,[5] so impregnated with pestilential vapours, that my nerves were overpowered, and I dropt senseless upon the floor.

You may easily conceive what a clamour and confusion this accident must have produced, in such an assembly—I soon recovered, however, and found myself in an easy chair, supported by my own people—Sister Tabby, in her great tenderness, had put me to the torture, squeezing my head under her arm, and stuffing my nose with spirit of hartshorn,[6] till the whole inside was excoriated. I no sooner got home, than I sent for doctor Ch——,[7] who assured me, I needed not be alarmed, for my swooning was entirely occasioned by an accidental impression of fetid effluvia[8] upon nerves of uncommon sensibility. I know not how other people's nerves are constructed; but one would imagine they must be made of very coarse materials, to stand the shock of such a horrid assault. It was, indeed, *a compound of villainous smells*,[9] in which the most violent stinks, and the most powerful perfumes, contended for the mastery. Imagine to yourself a high exalted essence of mingled odours, arising from putrid gums, imposthumated lungs, sour flatulencies, rank arm-pits, sweating feet, running sores and issues, plasters, ointments, and embrocations, hungary-water,[10] spirit of lavender,[11] assafœtida drops,[12] musk, hartshorn, and sal volatile;[13] besides a thousand frowzy steams, which I could not analyse. Such, O Dick! is the fragrant æther we breathe in the polite assemblies of Bath—Such is the atmosphere I have exchanged for the pure, elastic, animating air of the Welsh mountains—— *O Rus, quando te aspiciam!*[14]—I wonder what the devil possessed me—

But few words are best: I have taken my resolution—You may well suppose I don't intend to entertain the company with a second exhibition—I have promised, in an evil hour, to proceed to London, and that promise shall be performed; but my stay in the metropolis shall be brief. I have, for the benefit of my health, projected an expedition to the North, which, I hope, will afford some agreeable pastime. I have never travelled farther that way than Scarborough; and, I think, it is a reproach upon me, as a British freeholder, to have lived so long without making an excursion to the other side of the Tweed. Besides, I have some relations settled in Yorkshire, to whom it may not be improper to introduce my nephew and his sister—At present, I have nothing to add, but that Tabby is happily disentangled from the Irish Baronet; and that I will not fail to make you acquainted, from time to time, with the sequel of our adventures: a mark of consideration, which, perhaps, you would willingly dispense with in

Your humble servant,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Bath, May 8.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

A few days ago we were terribly alarmed by my uncle's fainting at the ball—He has been ever since cursing his own folly, for going thither at the request of an impertinent woman. He declares, he will sooner visit a house infected with the plague, than trust himself in such a nauseous spital for the future, for he swears the accident was occasioned by the stench of the crowd; and that he would never desire a stronger proof of our being made of very gross materials, than our having withstood the annoyance, by which he was so much discomposed. For my part, I am very thankful for the coarseness of my organs, being in no danger of ever falling a sacrifice to the delicacy of my nose. Mr. Bramble is extravagantly delicate in all his sensations, both of soul and body. I was informed by Dr. Lewis, that he once fought a duel with an officer of the horse-guards, for turning a-side to the Park wall, on a necessary occasion, when he was passing with a lady under his protection. His blood rises at every instance of insolence and cruelty, even where he himself is no way concerned; and ingratitude makes his teeth chatter. On the other hand, the recital of a generous, humane, or grateful action, never fails to draw from him tears of approbation, which he is often greatly distressed to conceal.

Yesterday, one Paunceford[1] gave tea, on particular invitation—This man, after having been long buffetted by adversity, went abroad; and Fortune, resolved to make him amends for her former coyness, set him all at once up to the very ears in affluence. He has now emerged from obscurity, and blazes out in all the tinsel of the times. I don't find that he is charged with any practices that the law deems dishonest, or that his wealth has made him arrogant and inaccessible; on the contrary, he takes great pains to appear affable and gracious. But they say, he is remarkable for shrinking from his former friendships, which were generally too plain and home-spun to appear amidst his present brilliant connexions; and that he seems uneasy at sight of some old benefactors, whom a man of honour would take pleasure to acknowledge—Be that as it may, he had so effectually engaged the company at Bath, that when I went with my uncle to the coffee-house in the evening, there was not a soul in the room but one person, seemingly in years, who sat by the fire, reading one of the papers. Mr. Bramble, taking his station close by him, "There is such a crowd and confusion of chairs in the passage to Simpson's,[2] (said he) that we could hardly get along—I wish those minions of fortune would fall upon more laudable ways of spending their money.—I suppose, sir, you like this kind of entertainment as little as I do?" "I can't say I have any great relish for such entertainments," answered the other, without taking his eyes off the paper—"Mr. Serle,[3] (resumed my uncle) I beg pardon for interrupting you; but I can't resist the curiosity I have to know if you received a card on this occasion?"

The man seemed surprised at this address, and made some pause, as doubtful what answer he should make. "I know my curiosity is impertinent, (added my uncle) but I have a particular reason for asking the favour." "If that be the case, (replied Mr. Serle) I shall gratify you without hesitation, by owning, that I have had no card. But, give me leave, sir, to ask in my turn, what reason you think I have to expect such an invitation from the gentleman who gives tea?" "I have my own reasons; (cried Mr. Bramble, with some emotion) and am convinced, more than ever, that this Paunceford is a contemptible fellow." "Sir, (said the other, laying down the paper) I have not the honour to know you; but your discourse is a little mysterious, and seems to require some explanation. The person you are pleased to treat so cavalierly, is a gentleman of some consequence in the community; and, for aught you know, I may also have my particular reasons for defending his character—" "If I was not convinced of the contrary, (observed the other) I should not have gone so far–" "Let me tell you, sir, (said the stranger, raising his voice) you have gone too far, in hazarding such reflections——"

Here he was interrupted by my uncle; who asked peevishly, if he was Don Quixote enough, at this time of day, to throw down his gauntlet as champion for a man who had treated him with such ungrateful neglect. "For my part, (added he) I shall never quarrel with you again upon this subject; and what I have said now, has been suggested as much by my regard for you, as by my contempt of him–" Mr. Serle, then pulling off his spectacles, eyed uncle very earnestly, saying, in a mitigated tone, "Surely I am much obliged——Ah, Mr. Bramble! I now recollect your features, though I have not seen you these many years." "We might have been less strangers to one another, (answered the 'squire) if our correspondence had not been interrupted, in consequence of a misunderstanding, occasioned by this very——, but no matter–Mr. Serle, I esteem your character; and my friendship, such as it is, you may freely command." "The offer is too agreeable to be declined; (said he) I embrace it very cordially; and, as the first fruits of it, request that you will change this subject, which, with me, is a matter of peculiar delicacy."

My uncle owned he was in the right, and the discourse took a more general turn. Mr. Serle passed the evening with us at our lodgings; and appeared to be intelligent, and even entertaining; but his disposition was rather of a melancholy hue. My uncle says he is a man of uncommon parts, and unquestioned probity: that his fortune, which was originally small, has been greatly hurt by a romantic spirit of generosity, which he has often displayed, even at the expence of his discretion, in favour of worthless individuals——That he had rescued Paunceford from the lowest distress, when he was bankrupt, both in means and reputation–That he had espoused his interests with a degree of enthusiasm, broke with several friends, and even drawn his sword against my uncle, who had particular reasons for questioning the moral character of the said Paunceford: that, without Serle's countenance and assistance, the other never could have embraced the opportunity, which has raised him to this pinnacle of wealth: that Paunceford, in the first transports of his success, had written, from abroad, letters to different correspondents, owning his obligations to Mr. Serle, in the warmest terms of acknowledgement, and declaring he considered himself only as a factor for the occasions of his best friend: that, without doubt, he had made declarations of the same nature to his benefactor himself, though this last was always silent and reserved on the subject; but for some years, those tropes and figures of rhetoric had been disused: that, upon his return to England, he had been lavish in his caresses to

Mr. Serle, invited him to his house, and pressed him to make it his own: that he had overwhelmed him with general professions, and affected to express the warmest regard for him, in company of their common acquaintance; so that every body believed his gratitude was as liberal as his fortune; and some went so far as to congratulate Mr. Serle on both.

All this time Paunceford carefully and artfully avoided particular discussions with his old patron, who had too much spirit to drop the most distant hint of balancing the account of obligation: that, nevertheless, a man of his feelings could not but resent this shocking return for all his kindness; and, therefore, he withdrew himself from the connexion, without coming to the least explanation, or speaking a syllable on the subject to any living soul; so that now their correspondence is reduced to a slight salute with the hat, when they chance to meet in any public place; an accident that rarely happens, for their walks lie different ways. Mr. Paunceford lives in a palace, feeds upon dainties, is arrayed in sumptuous apparel, appears in all the pomp of equipage, and passes his time among the nobles of the land. Serle lodges in Stall-street,[4] up two pair of stairs backwards, walks a-foot in a Bath-rug,[5] eats for twelve shillings a-week, and drinks water as a preservative against the gout and gravel——Mark the vicissitude. Paunceford once resided in a garret; where he subsisted upon sheep's-trotters and cow-heel, from which commons he was translated to the table of Serle, that ever abounded with good-chear; until want of œconomy and retention, reduced him to a slender annuity in his decline of years, that scarce affords the bare necessaries of life—Paunceford, however, does him the honour to speak of him still, with uncommon regard; and to declare what pleasure it would give him to contribute in any shape to his convenience: "But you know, (he never fails to add) he's a shy kind of a man—And then such a perfect philosopher, that he looks upon all superfluities with the most sovereign contempt."

Having given you this sketch of 'squire Paunceford, I need not make any comment on his character, but leave it at the mercy of your own reflection; from which, I dare say, it will meet with as little quarter as it has found with

yours always,

J. Melford.

Bath, May 10.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MOLLY,

We are all upon the ving—Hey for London, girl!—Fecks! we have been long enough here; for we're all turned tipsy turvy——Mistress has excarded Sir Ulic for kicking of Chowder; and I have sent O Frizzle away, with a flea in his ear[1]—I've shewn him how little I minded his tinsy and his long tail—A fellor, who would think for to go, for to offer, to take up with a dirty trollop under my nose——I ketched him in the very fect, coming out of the house-maids garret.—But I have gi'en the dirty slut a siserary.[2] O Molly! the sarvants at Bath are devils in garnet—They lite the candle at both ends[3]—Here's nothing but ginketting, and wasting, and thieving, and tricking, and trigging; and then they are never content—They won't suffer the 'squire and mistress to stay any longer; because they have been already above three weeks in the house; and they look for a couple of ginneys a-piece at our going away; and this is a parquisite they expect every month in the season; being as how no family has a right to stay longer than four weeks in the same lodgings; and so the cuck swears, she will pin the dish-clout[4] to mistress's tail; and the house-maid vows, she'll put cowitch[5] in master's bed, if so be he don't discamp without furder ado——I don't blame them for making the most of their market, in the way of vails and parquisites; and I defy the devil[6] to say I am a tail-carrier, or ever brought a poor sarvant into trouble——But then they oft to have some conscience, in vronging those that be sarvants like themselves—For you must no, Molly, I missed three-quarters of blond lace, and a remnant of muslin, and my silver thimble; which was the gift of true love: they were all in my work-basket, that I left upon the table in the sarvants-hall, when mistresses bell rung; but if they had been under lock and kay, 'twould have been all the same; for there are double keys to all the locks in Bath; and they say as how the very teeth an't safe in your head, if you sleep with your mouth open—And so says I to myself, *them things could not go without hands; and so I'll watch their waters:*[7] and so I did with a vitness; for then it was I found Bett consarned with O Frizzle. And as the cuck had thrown her slush at me, because I had taken part with Chowder, when he fit with the turnspit, I resolved to make a clear kitchen, and throw some of her fat into the fire.[8] I ketched the chare-woman going out with her load in the morning, before she thought I was up, and brought her to mistress with her whole cargo—Marry, what do'st think she had got in the name of God? Her buckets were foaming full of our best bear, and her lap was stuffed with a cold tongue, part of a buttock of beef, half a turkey, and a swinging[9] lump of butter, and the matter of ten mould kandles, that had scarce ever been lit. The cuck brazened it out, and said it was her rite to rummage the pantry; and she was ready for to go before the mare: that he had been her potticary[10] many years, and would never think of hurting a poor sarvant, for giving away the scraps of the kitchen—— I went another way to work with madam Betty,[11] because she had been saucy, and called me skandelus names; and said O Frizzle couldn't abide me, and twenty other odorous falsehoods. I got a varrant from the mare, and her box being sarched by the constable, my things came out sure enuff; besides a full pound of vax candles, and a nite-cap of mistress, that I could sware to on my cruperal oaf[12] – O! then madam Mopstick came upon her merry bones;[13] and as the 'squire wouldn't hare of a pursecution, she scaped a skewering: but the longest day she has to live, she'll remember your

humble sarvant,
WINIFRED JENKINS.

Bath, May 15.

If the hind should come again, before we be gone, pray send me the shift and apron, with the vite gallow manky[14] shoes; which you'll find in my pillowber——Sarvice to Saul –

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

You are in the right, dear Phillips; I don't expect regular answers to every letter – I know a college-life is too circumscribed to afford materials for such quick returns of communication. For my part, I am continually shifting the scene, and surrounded with new objects; some of which are striking enough. I shall therefore conclude my journal for your amusement; and though, in all appearance, it will not treat of very important or interesting particulars, it may prove, perhaps, not altogether uninstructive and unentertaining.

The musick and entertainments of Bath are over for this season; and all our gay birds of passage have taken their flight to Bristol-well, Tunbridge, Brighthelmstone, Scarborough, Harrowgate,[1] *&c.* Not a soul is seen in this place, but a few broken-winded parsons, waddling like so many crows along the North Parade. There is always a great shew of the clergy at Bath: none of your thin, puny, yellow, hectic figures, exhausted with abstinence and hard study, labouring under the *morbi eruditorum;*[2] but great overgrown dignitaries and rectors, with rubicund noses and gouty ancles, or broad bloated faces, dragging along great swag bellies; the emblems of sloth and indigestion—

Now we are upon the subject of parsons, I must tell you a ludicrous adventure, which was atchieved the other day by Tom Eastgate,[3] whom you may remember on the foundation[4] of Queen's. He had been very assiduous to pin himself upon George Prankley, who was a gentleman-commoner[5] of Christ-church, knowing the said Prankley was heir to a considerable estate, and would have the advowson of a good living, the incumbent of which was very old and infirm. He studied his passions, and flattered them so effectually, as to become his companion and counsellor; and, at last, obtained of him a promise of the presentation, when the living should fall. Prankley, on his uncle's death, quitted Oxford, and made his first appearance in the fashionable world at London; from whence he came lately to Bath, where he has been exhibiting himself among the bucks and gamesters of the place. Eastgate followed him hither; but he should not have quitted him for a moment, at his first emerging into life. He ought to have known he was a fantastic, foolish, fickle fellow, who would forget his college-attachments the moment they ceased appealing to his senses. Tom met with a cold reception from his old friend; and was, moreover, informed, that he had promised the living to another man, who had a vote in the county, where he proposed to offer himself a candidate at the next general election. He now remembered nothing of Eastgate, but the freedoms he had used to take with him, while Tom had quietly stood his butt, with an eye to the benefice; and those freedoms he began to repeat in common-place sarcasms on his person and his cloth, which he uttered in the public coffee-house, for the entertainment of the company. But he was egregiously mistaken in giving his own wit credit for that tameness of Eastgate, which had been entirely owing to prudential considerations. These being now removed, he retorted his repartee with interest, and found no great difficulty in turning the laugh upon the aggressor; who, losing his temper, called him names, and asked, *If he knew whom he talked to?* After much altercation, Prankley, shaking his cane, bid him hold his tongue, otherwise he would dust his cassock for him. "I have no pretensions to such a valet; (said Tom) but if you should do me that office, and overheat yourself, I have here a good oaken towel at your service."

Prankley was equally incensed and confounded at this reply. After a moment's pause, he took him aside towards the window; and, pointing to the clump of firs on Clerken-down, asked in a whisper, if he had spirit enough to meet him there, with a case of pistols, at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Eastgate answered in the affirmative; and, with a steady countenance, assured him, he would not fail to give him the rendezvous at the hour he mentioned. So saying, he retired; and the challenger stayed some time in manifest agitation. In the morning, Eastgate, who knew his man, and had taken his resolution, went to Prankley's lodgings, and roused him by five o'clock—

The 'squire, in all probability, cursed his punctuality in his heart, but he affected to talk big; and having prepared his artillery over-night, they crossed the water at the end of the South Parade. In their progress up the hill, Prankley often eyed the parson, in hopes of perceiving some reluctance in his countenance; but as no such marks appeared, he attempted to intimidate him by word of mouth. "If these flints do their office, (said he) I'll do thy business in a few minutes." "I desire you will do your best; (replied the other) for my part, I come not here to trifle. Our lives are in the hands of God; and one of us already totters on the brink of eternity—" This remark seemed to make some impression upon the 'squire, who changed countenance, and with a faultering accent observed, "That it ill became a clergyman to be concerned in quarrels and blood-shed—" "Your insolence to me (said Eastgate) I should have bore with patience, had not you cast the most infamous reflections upon my order, the honour of which I think myself in duty bound to maintain, even at the expence of my heart's blood; and surely it can be no crime to put out of the world a profligate wretch, without any sense of principle, morality, or religion——" "Thou may'st take away my life, (cried Prankley, in great perturbation) but don't go to murder my character.—What! has't got no conscience?" "My conscience is perfectly quiet (replied the other); and now, sir, we are upon the spot—Take your ground as near as you please; prime your pistol; and the Lord, of his infinite mercy, have compassion upon your miserable soul!"

This ejaculation he pronounced in a loud solemn tone, with his hat off, and his eyes lifted up; then drawing a large horse-pistol, he presented, and put himself in a posture of action. Prankley took his distance, and endeavoured to prime, but his hand shook with such violence, that he found this operation impracticable—His antagonist, seeing how it was with him, offered his assistance, and advanced for that purpose; when the poor 'squire, exceedingly alarmed at what he had heard and seen, desired the action might be deferred till next day, as he had not settled his affairs. "I ha'n't made my will (said he); my sisters are not provided for; and I just now recollect an old promise, which my conscience tells me I ought to perform—I'll first convince thee, that I'm not a wretch without principle, and then thou shalt have an opportunity to take my life, which thou seem'st to thirst after so eagerly—"

Eastgate understood the hint; and told him, that one day should break no squares;[6] adding, "God forbid that I should be the means of hindering you from acting the part of an honest man, and a dutiful brother—" By virtue of this cessation, they returned peaceably together. Prankley forthwith made out the presentation of the living, and delivered it to Eastgate, telling him at the same time, he had now settled his affairs, and was ready to attend him to the Fir-grove; but Tom declared he could not think of lifting his hand against the life of so great a benefactor—He did more: when they next met at the coffee-house, he asked pardon of Mr. Prankley, if in his passion he had said any thing to give him offence; and the 'squire was so gracious as to forgive him with a cordial shake of the hand, declaring that he did not like to be at variance with an old college-companion—Next day, however, he left Bath abruptly; and then Eastgate told me all these particulars, not a little pleased with the effects of his own sagacity, by which he has secured a living worth 160 *l. per annum.*

Of my uncle, I have nothing at present to say; but that we set out to-morrow for London *en famille*. He and the ladies, with the maid and Chowder in a coach; I and the man-servant a-horseback. The particulars of our journey you shall have in my next, provided no accident happens to prevent,

Yours ever,
J. MELFORD.

Bath, May 17.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

I shall to-morrow set out for London, where I have bespoke lodgings, at Mrs. Norton's in Golden-square.[1] Although I am no admirer of Bath, I shall leave it with regret; because I must part with some old friends, whom, in all probability, I shall never see again. In the course of coffee-house conversation, I had often heard very extraordinary encomiums passed on the performances of Mr. T——,[2] a gentleman residing in this place, who paints landscapes for his amusement. As I have no great confidence in the taste and judgment of coffee-house connoisseurs, and never received much pleasure from this branch of the art, those general praises made no impression at all on my curiosity; but, at the request of a particular friend, I went yesterday to see the pieces, which had been so warmly commended—I must own I am no judge of painting, though very fond of pictures. I don't imagine that my senses would play me so false, as to betray me into admiration of any thing that was very bad; but, true it is, I have often over-looked capital beauties, in pieces of extraordinary merit.—If I am not totally devoid of taste, however, this young gentleman of Bath is the best landscape-painter now living: I was struck with his performances in such a manner, as I had never been by painting before. His trees not only have a richness of foliage and warmth of colouring, which delights the view; but also a certain magnificence in the disposition, and spirit in the expression, which I cannot describe. His management of the *chiaro oscuro*, or light and shadow, especially gleams of sun-shine, is altogether wonderful, both in the contrivance and execution; and he is so happy in his perspective, and marking his distances at sea, by a progressive series of ships, vessels, capes, and promontories, that I could not help thinking, I had a distant view of thirty leagues upon the back-ground of the picture. If there is any taste for ingenuity left in a degenerate age, fast sinking into barbarism, this artist, I apprehend, will make a capital figure, as soon as his works are known—

Two days ago, I was favoured with a visit by Mr. Fitz-owen; who, with great formality, solicited my vote and interest at the general election. I ought not to have been shocked at the confidence of this man; though it was remarkable, considering what had passed between him and me on a former occasion——These visits are mere matter of form, which a candidate makes to every elector; even to those who, he knows, are engaged in the interest of his competitor, lest he should expose himself to the imputation of pride, at a time when it is expected he should appear humble. Indeed, I know nothing so abject as the behaviour of a man canvassing for a seat in parliament——This mean prostration, (to borough-electors, especially) has, I imagine, contributed in a great measure to raise that spirit of insolence among the vulgar; which, like the devil, will be found very difficult to lay. Be that as it may, I was in some confusion at the effrontery of Fitz-owen; but I soon recollected myself, and told him, I had not yet determined for whom I should give my vote, nor whether I should give it for any.—The truth is, I look upon both candidates in the same light; and should think myself a traitor to the constitution of my country, if I voted for either. If every elector would bring the same consideration home to his conscience, we should not have such reason to exclaim against the venality of p——ts.[3] But we are all a pack of venal and corrupted rascals; so lost to all sense of honesty, and all tenderness of character, that, in a little time, I am fully persuaded, nothing will be infamous but virtue and public-spirit.

G. H——,[4] who is really an enthusiast in patriotism, and represented the capital in several successive parliaments, declared to me t'other day, with the tears in his eyes, that he had lived above thirty years in the city of London, and dealt in the way of commerce with all the citizens of note in their turns; but that, as he should answer to God, he had never, in the whole course of his life, found above three or four whom he could call thoroughly honest: a declaration, which was rather mortifying than surprising to me; who have found so few men of worth in the course of my acquaintance, that they serve only as exceptions; which, in the grammarian's phrase, confirm and prove a general canon[5] —— I know you will say, G. H—— saw imperfectly through the mist of prejudice, and I am rankled by the spleen – Perhaps, you are partly in the right; for I have perceived that my opinion of mankind, like mercury in the thermometer, rises and falls according to the variations of the weather.

Pray settle accompts with Barnes; take what money of mine is in his hands, and give him acquittance. If you think Davis has stock or credit enough to do justice to the farm, give him a discharge for the rent that is due: this will animate his industry; for I know that nothing is so discouraging to a farmer, as the thoughts of being in arrears with his landlord. He becomes dispirited, and neglects his labour; and so the farm goes to wreck. Tabby has been clamouring for some days about the lamb's skin, which Williams, the hind, begged of me, when he was last at Bath. Pr'ythee take it back, paying the fellow the full value of it, that I may have some peace in my own house; and let him keep his own counsel, if he means to keep his place – O! I shall never presume to despise or censure any poor man, for suffering himself to be henpecked; conscious how I myself am obliged to truckle to a domestic dæmon; even though (blessed be God) she is not yoked with me for life, in the matrimonial waggon – She has quarrelled with the servants of the house about vails; and such intolerable scolding ensued on both sides, that I have been fain to appease the cook and chamber-maid by stealth. Can't you find some poor gentleman of Wales, to take this precious commodity off the hands of

yours,
M. BRAMBLE.

Bath, May 19.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DOCTER LEWS,

Give me leaf to tell you, methinks you mought employ your talons better, than to encourage servants to pillage their masters – I find by Gwyllim, that Villiams has got my skin; for which he is an impotent rascal. He has not only got my skin, but, moreover, my butter-milk to fatten his pigs;[1] and, I suppose, the next thing he gets, will be my pad[2] to carry his daughter to church and fair: Roger gets this, and Roger gets that; but I'd have you to know, I won't be rogered[3] at this rate by any ragmatical fellow in the kingdom—And I am surprised, docter Lews, you would offer to put my affairs in composition with the refuge and skim of the hearth. I have toiled and moyled to a good purpuss, for the advantage of Matt's family, if I can't safe as much owl as will make me an under petticoat. As for the butter-milk, ne'er a pig in the parish shall thrust his snout in it, with my good-will. There's a famous physician at the Hot Well,[4] that prescribes it to his patience, when the case is consumptive; and the Scots and Irish have begun to drink it already, in such quantities, that there is not a drop left for the hogs in the whole neighbourhood of Bristol. I'll have our butter-milk barrelled up, and sent twice a-week to Aberginny, where it may be sold for a halfpenny the quart; and so Roger may carry his pigs to another market—I hope, Docter, you will not go to put any more such phims in my brother's head, to the prejudice of my pockat; but rather give me some raisins (which hitherto you have not done) to subscribe myself

your humble servant,
TAB. BRAMBLE.

Bath, May 19.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

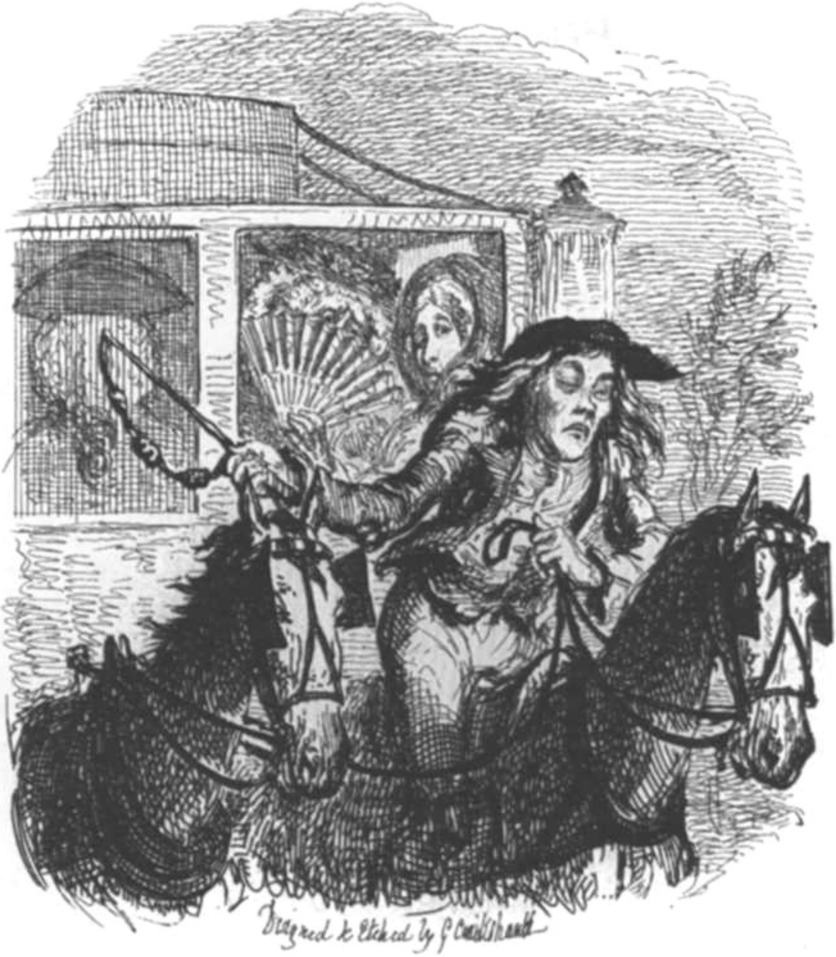
DEAR PHILLIPS,

Without waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday last, the 'squire took his place in a hired coach and four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing, when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The 'squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes: and, calling to the postilions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant John Thomas, attended them on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occured, till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough Downs.[1] There one of the fore horses fell, in going down hill at a round trot; and the postilion behind, endeavouring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly[2] overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but, hearing a loud scream, galloped back and dismounted, to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly, but the nether end of Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden, my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window, as nimble as a grashopper, having made use of poor Win's posteriors as a step to rise in his ascent—The man (who had likewise quitted his horse) dragged this forlorn damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light; very much frighted, but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle; and being rather more than half frantic, with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister Furies[3] that guard the gates of hell——She expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold, without his periwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility, in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage: but she cried, in a tone of distraction, "Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the case—Chowder, after having tore my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office, he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault, that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick, exclaiming, "Damn the nasty son of a bitch, and them he belongs to!" A benediction, which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago his mistress—Her brother, however, prevailed upon her, to retire into a peasant's house, near the scene of action, where his head and her's were covered, and poor Jenkins had a fit——Our next care was to apply some sticking plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent——Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this scene, "You say nothing, Matt (cried she); but I know your mind—I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!" "You are mistaken, upon my honour! (replied the 'squire, with a sarcastic smile) I should be incapable of harbouring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive; even if he had not the happiness to be your favourite."

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire of revenge, came in, and bluntly demanded,

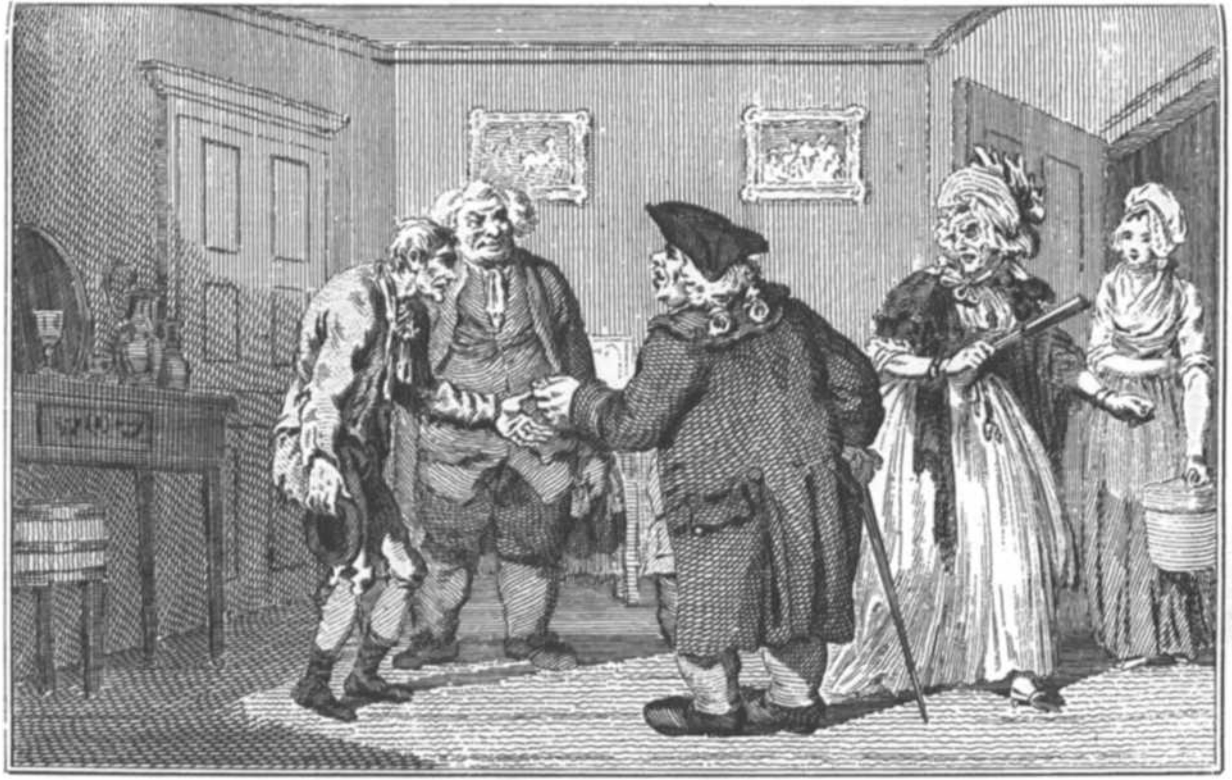

Designed & Etched by G Cruikshank

Humphrey's Introduction to the Bramble Family, by G. Cruikshank.
(The Beinecke Rare Book Room and Manuscript Library, Yale University.)

that the dog should be put to death; on the supposition, that if ever he should run mad hereafter, he, who had been bit by him, would be infected—My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion, observing, that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed, if he was not sure he ran no risque of infection. Nevertheless, Thomas continued obstinate; and, at length declared, that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner——This declaration opened the flood gates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate.[4] The footman retorted in the same stile; and the 'squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horse-whipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occured—Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again, unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postilion; who, she affirmed, had overturned the carriage from malice aforethought—After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without farther impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offence; which, indeed, she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we stayed to dine,[5] when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postilion. She said, he was such a beggarly rascal, that he had ne'er a shirt to his back; and had the impudence to shock her sight by shewing his bare posteriors, for which act of indelicacy he deserved to be set in the stocks. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion, with respect to his nakedness, observing, at the same time, that he had a skin as fair as alabaster.

"This is a heinous offence, indeed, (cried my uncle) let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking[6] eyes, flat nose, and long chin—but his complexion was of a sickly yellow: his looks denoted famine; and the rags that he wore, could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered——My uncle, having surveyed him attentively, said, with an ironical expression in his countenance, "An't you ashamed, fellow, to ride postilion without a shirt to cover your backside from the view of the ladies in the coach?" "Yes, I am, an please your noble honour; (answered the man) but necessity has no law,[7] as the saying is——And more than that, it was an accident—My breeches



Humphry Clinker introduced to the Bramble family, by Rowlandson.
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cracked behind, after I had got into the saddle—" "You're an impudent varlet, (cried Mrs. Tabby) for presuming to ride before persons of fashion without a shirt—" "I am so, an please your worthy ladyship; (said he) but I'm a poor Wiltshire lad.—I ha'n't a shirt in the world, that I can call my own, nor a rag of clothes, an please your ladyship, but what you see—I have no friend, nor relation upon earth to help me out—I have had the fever and ague these six months, and spent all I had in the world upon doctors, and to keep soul and body together; and, saving your ladyship's good presence, I han't broke bread these four and twenty hours—"

Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, said, she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him begone; observing, that he would fill the room full of vermin—Her brother darted a significant glance at her, as she retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough?—When he answered, that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy; mine host was immediately called, and being interrogated on the subject, declared that the young fellow's name was Humphry Clinker. That he had been a love begotten babe, brought up in the work-house, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country black-smith, who died before the boy's time was out: that he had for some time worked under his ostler, as a helper and extra postilion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread: that, having sold or pawned every thing he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby, that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard any thing to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute, (said my uncle) you turned him out to die in the streets." "I pay the poors' rate,[8] (replied the other) and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house—"

"You perceive (said the 'squire, turning to me) our landlord is a Christian of bowels—Who shall presume to censure the morals of the age, when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity?——Hearkye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender——You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want[9]—But, as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving you a word of advice—Get a shirt with all convenient dispatch, that your nakedness may not henceforward give offence to travelling gentlewomen, especially maidens in years—"

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence, with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stept into the coach, she observed, with some marks of satisfaction, that the postilion, who rode next to her, was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous: this was a smart fellow, with a narrow brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt, puffed above the waist-band. When we arrived at the castle on Spin-hill,[10] where we lay, this new postilion was remarkably assiduous, in bringing in the loose parcels; and, at length, displayed the individual countenance of Humphry Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes, with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

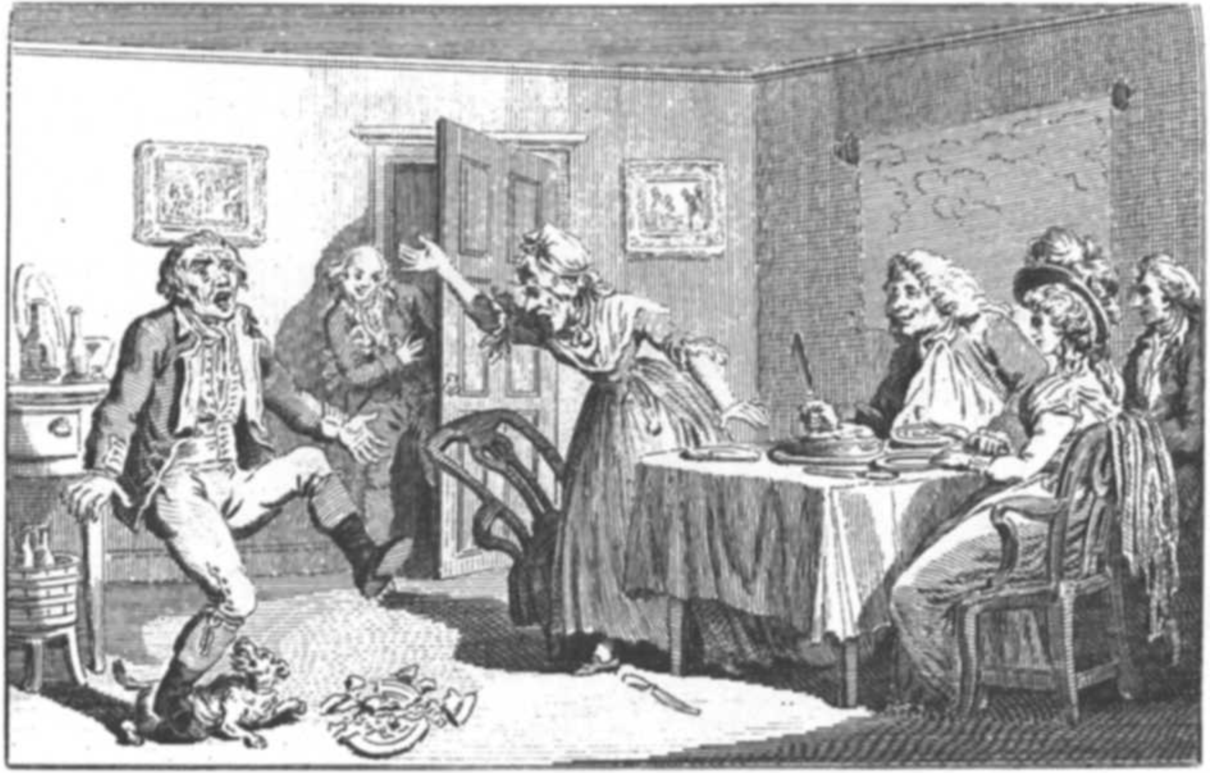
Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digested the affront of his naked skin——She tossed her nose in disdain, saying, she supposed her brother had taken him into favour, because he had insulted her with his obscenity: that a fool and his money[11] were soon parted; but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a-foot further that way——My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without further altercation to Salt-hill,[12] where we proposed to dine—There, the first person that came to the side of the coach, and began to adjust the foot-board, was no other than Humphry Clinker—When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house—My uncle was embarrassed, and asked him peevishly, what had brought him hither? The fellow said, his honour had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him; that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life,[13] without fee or reward—

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or laugh at this declaration——He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and, on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character—"Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service, (said he) what are your qualifications? what are you good for?" "An please your honour, (answered this original) I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferent well—I can dress a horse, and shoe him, and bleed and rowel[14] him; and, as for the practice of sow-gelding, I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts——Then I can make hog's-puddings and hob-nails, mend kettles, and tin sauce-pans—" Here uncle burst out a-laughing; and enquired, what other accomplishments he was master of—"I know something of single-stick, and psalmody, (proceeded Clinker) I can play upon the Jew's-harp, sing Black-ey'd Susan, Arthur-o'Bradley, and divers other songs; I can dance a Welsh jig, and Nancy Dawson;[15] wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart; and, under correction, I can find a hare when your honour wants a bit of game." "Foregad! thou art a complete fellow, (cried my uncle, still laughing) I have a good mind to take thee into my family—Pr'ythee, go and try if thou can'st make peace with my sister—Thou ha'st given her much offence by shewing her thy naked tail."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha, "May it please your ladyship's worship (cried he) to pardon and forgive my offences, and, with God's assistance, I shall take care that my tail shall never rise up in judgment against me, to offend your ladyship again—Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner—God bless your noble countenance; I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice—I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady—"

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabby; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural aukwardness and the flutter of his spirits were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance—At length, he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder; and, starting back, trod upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl—Poor Humphry was so disconcerted at this double mistake, that he dropt the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces; then, falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture gaping, with a most ludicrous aspect of distress—Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and, snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me—Here it is: kill it at once; and then you'll be satisfied."

Clinker, hearing these words, and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and, seizing a knife from the side-board, cried, "Not here, an please your ladyship—It will daub the room—Give him to me, and I'll carry him in the ditch by the roadside—" To this proposal he received no other answer, than a hearty box on the ear, that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What! (said she to her brother) am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway? I insist upon your sending this rascallion about his business immediately—" "For God's sake, sister, compose yourself, (said my uncle) and consider, that the



Direful consequences of Clinker's aukwardness, by Rowlandson.
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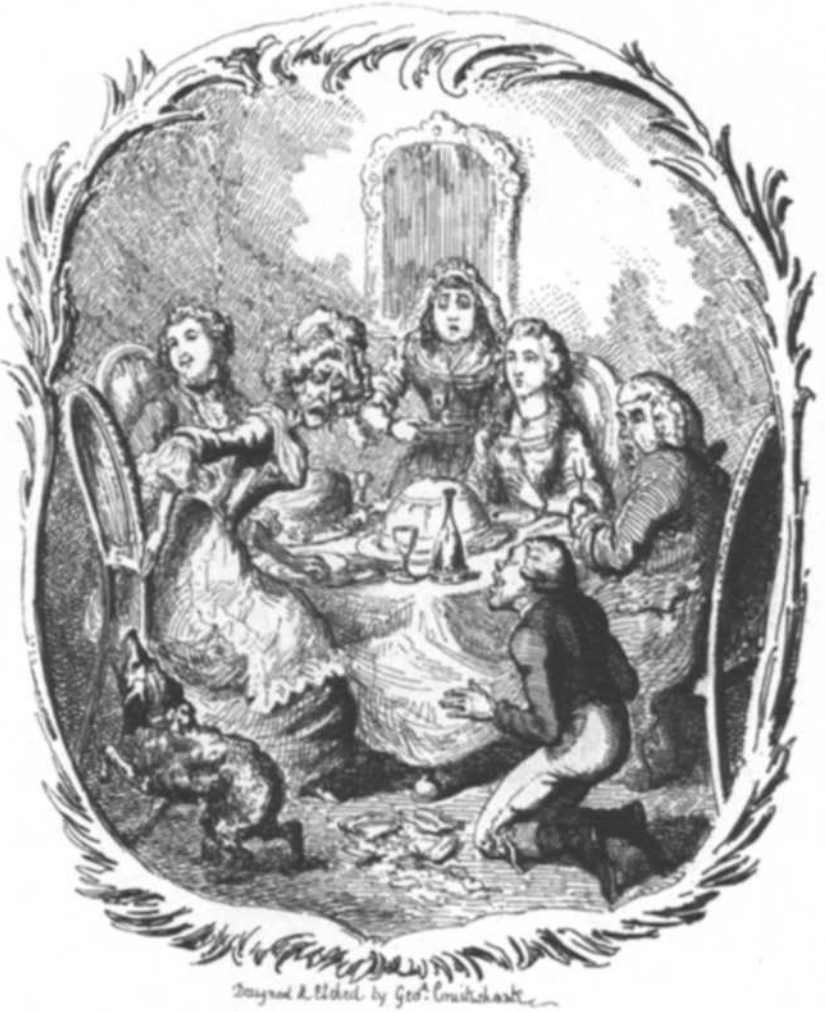
Designed & Etched by Geo. Cruikshank

Humphrey's Disaster, by G. Cruikshank.
(The Beinecke Rare Book Room and
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poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offence—" "Innocent as the babe unborn"—(cried Humphry). "I see it plainly, (exclaimed this implacable maiden) he acts by your direction; and you are resolved to support him in his impudence—This is a bad return for all the services I have done you; for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence——But now you shall part with that rascal or me, upon the spot, without farther loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling, taken from the dunghill—"

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly, (said he, raising his voice) the question is, whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke, by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman—Heark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, I will now propose an alternative in my turn—Either discard your four-footed favourite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu—For I am determined, that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may*—"[16] Thunderstruck at this declaration, she sat down in a corner; and, after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt! (said she)" "And yet I spoke in plain English—" answered the 'squire, with a peremptory look. "Sir, (resumed this virago, effectually humbled) it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word, he shall never trouble you again—"

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared, she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse; adding, "I hope, sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection." Mrs. Tabitha immediately rose, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek: he returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy sobbed, Win Jenkins cackled, Chowder capered, and Clinker skipped about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived at London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman; and in a day or two will make his appearance in a new suit of livery; but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. We lodge in Golden-square, at the house of one Mrs. Norton, a decent sort of a woman, who takes great pains to make us all easy. My uncle proposes to make a circuit of all the remarkable scenes of this metropolis, for the entertainment of his pupils; but as both you and I are already acquainted with most of those he will visit, and with some others he little dreams of, I shall only communicate what will be in some measure new to your observation. Remember me to our Jesuitical friends, and believe me ever,

Dear knight,
yours affectionately,
J. MELFORD.

London, May 24.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

London is literally new to me; new in its streets, houses, and even in its situation; as the Irishman said,[1] "London is now gone out of town." What I left open fields, producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets, and squares, and palaces, and churches. I am credibly informed, that in the space of seven years, eleven thousand new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster, exclusive of what is daily added to other parts of this unweildy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are now almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington; and if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick.

It must be allowed, indeed, for the credit of the present age, that London and Westminster are much better paved and lighted than they were formerly. The new streets are spacious, regular, and airy; and the houses generally convenient. The bridge at Blackfriars is a noble monument of taste and public-spirit—I wonder how they stumbled upon a work of such magnificence and utility.[2] But, notwithstanding these improvements, the capital is become an overgrown monster; which, like a dropsical head, will in time leave the body and extremities without nourishment and support. The absurdity will appear in its full force, when we consider, that one sixth part of the natives of this whole extensive kingdom, is crowded within the bills of mortality.[3] What wonder that our villages are depopulated, and our farms in want of day-labourers? The abolition of small farms, is but one cause of the decrease of population. Indeed, the incredible increase of horses and black cattle, to answer the purposes of luxury, requires a prodigious quantity of hay and grass, which are raised and managed without much labour; but a number of hands will always be wanted for the different branches of agriculture, whether the farms be large or small. The tide of luxury has swept all the inhabitants from the open country[4]—The poorest 'squire, as well as the richest peer, must have his house in town, and make a figure with an extraordinary number of domestics. The plough-boys, cow-herds, and lower hinds, are debauched and seduced by the appearance and discourse of those coxcombs in livery, when they make their summer excursions. They desert their dirt and drudgery, and swarm up to London, in hopes of getting into service, where they can live luxuriously and wear fine clothes, without being obliged to work; for idleness is natural to man——Great numbers of these, being disappointed in their expectation, become thieves and sharpers; and London being an immense wilderness, in which there is neither watch nor ward of any signification, nor any order or police, affords them lurking-places as well as prey.

There are many causes that contribute to the daily increase of this enormous mass; but they may be all resolved into the grand source of luxury and corruption—About five and twenty years ago, very few, even of the most opulent citizens of London, kept any equipage, or even any servants in livery. Their tables produced nothing but plain boiled and roasted, with a bottle of port and a tankard of beer. At present, every trader in any degree of credit, every broker and attorney, maintains a couple of footmen, a coachman, and postilion. He has his town-house, and his country-house, his coach, and his postchaise. His wife and daughters appear in the richest stuffs, bespangled with diamonds. They frequent the court, the opera, the theatre, and the masquerade. They hold assemblies at their own houses: they make sumptuous entertainments, and treat with the richest wines of Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. The substantial tradesman, who wont to pass his evenings at the ale-house for fourpence half-penny, now spends three shillings at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home; she must likewise have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a-week to public diversions. Every clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of tavern or coffee-house, maintains a gelding by himself, or in partnership, and assumes the air and apparel of a petit maitre——The gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures; which, upon inquiry, will be found to be journeymen taylors, serving-men, and abigails, disguised like their betters.

In short, there is no distinction or subordination left——The different departments of life are jumbled together—The hod-carrier, the low mechanic, the tapster, the publican, the shop-keeper, the pettifogger, the citizen, and courtier, *all tread upon the kibes of one another:*[5] actuated by the demons of profligacy and licentiousness, they are seen every where, rambling, riding, rolling, rushing, justling, mixing, bouncing, cracking, and crashing in one vile ferment of stupidity and corruption—All is tumult and hurry; one would imagine they were impelled by some disorder of the brain, that will not suffer them to be at rest. The foot-passengers run along as if they were pursued by bailiffs. The porters and chairmen trot with their burthens. People, who keep their own equipages, drive through the streets at full speed. Even citizens, physicians, and apothecaries, glide in their chariots like lightning. The hackney-coachmen make their horses smoke, and the pavement shakes under them; and I have actually seen a waggon pass through Piccadilly at the hand-gallop.[6] In a word, the whole nation seems to be running out of their wits.

The diversions of the times are not ill suited to the genius of this incongrous monster, called *the public.* Give it noise, confusion, glare, and glitter; it has no idea of elegance and propriety—What are the amusements at Ranelagh?[7] One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle; like so many blind asses in an olive-mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal musick especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly. Vauxhall[8] is a composition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill conceived, and poorly executed; without any unity of design, or propriety of disposition. It is an unnatural assembly of objects, fantastically illuminated in broken masses; seemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes and divert the imagination of the vulgar—Here a wooden lion, there a stone statue; in one place, a range of things like coffee-house boxes, covered a-top; in another, a parcel of ale-house benches; in a third, a puppet shew representation of a tin cascade;[9] in a fourth, a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a sepulchral vault half lighted; in a fifth, a scanty slip of grass-plat, that would not afford pasture sufficient for an ass's colt. The walks, which nature seems to have intended for solitude, shade, and silence, are filled with crowds of noisy people, sucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguish climate; and through these gay scenes, a few lamps glimmer like so many farthing candles.

When I see a number of well-dressed people, of both sexes, sitting on the covered benches, exposed to the eyes of the mob; and, which is worse, to the cold, raw, night-air, devouring sliced beef, and swilling port, and punch, and cyder, I can't help compassionating their temerity, while I despise their want of taste and decorum; but, when they course along those damp and gloomy walks, or crowd together upon the wet gravel, without any other cover than the cope of Heaven, listening to a song, which one half of them cannot possibly hear, how can I help supposing they are actually possessed by a spirit, more absurd and pernicious than any thing we meet with in the precincts of Bedlam?[10] In all probability, the proprietors of this, and other public gardens of inferior note, in the skirts of the metropolis, are, in some shape, connected with the faculty of physic, and the company of undertakers; for, considering that eagerness in the pursuit of what is called pleasure, which now predominates through every rank and denomination of life, I am persuaded, that more gouts, rheumatisms, catarrhs, and consumptions are caught in these nocturnal pastimes, *sub dio*,[11] than from all the risques and accidents to which a life of toil and danger is exposed.

These, and other observations, which I have made in this excursion, will shorten my stay at London, and send me back with a double relish to my solitude and mountains; but I shall return by a different route from that which brought me to town. I have seen some old friends, who constantly resided in this virtuous metropolis, but they are so changed in manners and disposition, that we hardly know or care for one another—In our journey from Bath, my sister Tabby provoked me into a transport of passion; during which, like a man who has drank himself pot-valiant,[12] I talked to her in such a stile of authority and resolution, as produced a most blessed effect. She and her dog have been remarkably quiet and orderly, ever since this expostulation. How long this agreeable calm will last, Heaven above knows—I flatter myself, the exercise of travelling has been of service to my health; a circumstance, which encourages me to proceed in my projected expedition to the North. But I must, in the mean time, for the benefit and amusement of my pupils, explore the depths of this chaos; this mishapen and monstrous capital, without head or tail, members or proportion.

Thomas was so insolent to my sister on the road, that I was obliged to turn him off abruptly, betwixt Chippenham and Marlborough, where our coach was overturned. The fellow was always sullen and selfish; but, if he should return to the country, you may give him a character for honesty and sobriety; and, provided he behaves with proper respect to the family, let him have a couple of guineas in the name of

yours always,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

London, May 29.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAR LETTY,

Inexpressible was the pleasure I received from yours of the 25th, which was last night put into my hands by Mrs. Brentwood, the milliner, from Gloucester——I rejoice to hear that my worthy governess is in good health, and, still more, that she no longer retains any displeasure towards her poor Liddy. I am sorry you have lost the society of the agreeable miss Vaughan; but, I hope, you won't have cause much longer to regret the departure of your school companions, as I make no doubt but your parents will, in a little time, bring you into the world, where you are so well qualified to make a distinguished figure. When that is the case, I flatter myself you and I shall meet again, and be happy together; and even improve the friendship which we contracted in our tender years——This at least I can promise—It shall not be for the want of my utmost endeavours, if our intimacy does not continue for life.

About five days ago we arrived in London, after an easy journey from Bath; during which, however, we were overturned, and met with some other little incidents, which had like to have occasioned a misunderstanding betwixt my uncle and aunt; but now, thank God, they are happily reconciled: we live in harmony together, and every day make parties to see the wonders of this vast metropolis, which, however, I cannot pretend to describe; for I have not as yet seen one hundredth part of its curiosities, and I am quite in a maze of admiration.

The cities of London and Westminster are spread out into an incredible extent. The streets, squares, rows, lanes, and alleys, are innumerable. Palaces, public buildings, and churches, rise in every quarter; and, among these last, St. Paul's appears with the most astonishing preeminence. They say it is not so large as St. Peter's at Rome; but, for my own part, I can have no idea of any earthly temple more grand and magnificent.

But even these superb objects are not so striking as the crowds of people that swarm in the streets. I at first imagined, that some great assembly was just dismissed, and wanted to stand aside till the multitude should pass; but this human tide continues to flow, without interruption or abatement, from morn till night. Then there is such an infinity of gay equipages, coaches, chariots, chaises, and other carriages, continually rolling and shifting before your eyes, that one's head grows giddy looking at them; and the imagination is quite confounded with splendour and variety. Nor is the prospect by water less grand and astonishing than that by land: you see three stupendous bridges,[1] joining the opposite banks of a broad, deep, and rapid river; so vast, so stately, so elegant, that they seem to be the work of the giants:[2] betwixt them, the whole surface of the Thames is covered with small vessels, barges, boats, and wherries, passing to and fro; and below the three bridges, such a prodigious forest of masts, for miles together, that you would think all the ships in the universe were here assembled. All that you read of wealth and grandeur, in the Arabian Night's Entertainment, and the Persian Tales,[3] concerning Bagdad, Diarbekir, Damascus, Ispahan, and Samarkand, is here realized.

Ranelagh looks like the inchanted palace of a genie, adorned with the most exquisite performances of painting, carving, and gilding, enlightened with a thousand golden lamps, that emulate the noon-day sun; crowded with the great, the rich, the gay, the happy, and the fair; glittering with cloth of gold and silver, lace, embroidery, and precious stones. While these exulting sons and daughters of felicity tread this round of pleasure, or regale in different parties, and separate lodges, with fine imperial tea and other delicious refreshments, their ears are entertained with the most ravishing delights of musick, both instrumental and vocal. There I heard the famous Tenducci,[4] a thing from Italy—It looks for all the world like a man, though they say it is not. The voice, to be sure, is neither man's nor woman's; but it is more melodious than either; and it warbled so divinely, that, while I listened, I really thought myself in paradise.

At nine o'clock, in a charming moon-light evening, we embarked at Ranelagh for Vauxhall, in a wherry, so light and slender, that we looked like so many fairies sailing in a nut-shell. My uncle, being apprehensive of catching cold upon the water, went round in the coach, and my aunt would have accompanied him, but he would not suffer me to go by water if she went by land; and therefore she favoured us with her company, as she perceived I had a curiosity to make this agreeable voyage——After all, the vessel was sufficiently loaded; for, besides the waterman, there was my brother Jery, and a friend of his, one Mr. Barton, a country gentleman, of a good fortune, who had dined at our house—The pleasure of this little excursion was, however, damped, by my being sadly frighted at our landing; where there was a terrible confusion of wherries, and a crowd of people bawling, and swearing, and quarrelling: nay, a parcel of ugly-looking fellows came running into the water, and laid hold on our boat with great violence, to pull it a-shore; nor would they quit their hold till my brother struck one of them over the head with his cane. But this flutter was fully recompensed by the pleasures of Vauxhall; which I no sooner entered, than I was dazzled and confounded with the variety of beauties that rushed all at once upon my eye. Image to yourself, my dear Letty, a spacious garden, part laid out in delightful walks, bounded with high hedges and trees, and paved with gravel; part exhibiting a wonderful assemblage of the most picturesque[5] and striking objects, pavilions, lodges, groves, grottoes, lawns, temples, and cascades; porticoes, colonades, and rotundos; adorned with pillars, statues, and painting: the whole illuminated with an infinate number of lamps, disposed in different figures of suns, stars, and constellations; the place crowded with the gayest company, ranging through those blissful shades, or supping in different lodges on cold collations, enlivened with mirth, freedom, and good-humour, and animated by an excellent band of musick. Among the vocal performers I had the happiness to hear the celebrated Mrs. ——,[6] whose voice was so loud and so shrill, that it made my head ake through excess of pleasure.

In about half an hour after we arrived we were joined by my uncle, who did not seem to relish the place. People of experience and infirmity, my dear Letty, see with very different eyes from those that such as you and I make use of—Our evening's entertainment was interrupted by an unlucky accident. In one of the remotest walks we were surprised with a sudden shower, that set the whole company a-running, and drove us in heaps, one upon another, into the rotunda; where my uncle, finding himself wet, began to be very peevish and urgent to be gone. My brother went to look for the coach, and found it with much difficulty; but as it could not hold us all, Mr. Barton stayed behind. It was some time before the carriage could be brought up to the gate, in the confusion, notwithstanding the utmost endeavours of our new footman, Humphry Clinker, who lost his scratch periwig,[7] and got a broken head in the scuffle. The moment we were seated, my aunt pulled off my uncle's shoes, and carefully wrapped his poor feet in her capuchin;[8] then she gave him a mouth-full of cordial, which she always keeps in her pocket, and his clothes were shifted as soon as we arrived at lodgings; so that, blessed be God, he escaped a severe cold, of which he was in great terror.

As for Mr. Barton, I must tell you in confidence, he was a little particular; but, perhaps, I mistake his complaisance; and I wish I may, for his sake—You know the condition of my poor heart; which, in spite of hard usage—And yet I ought not to complain: nor will I, till farther information.

Besides Ranelagh and Vauxhall, I have been at Mrs. Cornelys' assembly,[9] which, for the rooms, the company, the dresses, and decorations, surpasses all description; but as I have no great turn for card-playing, I have not yet entered thoroughly into the spirit of the place: indeed I am still such a country hoyden, that I could hardly find patience to be put in a condition to appear, yet I was not above six hours under the hands of the hair-dresser, who stuffed my head with as much black wool as would have made a quilted petticoat; and, after all, it was the smallest head in the assembly, except my aunt's—She, to be sure, was so particular with her rumpt gown[10] and petticoat, her scanty curls, her lappet-head,[11] deep triple ruffles, and high stays, that every body looked at her with surprise: some whispered, and some tittered; and lady Griskin,[12] by whom we were introduced, flatly told her, she was twenty good years behind the fashion.

Lady Griskin is a person of fashion, to whom we have the honour to be related. She keeps a small rout[13] at her own house, never exceeding ten or a dozen card-tables, but these are frequented by the best company in town—She has been so obliging as to introduce my aunt and me to some of her particular friends of quality, who treat us with the most familiar good-humour: we have once dined with her, and she takes the trouble to direct us in all our motions. I am so happy as to have gained her good-will to such a degree, that she sometimes adjusts my cap with her own hands; and she has given me a kind invitation to stay with her all the winter. This, however, has been cruelly declined by my uncle, who seems to be (I know not how) prejudiced against the good lady; for, whenever my aunt happens to speak in her commendation, I observe that he makes wry faces, though he says nothing.——Perhaps, indeed, these grimaces may be the effect of pain arising from the gout and rheumatism, with which he is sadly distressed—To me, however, he is always good-natured and generous, even beyond my wish. Since we came hither, he has made me a present of a suit of clothes, with trimmings and laces, which cost more money than I shall mention; and Jery, at his desire, has give me my mother's diamond drops, which are ordered to be set a-new; so that it won't be his fault if I do not glitter among the stars of the fourth or fifth magnitude. I wish my weak head may not grow giddy in the midst of all this gallantry and dissipation; though, as yet, I can safely declare, I could gladly give up all these tumultuous pleasures, for country solitude, and a happy retreat with those we love; among whom, my dear Willis will always possess the first place in the breast of her

ever affectionate,
LYDIA MELFORD.

London, May 31.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

I send you this letter, franked by our old friend Barton; who is as much altered as it was possible for a man of his kidney to be—Instead of the careless, indolent sloven we knew at Oxford, I found him a busy talkative politician; a petit-maître in his dress, and a ceremonious courtier in his manners. He has not gall enough in his constitution to be enflamed with the rancour of party, so as to deal in scurrilous invectives; but, since he obtained a place, he is become a warm partizan of the ministry, and sees every thing through such an exaggerating medium, as to me, who am happily of no party, is altogether incomprehensible—Without all doubt, the fumes of faction not only disturb the faculty of reason, but also pervert the organs of sense; and I would lay a hundred guineas to ten, that if Barton on one side, and the most conscientious patriot in the opposition on the other, were to draw, upon honour, the picture of the k—— or m——,[1] you and I, who are still uninfected, and unbiassed, would find both painters equally distant from the truth. One thing, however, must be allowed for the honour of Barton, he never breaks out into illiberal abuse, far less endeavours, by infamous calumnies, to blast the moral character of any individual on the other side.

Ever since we came hither, he has been remarkably assiduous in his attention to our family; an attention, which, in a man of his indolence and avocations, I should have thought altogether odd, and even unnatural, had not I perceived that my sister Liddy has made some impression upon his heart. I can't say that I have any objection to his trying his fortune in this pursuit: if an opulent estate and a great stock of good-nature are sufficient qualifications in a husband, to render the marriage-state happy for life, she may be happy with Barton; but, I imagine, there is something else required to engage and secure the affection of a woman of sense and delicacy: something which nature has denied our friend—Liddy seems to be of the same opinion. When he addresses himself to her in discourse, she seems to listen with reluctance, and industriously avoids all particular communication; but in proportion to her coyness, our aunt is coming. Mrs. Tabitha goes more than half way to meet his advances; she mistakes, or affects to mistake, the meaning of his courtesy, which is rather formal and fulsome; she returns his compliments with hyperbolical interest, she persecutes him with her civilities at table, she appeals to him for ever in conversation, she sighs, and flirts, and ogles, and by her hideous affectation and impertinence, drives the poor courtier to the very extremity of his complaisance: in short, she seems to have undertaken the siege of Barton's heart, and carries on her approaches in such a desperate manner, that I don't know whether he will not be obliged to capitulate. In the mean time, his aversion to this inamorata struggling with his acquired affability, and his natural fear of giving offence, throws him into a kind of distress which is extremely ridiculous.

Two days ago, he persuaded my uncle and me to accompany him to St. James's, where he undertook to make us acquainted with the persons of all the great men in the kingdom; and, indeed, there was a great assemblage of distinguished characters, for it was a high festival at court. Our conductor performed his promise with great punctuality. He pointed out almost every individual of both sexes, and generally introduced them to our notice, with a flourish of panegyrick——Seeing the king approach, "There comes (said he) the most amiable sovereign that ever swayed the sceptre of England; the *deliciæ humani generis;*[2] Augustus, in patronizing merit; Titus Vespasian in generosity; Trajan in beneficence; and Marcus Aurelius, in philosophy."[3] "A very honest kind-hearted gentleman (added my uncle); he's too good for the times. A king of England should have a spice of the devil in his composition." Barton, then turning to the duke of C——, proceeded,—"You know the duke; that illustrious hero, who trod rebellion under his feet, and secured us in possession of every thing we ought to hold dear, as Englishmen and Christians. Mark what an eye, how penetrating, yet pacific! what dignity in his mein! what humanity in his aspect——Even malice must own, that he is one of the greatest officers in Christendom."[4] "I think he be (said Mr. Bramble); but who are these young gentlemen that stand beside him?" "Those! (cried our friend) those are his royal nephews;[5] the princes of the blood. Sweet young princes! the sacred pledges of the Protestant line; so spirited, so sensible, so princely—" "Yes; very sensible! very spirited! (said my uncle, interrupting him) but see the queen![6] ha, there's the queen!——There's the queen! let me see—Let me see——Where are my glasses? ha! there's meaning in that eye——There's sentiment—There's expression—Well, Mr. Barton, what figure do you call next?" The next person he pointed out, was the favourite *yearl;*[7] who stood solitary by one of the windows—"Behold yon northern star, (said he) *shorn of his beams*[8]——" "What! the Caledonian luminary, that lately blazed so bright in our hemisphere! methinks, at present, it glimmers through a fog; like Saturn without his ring, bleak, and dim, and distant——Ha, there's the other great phœnomenon, the grand pensionary,[9] that weather-cock of patriotism that veers about in every point of the political compass, and still feels the wind of popularity in his tail. He too, like a portentous comet, has risen again above the court-horizon; but how long he will continue to ascend, it is not easy to foretel, considering his great eccentricity—Who are those two satellites[10] that attend his motions?" When Barton told him their names, "To their characters (said Mr. Bramble) I am no stranger. One of them, without a drop of red blood in his veins, has a cold intoxicating vapour in his head; and rancour enough in his heart to inoculate and affect a whole nation. The other is (I hear) intended for a share in the ad——n,[11] and the pensionary vouches for his being duly qualified—The only instance I ever heard of his sagacity, was his deserting his former patron, when he found him declining in power, and in disgrace with the people. Without principle, talent, or intelligence, he is ungracious as a hog, greedy as a vulture, and thievish as a jackdaw; but, it must be owned, he is no hypocrite. He pretends to no virtue, and takes no pains to disguise his character—His ministry will be attended with one advantage, no man will be disappointed by his breach of promise, as no mortal ever trusted to his word. I wonder how lord —— [12] first discovered this happy genius,[13] and for what purpose lord —— [14] has now adopted him: but one would think, that as amber has a power to attract dirt, and straws, and chaff, a minister is endued with the same kind of faculty, to *lick up every knave and blockhead in his way*—"[15] His elogium was interrupted by the arrival of the old duke of N——;[16] who, squeezing into the circle with a busy face of importance, thrust his head into every countenance, as if he had been in search of somebody, to whom he wanted to impart something of great consequence—My uncle, who had been formerly known to him, bowed as he passed; and the duke, seeing himself saluted so respectfully by a well-dressed person, was not slow in returning the courtesy—He even came up, and, taking him cordially by the hand, "My dear friend, Mr. A——,[17] (said he) I am rejoiced to see you—How long have you been come from abroad?—How did you leave our good friends, the Dutch? The king of Prussia[18] don't think of another war, ah?——He's a great king! a great conqueror! a very great conqueror! Your Alexanders and Hannibals were nothing at all to him, sir——Corporals! drummers! dross! mere trash——Damned trash, heh?—" His grace being by this time out of breath, my uncle took the opportunity to tell him he had not been out of England, that his name was Bramble, and that he had the honour to sit in the last parliament but one of the late king, as representative for the borough of Dymkymraig.[19] "Odso! (cried the duke) I remember you perfectly well, my dear Mr. Bramble——You was always a good and loyal subject——a staunch friend to administration——I made your brother an Irish bishop—" "Pardon me, my lord (said the 'squire) I once had a brother, but he was a captain in the army—" "Ha! (said his grace) he was so—He was, indeed! But who was the bishop then? Bishop Blackberry——Sure it was bishop Blackberry—

Perhaps some relation of yours—" "Very likely, my lord (replied my uncle); the Blackberry is the fruit of the Bramble—But, I believe, the bishop is not a berry of our bush—" "No more he is—No more he is, ha, ha, ha! (exclaimed the duke) there you gave me a scratch, good Mr. Bramble, ha, ha, ha!—Well, I shall be glad to see you at Lincoln's-inn-fields—[20] You know the way—— Times are altered. Though I have lost the power, I retain the inclination—Your very humble servant, good Mr. Blackberry—" So saying, he shoved to another corner of the room. "What a fine old gentleman! (cried Mr. Barton) what spirits! what a memory!—He never forgets an old friend." "He does me too much honour, (observed our 'squire) to rank me among the number—Whilst I sat in parliament, I never voted with the ministry but three times, when my conscience told me they were in the right: however, if he still keeps levee, I will carry my nephew thither, that he may see, and learn to avoid the scene; for, I think, an English gentleman never appears to such disadvantage, as at the levee of a minister—Of his grace I shall say nothing at present, but that for thirty years he was the constant and common butt of ridicule and execration. He was generally laughed at as an ape in politics, whose office and influence served only to render his folly the more notorious; and the opposition cursed him, as the indefatigable drudge of a first-mover,[21] who was justly stiled and stigmatized as the father of corruption: but this ridiculous ape, this venal drudge,[22] no sooner lost the places he was so ill qualified to fill, and unfurled the banners of faction, than he was metamorphosed into a pattern of public virtue; the very people who reviled him before, now extolled him to the skies, as a wise, experienced statesman, chief pillar of the Protestant succession, and corner stone of English liberty. I should be glad to know how Mr. Barton reconciles these contradictions, without obliging us to resign all title to the privilege of common sense." "My dear sir, (answered Barton) I don't pretend to justify the extravagations of the multitude; who, I suppose, were as wild in their former censure, as in their present praise: but I shall be very glad to attend you on Thursday next to his grace's levee; where, I'm afraid, we shall not be crowded with company; for, you know, there's a wide difference between his present office of president of the council, and his former post of first lord commissioner of the treasury."[23]

This communicative friend having announced all the remarkable characters of both sexes, that appeared at court, we resolved to adjourn, and retired. At the foot of the stair-case, there was a crowd of laqueys and chairmen, and in the midst of them stood Humphry Clinker, exalted upon a stool, with his hat in one hand, and a paper in the other, in the act of holding forth to the people—Before we could inquire into the meaning of this exhibition, he perceived his master, thrust the paper into his pocket, descended from his elevation, bolted through the crowd, and brought up the carriage to the gate.

My uncle said nothing till we were seated, when, after having looked at me earnestly for some time, he burst out a-laughing, and asked if I knew upon what subject Clinker was holding forth to the mob——"If (said he) the fellow is turned mountebank, I must turn him out of my service, otherwise he'll make Merry Andrews of us all—" I observed, that, in all probability, he had studied medicine under his master, who was a farrier.—

At dinner, the 'squire asked him, if he had ever practised physic? "Yes, an please your honour, (said he) among brute beasts; but I never meddle with rational creatures." "I know not whether you rank in that class the audience you was harranguing in the court at St. James's, but I should be glad to know what kind of powders you was distributing; and whether you had a good sale—" "Sale, sir! (cried Clinker) I hope I shall never be base enough to sell for gold and silver, what freely comes of God's grace. I distributed nothing, an like your honour, but a word of advice to my fellows in servitude and sin." "Advice! concerning what?" "Concerning profane swearing, an please your honour; so horrid and shocking, that it made my hair stand on end." "Nay, if thou can'st cure them of that disease, I shall think thee a wonderful doctor indeed—" "Why not cure them, my good master? the hearts of those poor people are not so stubborn as your honour seems to think——Make them first sensible that you have nothing in view but their good, then they will listen with patience, and easily be convinced of the sin and folly of a practice that affords neither profit nor pleasure—" At this remark, our uncle changed colour, and looked round the company, conscious that his *own withers were not altogether unwrung*.[24] "But, Clinker, (said he) if you should have eloquence enough to persuade the vulgar, to resign those tropes and figures of rhetoric, there will be little or nothing left to distinguish their conversation from that of their betters." "But then your honour knows, their conversation will be void of offence; and, at the day of judgment, there will be no distinction of persons."[25]

Humphry going down stairs to fetch up a bottle of wine, my uncle congratulated his sister upon having such a reformer in the family; when Mrs. Tabitha declared, he was a sober civilized fellow; very respectful, and very industrious; and, she believed, a good Christian into the bargain. One would think, Clinker must really have some very extraordinary talent, to ingratiate himself in this manner with a virago of her character, so fortified against him with prejudice and resentment; but the truth is, since the adventure of Salthill, Mrs. Tabby seems to be entirely changed. She has left off scolding the servants, an exercise which was grown habitual, and even seemed necessary to her constitution; and is become so indifferent to Chowder, as to part with him in a present to lady Griskin, who proposes to bring the breed of him into fashion. Her ladyship is the widow of sir Timothy Griskin, a distant relation of our family. She enjoys a jointure of five hundred pounds a-year, and makes shift to spend three times that sum. Her character before marriage was a little equivocal; but at present she lives in the *bon ton*,[26] keeps card-tables, gives private suppers to select friends, and is visited by persons of the first fashion—She has been remarkably civil to us all, and cultivates my uncle with the most particular regard; but the more she strokes him, the more his bristles seem to rise—To her compliments he makes very laconic and dry returns—T'other day, she sent us a pottle of fine strawberries, which he did not receive without signs of disgust, muttering from the Æneid, *timeo Danaos et Dona ferentes*.[27] She has twice called for Liddy, of a forenoon, to take an airing in the coach; but Mrs. Tabby was always so alert, (I suppose by his direction) that she never could have the niece without her aunt's company—I have endeavoured to sound Square-toes on this subject; but he carefully avoids all explanation.

I have now, dear Phillips, filled a whole sheet; and if you have read it to an end, I dare say, you are as tired as

Your humble servant,
J. MELFORD.

London, June 2.

To Dr. LEWIS.

Yes, Doctor, I have seen the British Museum; which is a noble collection, and even stupendous, if we consider it was made by a private man,[1] a physician, who was obliged to make his own fortune at the same time: but great as the collection is, it would appear more striking if it was arranged in one spacious saloon, instead of being divided into different apartments, which it does not entirely fill—I could wish the series of medals[2] was connected, and the whole of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms completed, by adding to each, at the public expence, those articles that are wanting. It would likewise be a great improvement, with respect to the library, if the deficiencies were made up, by purchasing all the books of character that are not to be found already in the collection—They might be classed in centuries, according to the dates of their publication, and catalogues printed of them and the manuscripts, for the information of those that want to consult, or compile from such authorities. I could also wish, for the honour of the nation, that there was a complete apparatus for a course of mathematics, mechanics, and experimental philosophy; and a good salary settled upon an able professor, who should give regular lectures on these subjects.

But this is all idle speculation, which will never be reduced to practice—Considering the temper of the times, it is a wonder to see any institution whatsoever established, for the benefit of the public. The spirit of party is risen to a kind of phrenzy, unknown to former ages, or rather degenerated to a total extinction of honesty and candour—You know I have observed, for some time, that the public papers are become the infamous vehicles of the most cruel and perfidious defamation: every rancorous knave—every desperate incendiary, that can afford to spend half a crown or three shillings, may skulk behind the press of a news-monger, and have a stab at the first character in the kingdom, without running the least hazard of detection or punishment.

I have made acquaintance with a Mr. Barton, whom Jery knew at Oxford; a good sort of a man, though most ridiculously warped in his political principles; but his partiality is the less offensive, as it never appears in the stile of scurrility and abuse. He is a member of parliament, and a retainer to the court; and his whole conversation turns upon the virtues and perfections of the ministers, who are his patrons. T'other day, when he was bedaubing one of those worthies, with the most fulsome praise, I told him I had seen the same nobleman characterised very differently, in one of the daily-papers; indeed, so stigmatized, that if one half of what was said of him was true, he must be not only unfit to rule, but even unfit to live: that those impeachments had been repeated again and again, with the addition of fresh matter; and that as he had taken no steps towards his own vindication, I began to think there was some foundation for the charge. "And pray, sir, (said Mr. Barton) what steps would you have him take?—Suppose he should prosecute the publisher, who screens the anonymous accuser, and bring him to the pillory for a libel; this is so far from being counted a punishment, *in terrorem*,[3] that it will probably make his fortune. The multitude immediately take him into their protection, as a martyr to the cause of defamation, which they have always espoused—They pay his fine, they contribute to the increase of his stock, his shop is crowded with customers, and the sale of his paper rises in proportion to the scandal it contains. All this time the prosecutor is inveighed against as a tyrant and oppressor, for having chosen to proceed by the way of information, which is deemed a grievance; but if he lays an action for damages, he must prove the damage, and I leave you to judge, whether a gentleman's character may not be brought into contempt, and all his views in life blasted by calumny, without his being able to specify the particulars of the damage he has sustained.

"This spirit of defamation is a kind of heresy, that thrives under persecution. *The liberty of the press* is a term of great efficacy; and, like that of *the Protestant religion*, has often served the purposes of sedition—A minister, therefore, must arm himself with patience, and bear those attacks without repining—Whatever mischief they may do in other respects, they certainly contribute, in one particular, to the advantage of government; for those defamatory articles have multiplied papers in such a manner, and augmented their sale to such a degree, that the duty upon stamps and advertisements[4] has made a very considerable addition to the revenue." Certain it is, a gentleman's honour is a very delicate subject to be handled by a jury, composed of men, who cannot be supposed remarkable either for sentiment or impartiality—In such a case, indeed, the defendant is tried, not only by his peers, but also by his party; and I really think, that of all patriots, he is the most resolute who exposes himself to such detraction, for the sake of his country—If, from the ignorance or partiality of juries, a gentleman can have no redress from law, for being defamed in a pamphlet or news-paper, I know but one other method of proceeding against the publisher, which is attended with some risque, but has been practised successfully, more than once, in my remembrance—A regiment of horse was represented, in one of the newspapers, as having misbehaved at Dettingen; a captain of that regiment broke the publisher's bones, telling him, at the same time, if he went to law, he should certainly have the like salutation from every officer of the corps. Governor —— took the same satisfaction on the ribs of an author, who traduced him by name in a periodical paper[5]—I know a low fellow of the same class, who, being turned out of Venice for his impudence and scurrility, retired to Lugano, a town of the Grisons,[6] (a free people, God wot) where he found a printing press, from whence he squirted his filth at some respectable characters in the republic, which he had been obliged to abandon. Some of these, finding him out of the reach of legal chastisement, employed certain useful instruments, such as may be found in all countries, to give him the bastinado; which, being repeated more than once, effectually stopt the current of his abuse.

As for the liberty of the press, like every other privilege, it must be restrained within certain bounds; for if it is carried to a breach of law, religion, and charity, it becomes one of the greatest evils that ever annoyed the community. If the lowest ruffian may stab your good-name with impunity in England, will you be so uncandid as to exclaim against Italy for the practice of common assassination? To what purpose is our property secured, if our moral character is left defenceless? People thus baited, grow desperate; and the despair of being able to preserve one's character, untainted by such vermin, produces a total neglect of fame; so that one of the chief incitements to the practice of virtue is effectually destroyed.

Mr. Barton's last consideration, respecting the stamp-duty, is equally wise and laudable with another maxim which has been long adopted by our financiers, namely, to connive at drunkenness, riot, and dissipation, because they inhance the receipt of the excise; not reflecting, that in providing this temporary convenience, they are destroying the morals, health, and industry of the people[7]——Notwithstanding my contempt for those who flatter a minister, I think there is something still more despicable in flattering a mob. When I see a man of birth, education, and fortune, put himself on a level with the dregs of the people, mingle with low mechanics, feed with them at the same board, and drink with them in the same cup, flatter their prejudices, harangue in praise of their virtues, expose himself to the belchings of their beer, the fumes of their tobacco, the grossness of their familiarity, and the impertinence of their conversation, I cannot help despising him, as a man guilty of the vilest prostitution, in order to effect a purpose equally selfish and illiberal.

I should renounce politics the more willingly, if I could find other topics of conversation discussed with more modesty and candour; but the dæmon of party seems to have usurped every department of life. Even the world of literature and taste is divided into the most virulent factions, which revile, decry, and traduce the works of one another. Yesterday, I went to return an afternoon's visit to a gentleman of my acquaintance, at whose house I found one of the authors of the present age, who has written with some success—As I had read one or two of his performances, which gave me pleasure, I was glad of this opportunity to know his person; but his discourse and deportment destroyed all the impressions which his writings had made in his favour. He took upon him to decide dogmatically upon every subject, without deigning to shew the least cause for his differing from the general opinions of mankind, as if it had been our duty to acquiese in the *ipse dixit* of this new Pythagoras.[8] He rejudged the characters of all the principal authors, who had died within a century of the present time; and, in this revision, paid no sort of regard to the reputation they had acquired—Milton was harsh and prosaic; Dryden, languid and verbose; Butler and Swift, without humour; Congreve, without wit; and Pope destitute of any sort of poetical merit—As for his cotemporaries, he could not bear to hear one of them mentioned with any degree of applause—They were all dunces, pedants, plagiaries, quacks, and impostors; and you could not name a single performance, but what was tame, stupid, and insipid. It must be owned, that this writer had nothing to charge his conscience with, on the side of flattery; for, I understand, he was never known to praise one line that was written, even by those with whom he lived on terms of good-fellowship. This arrogance and presumption, in depreciating authors, for whose reputation the company may be interested, is such an insult upon the understanding, as I could not bear without wincing.

I desired to know his reasons for decrying some works, which had afforded me uncommon pleasure; and, as demonstration did not seem to be his talent, I dissented from his opinion with great freedom. Having been spoiled by the deference and humility of his hearers, he did not bear contradiction with much temper; and the dispute might have grown warm, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of a rival bard,[9] at whose appearance he always quits the place——They are of different cabals, and have been at open war these twenty years——If the other was dogmatical, this genius was declamatory: he did not discourse, but harangue; and his orations were equally tedious and turgid. He too pronounces *ex cathedra* upon the characters of his cotemporaries; and though he scruples not to deal out praise, even lavishly, to the lowest reptile in Grub-street who will either flatter him in private, or mount the public rostrum as his panegyrist, he damns all the other writers of the age, with the utmost insolence and rancour—One is a blunderbuss, as being a native of Ireland; another, a half-starved louse of literature, from the banks of the Tweed; a third, an ass, because he enjoys a pension from the government; a fourth, the very angel of dulness; because he succeeded in a species of writing in which this Aristarchus[10] had failed; a fifth, who presumed to make strictures upon one of his performances, he holds as a bug in criticism, whose stench is more offensive than his sting—In short, except himself and his myrmidons,[11] there is not a man of genius or learning in the three kingdoms. As for the success of those, who have written without the pale of this confederacy, he imputes it entirely to want of taste in the public; not considering, that to the approbation of that very tasteless public, he himself owes all the consequence he has in life.

Those originals are not fit for conversation. If they would maintain the advantage they have gained by their writing, they should never appear but upon paper—For my part, I am shocked to find a man have sublime ideas in his head, and nothing but illiberal sentiments in his heart—The human soul will be generally found most defective in the article of candour—I am inclined to think, no mind was ever wholly exempt from envy; which, perhaps, may have been implanted, as an instinct essential to our nature. I am afraid we sometimes palliate this vice, under the specious name of emulation. I have known a person remarkably generous, humane, moderate, and apparently self-denying, who could not hear even a friend commended, without betraying marks of uneasiness; as if that commendation had implied an odious comparison to his prejudice, and every wreath of praise added to the other's character, was a garland plucked from his own temples. This is a malignant species of jealousy, of which I stand acquitted in my own conscience—Whether it is a vice, or an infirmity, I leave you to inquire.

There is another point, which I would much rather see determined; whether the world was always as contemptible, as it appears to me at present?—If the morals of mankind have not contracted an extraordinary degree of depravity, within these thirty years, then must I be infected with the common vice of old men, *difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti;*[12] or, which is more probable, the impetuous pursuits and avocations of youth have formerly hindered me from observing those rotten parts of human nature, which now appear so offensively to my observation.

We have been at court, and 'change,[13] and every where; and every where we find food for spleen, and subject for ridicule—My new servant, Humphry Clinker, turns out a great original; and Tabby is a changed creature——She has parted with Chowder; and does nothing but smile, like Malvolio in the play[14]——I'll be hanged if she is not acting a part which is not natural to her disposition, for some purpose which I have not yet discovered.

With respect to the characters of mankind, my curiosity is quite satisfied: I have done with the science of men, and must now endeavour to amuse myself with the novelty of things. I am, at present, by a violent effort of the mind, forced from my natural biass; but this power ceasing to act, I shall return to my solitude with redoubled velocity. Every thing I see, and hear, and feel, in this great reservoir of folly, knavery, and sophistication, contributes to inhance the value of a country life, in the sentiments of

yours always,
MAT. BRAMBLE.

London, June 2.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MARY JONES,

Lady Griskin's botler, Mr. Crumb, having got 'squire Barton to frank me a kiver, I would not neglect to let you know how it is with me, and the rest of the family.

I could not rite by John Thomas, for because he went away in a huff,[1] at a minute's warming. He and Chowder could not agree, and so they fitt upon the road, and Chowder bitt his thumb, and he swore he would do him a mischief, and he spoke saucy to mistress, whereby the 'squire turned him off in gudgeon; and by God's providence we picked up another footman, called Umphry Klinker; a good sole as ever broke bread; which shews that a scalded cat may prove a good mouser, and a hound be staunch, thof he has got narro hare on his buttocks; but the proudest nose may be bro't to the grine-stone,[2] by sickness and misfortunes.

O Molly! what shall I say of London? All the towns that ever I beheld in my born-days, are no more than Welsh barrows and crumlecks[3] to this wonderful sitty! Even Bath itself is but a fillitch, in the naam of God——One would think there's no end of the streets, but the land's end. Then there's such a power of people, going hurry skurry! Such a racket of coxes! Such a noise, and haliballoo! So many strange sites to be seen! O gracious! my poor Welsh brain has been spinning like a top ever since I came hither! And I have seen the Park, and the paleass of Saint Gimses, and the king's and the queen's magisterial pursing, and the sweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and pye-bald ass,[4] and all the rest of the royal family.

Last week I went with mistress to the Tower, to see the crowns and wild beastis;[5] and there was a monstracious lion, with teeth half a quarter long; and a gentleman bid me not go near him, if I wasn't a maid; being as how he would roar, and tear, and play the dickens[6]—Now I had no mind to go near him; for I cannot abide such dangerous honeymils, not I——but, mistress would go; and the beast kept such a roaring and bouncing, that I tho't he would have broke his cage and devoured us all; and the gentleman tittered forsooth; but I'll go to death upon it, I will, that my lady is as good a firchin, as the child unborn; and, therefore, either the gentleman told a fib, or the lion oft to be set in the stocks for bearing false witness again his neighbour; for the commandment sayeth, *Thou shalt not bear false witness again thy neighbour.*[7]

I was afterwards of a party at Sadler's-wells,[8] where I saw such tumbling and dancing upon ropes and wires, that I was frightened, and ready to go into a fit—I tho't it was all inchantment; and, believing myself bewitched, began for to cry——You knows as how the witches in Wales fly upon broomsticks; but here was flying without any broom-stick, or thing in the varsal world,[9] and firing of pistols in the air, and blowing of trumpets, and swinging, and rolling of wheel-barrows upon a wire, (God bless us!) no thicker than a sewing-thread; that, to be sure, they must deal with the devil!——A fine gentleman, with a pig's-tail, and a golden sord by his side, came to comfit me, and offered for to treat me with a pint of wind; but I would not stay; and so, in going through the dark passage, he began to shew his cloven futt, and went for to be rude: my fellow-sarvant, Umpry Klinker, bid him be sivil, and he gave the young man a dowse in the chops; but, I fackins, Mr. Klinker wa'n't long in his debt——with a good oaken sapling he dusted his doublet, for all his golden cheese-toaster;[10] and, fipping me under his arm, carried me huom, I nose not how, being I was in such a flustration—But, thank God! I'm now vaned from all such vanities; for what are all those rarities and vagaries to the glory that shall be revealed hereafter?[11] O Molly! let not your poor heart be puffed up with vanity.[12]

I had almost forgot to tell you, that I have had my hair cut and pippered, and singed, and bolstered, and buckled, in the newest fashion, by a French freezer—*Parley vow Francey—Vee madmansell*——I now carries my head higher than arrow private gentlewoman of Vales. Last night, coming huom from the meeting, I was taken by lamp-light for an iminent poulterer's daughter, a great beauty—But as I was saying, this is all vanity and vexation of spirit[13]—The pleasures of London are no better than sower whey and stale cyder, when compared to the joys of the new Gerusalem.

Dear Mary Jones! An please God when I return, I'll bring you a new cap, with a turkey-shell coom, and a pyehouse sermon, that was preached in the Tabernacle;[14] and I pray of all love, you will mind your vriting and your spilling; for, craving your pardon, Molly, it made me suet to disseyffer your last scrabble, which was delivered by the hind at Bath—O, voman! voman! if thou had'st but the least consumption of what pleasure we scullers have, when we can cunster the crabbidst buck off hand, and spell the ethnitch vords without lucking at the primmer. As for Mr. Klinker, he is qualified to be clerk to a parish—But I'll say no more—Remember me to Saul—poor sole! it goes to my hart to think she don't yet know her letters—But all in God's good time—It shall go hard, but I will bring her the A B C in gingerbread;[15] and that, you nose, will be learning to her taste.

Mistress says, we are going a long gurney to the North; but go where we will, I shall ever be,

Dear Mary Jones,
yours with true infection,
WIN. JENKINS.

London, June 3.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

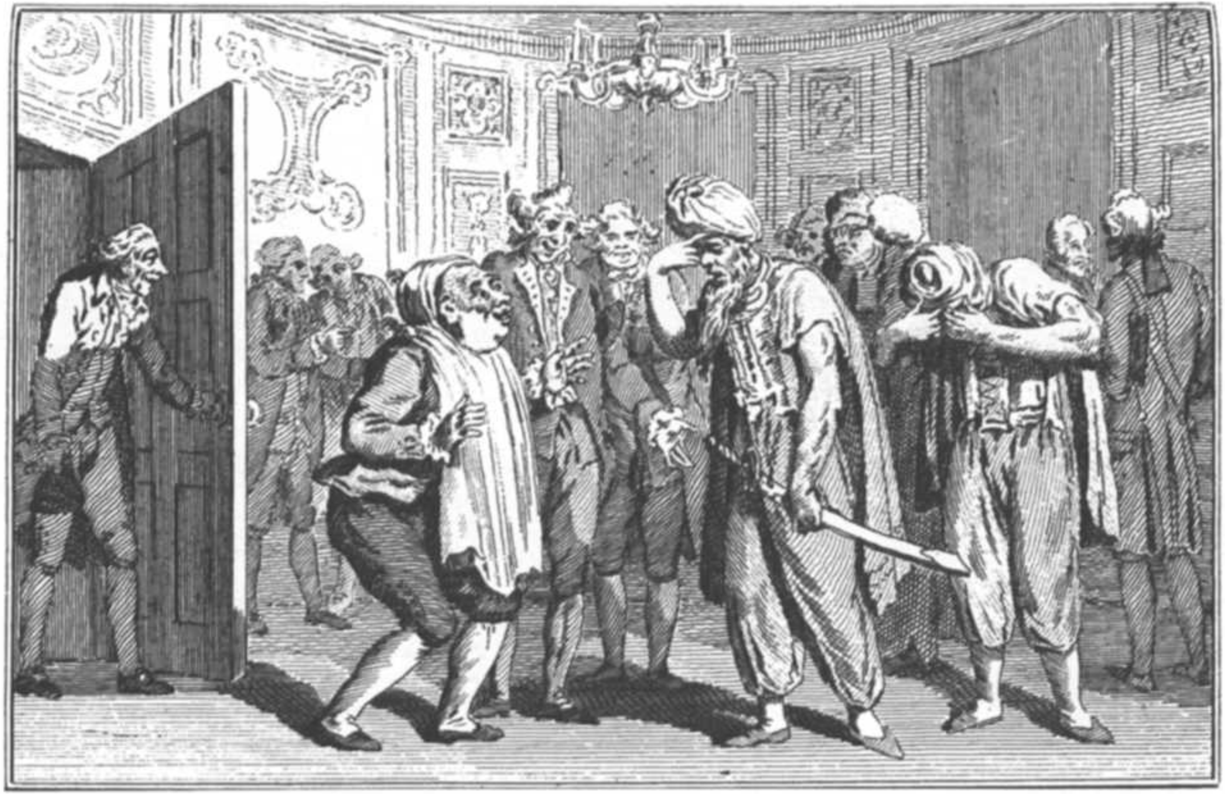
DEAR WAT,

I mentioned in my last, my uncle's design of going to the duke of N——'s levee; which design has been executed accordingly. His grace has been so long accustomed to this kind of homage, that though the place he now fills does not imply the tenth part of the influence, which he exerted in his former office, he has given his friends to understand, that they cannot oblige him in any thing more, than in contributing to support the shadow of that power, which he no longer retains in substance; and therefore he has still public days, on which they appear at his levee.

My uncle and I went thither with Mr. Barton, who, being one of the duke's adherents, undertook to be our introducer—The room was pretty well filled with people, in a great variety of dress; but there was no more than one gown and cassock,[1] though I was told his grace had, while he was minister, preferred almost every individual that now filled the bench of bishops in the house of lords; but, in all probability, the gratitude of the clergy is like their charity, which shuns the light—Mr. Barton was immediately accosted by a person, well stricken in years, tall, and raw-boned, with a hook-nose, and an arch leer, that indicated, at least, as much cunning as sagacity. Our conductor saluted him, by the name of captain C——,[2] and afterwards informed us he was a man of shrewd parts, whom the government occasionally employed in secret services—But I have had the history of him more at large, from another quarter——He had been, many years ago, concerned in fraudulent practices, as a merchant, in France; and being convicted of some of them, was sent to the gallies, from whence he was delivered by the interest of the late duke of Ormond,[3] to whom he had recommended himself in a letter, as his name-sake and relation—He was in the sequel, employed by our ministry as a spy; and in the war of 1740, traversed all Spain, as well as France in the disguise of a capuchin, at the extreme hazard of his life, in as much as the court of Madrid had actually got scent of him, and given orders to apprehend him at St. Sebastian's, from whence he had fortunately retired but a few hours before the order arrived. This and other hair-breadth 'scapes he pleaded so effectually as a merit with the English ministry, that they allowed him a comfortable pension, which he now enjoys in his old age—He has still access to all the ministers, and is said to be consulted by them on many subjects, as a man of uncommon understanding and great experience—He is, in fact, a fellow of some parts, and invincible assurance; and, in his discourse, he assumes such an air of self-sufficiency, as may very well impose upon some of the shallow politicians, who now labour at the helm of administration. But, if he is not belied, this is not the only imposture of which he is guilty——They say, he is at bottom not only a Roman-catholic, but really a priest; and while he pretends to disclose to our state-pilots all the springs that move the cabinet of Versailles, he is actually picking up intelligence for the service of the French minister——Be that as it may, captain C—— entered into conversation with us in the most familiar manner, and treated the duke's character without any ceremony—"This wise-acre (said he) is still a-bed; and, I think, the best thing he can do, is to sleep on till Christmas; for, when he gets up, he does nothing but expose his own folly.—Since Granville was turned out,[4] there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig—They are so ignorant, they scarce know a crab from a cauliflower; and then they are such dunces, that there's no making them comprehend the plainest proposition——In the beginning of the war, this poor half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thousand French had marched from Acadie to Cape Breton——Where did they find transports? (said I) 'Transports! (cried he) I tell you, they marched by land—' By land to the island of Cape Breton? 'What! is Cape Breton an island?' Certainly. 'Ha! are you sure of that?' When I pointed it out in the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles; then, taking me in his arms, 'My dear C——! (cried he) you always bring us good news—Egad! I'll go directly, and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island—' "

He seemed disposed to entertain us with more anecdotes of this nature, at the expence of his grace, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the Algerine ambassador; a venerable Turk, with a long white beard, attended by his dragoman, or interpreter, and another officer of his household, who had got no stockings to his legs——Captain C—— immediately spoke with an air of authority to a servant in waiting, bidding him go and tell the duke to rise, as there was a great deal of company come, and, among others, the ambassador from Algiers—Then, turning to us, "This poor Turk, (said he) notwithstanding his grey beard, is a green-horn——He has been several years resident in London, and still is ignorant of our political revolutions. This visit is intended for the prime minister of England; but you'll see how this wise duke will receive it as a mark of attachment to his own person—" Certain it is, the duke seemed eager to acknowledge the compliment—A door opening, he suddenly bolted out, with a shaving-cloth under his chin, his face frothed up to the eyes with soap lather; and, running up to the ambassador, grinned hideous in his face—"My dear Mahomet! (said he) God love your long beard, I hope the dey will make you a horse-tail[5] at the next promotion, ha, ha, ha!——Have but a moment's patience, and I'll send to you in a twinkling—" So saying, he retreated into his den, leaving the Turk in some confusion. After a short pause, however, he said something to his interpreter, the meaning of which I had great curiosity to know, as he turned up his eyes while he spoke, expressing astonishment, mixed with devotion——We were gratified by means of the communicative captain C——, who conversed with the dragoman, as an old acquaintance. Ibrahim, the ambassador, who had mistaken his grace for the minister's fool, was no sooner undeceived by the interpreter, than he exclaimed to this effect—"Holy prophet! I don't wonder that this nation prospers, seeing it is governed by the counsel of ideots; a series of men, whom all good mussulmen revere as the organs of immediate inspiration!" Ibrahim was favoured with a particular audience of short duration; after which the duke conducted him to the door, and then returned to diffuse his gracious looks among the crowd of his worshippers.

As Mr. Barton advanced to present me to his grace, it was my fortune to attract his notice, before I was announced—He forthwith met me more than half way, and, seizing me by the hand, "My dear sir Francis! (cried he) this is so kind—I vow to Gad! I am so obliged—Such attention to a poor broken minister—Well—Pray when does your excellency set sail?—For God's sake have a care of your health, and eat stewed prunes in the passage—Next to your own precious health, pray, my dear excellency,[6] take care of the Five Nations—Our good friends the Five Nations—The Toryrories, the Maccolmacks, the Out-o'the-ways, the Crickets, and the Kickshaws[7]—Let 'em have plenty of blankets, and stinkubus, and wampum;[8] and your excellency won't fail to scour the kettle, and boil the chain, and bury the tree, and plant the hatchet[9]—Ha, ha, ha!" When he had uttered this rhapsody, with his usual precipitation, Mr. Barton gave him to understand, that I was neither Sir Francis, nor St. Francis, but simply Mr. Melford, nephew to Mr. Bramble; who, stepping forward, made his bow at the same time. "Odso! no more it is Sir Francis—(said this wise statesman) Mr. Melford, I'm glad to see you—I sent you an engineer to fortify your dock—Mr. Bramble—your servant, Mr. Bramble—How d'ye, good Mr. Bramble? Your nephew is a pretty young fellow—Faith and troth, a very pretty fellow!—His father is my old friend—How does he hold it? Still troubled with that damned disorder, ha?" "No, my lord, (replied my uncle) all his troubles are over—He has been dead these fifteen years." "Dead! how—Yes, faith! now I remember: he is dead, sure enough—Well, and how—does the young gentleman stand for Haverford West? or—a—what d'ye—My dear Mr. Milfordhaven,[10] I'll do you all the service in my power—I hope I have some credit left——" My uncle then



Turkish Ambassador introduced to the Duke of N——, by Rowlandson.
(By Permission of the University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City.)

gave him to understand, that I was still a minor; and that we had no intention to trouble him at present, for any favour whatsoever—"I came hither with my nephew (added he) to pay our respects to your grace; and I may venture to say, that his views and mine are at least as disinterested as those of any individual in this assembly." "My dear Mr. Brambleberry! you do me infinite honour—I shall always rejoice to see you and your hopeful nephew, Mr. Milfordhaven—My credit, such as it is, you may command—I wish we had more friends of your kidney—"

Then, turning to captain C——, "Ha, C——! (said he) what news, C——? How does the world wag? ha!" "The world wags much after the old fashion, my lord (answered the captain): the politicians of London and Westminster have begun again to wag their tongues against your grace; and your short-lived popularity wags like a feather, which the next puff of antiministerial calumny will blow away—" "A pack of rascals (cried the duke)—Tories, Jacobites, rebels; one half of them would wag their heels at Tyburn, if they had their deserts—" So saying, he wheeled about; and, going round the levee, spoke to every individual, with the most courteous familiarity; but he scarce ever opened his mouth without making some blunder, in relation to the person or business of the party with whom he conversed; so that he really looked like a comedian, hired to burlesque the character of a minister—At length, a person of a very prepossessing appearance coming in, his grace ran up, and, hugging him in his arms, with the appellation of "My dear Ch——s!" led him forthwith into the inner apartment, or *Sanctum Sanctorum* of this political temple. "That (said captain C——) is my friend C—— T——,[11] almost the only man of parts who has any concern in the present administration—Indeed, he would have no concern at all in the matter, if the ministry did not find it absolutely necessary to make use of his talents upon some particular occasions—As for the common business of the nation, it is carried on in a constant routine by the clerks of the different offices, otherwise the wheels of government would be wholly stopt amidst the abrupt succession of ministers, every one more ignorant than his predecessor——I am thinking what a fine hovel we should be in, if all the clerks of the treasury, of the secretaries, the war-office, and the admiralty, should take it in their heads to throw up their places in imitation of the great pensioner—But, to return to C—— T——; he certainly knows more than all the ministry and all the opposition, if their heads were laid together, and talks like an angel on a vast variety of subjects—He would really be a great man, if he had any consistency or stability of character—Then, it must be owned, he wants courage, otherwise he would never allow himself to be cowed by the great political bully,[12] for whose understanding he has justly a very great contempt. I have seen him as much afraid of that overbearing Hector, as ever school-boy was of his pedagogue; and yet this Hector, I shrewdly suspect, is no more than a craven at bottom—Besides this defect, C—— has another, which he is at too little pains to hide—There's no faith to be given to his assertions, and no trust to be put in his promises—However, to give the devil his due,[13] he's very good-natured; and even friendly, when close urged in the way of solicitation—As for principle, that's out of the question—In a word, he is a wit and an orator, extremely entertaining, and he shines very often at the expence even of those ministers to whom he is a retainer—This is a mark of great imprudence, by which he has made them all his enemies, whatever face they may put upon the matter; and sooner or later he'll have cause to wish he had been able to keep his own counsel—I have several times cautioned him on this subject; but 'tis all preaching to the desert[14]—His vanity runs away with his discretion—" I could not help thinking the captain himself might have been the better for some hints of the same nature—His panegyric, excluding principle and veracity, puts me in mind of a contest I once over-heard, in the way of altercation, betwixt two apple-women in Spring-garden[15]——One of those viragos having hinted something to the prejudice of the other's moral character, her antagonist, setting her hands in her sides, replied—"Speak out, hussy—I scorn your malice—I own I'm both a whore and a thief; and what more have you to say?—Damn you, what more have you to say? bating that, which all the world knows, I challenge you to say black is the white of my eye[16]—" We did not wait for Mr. T——'s coming forth; but after captain C—— had characterised all the originals in waiting, we adjourned to a coffee-house, where we had buttered muffins and tea to breakfast, the said captain still favouring us with his company—Nay, my uncle was so diverted with his anecdotes, that he asked him to dinner, and treated him with a fine turbot, to which he did ample justice—That same evening I spent at the tavern with some friends, one of whom let me into C——'s character, which Mr. Bramble no sooner understood, than he expressed some concern for the connexion he had made, and resolved to disengage himself from it without ceremony.

We are become members of the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts,[17] and have assisted at some of their deliberations, which were conducted with equal spirit and sagacity—My uncle is extremely fond of the institution, which will certainly be productive of great advantages to the public, if, from its democratical form, it does not degenerate into cabal and corruption—You are already acquainted with his aversion to the influence of the multitude, which, he affirms, is incompatible with excellence, and subversive of order—

Indeed his detestation of the mob has been heightened by fear, ever since he fainted in the room at Bath; and this apprehension has prevented him from going to the Little Theatre in the Hay-market,[18] and other places of entertainment, to which, however, I have had the honour to attend the ladies.

It grates old Square-Toes to reflect, that it is not in his power to enjoy even the most elegant diversions of the capital, without the participation of the vulgar; for they now thrust themselves into all assemblies, from a ridotto at St. James's, to a hop at Rotherhithe.[19]

I have lately seen our old acquaintance Dick Ivy,[20] who we imagined had died of dram-drinking; but he is lately emerged from the Fleet, by means of a pamphlet which he wrote and published against the government with some success. The sale of this performance enabled him to appear in clean linen, and he is now going about soliciting subscriptions for his Poems; but his breeches are not yet in the most decent order.

Dick certainly deserves some countenance for his intrepidity and perseverance—It is not in the power of disappointment, nor even of damnation, to drive him to despair—After some unsuccessful essays in the way of poetry, he commenced brandy-merchant, and I believe his whole stock ran out through his own bowels; then he consorted with a milk-woman, who kept a cellar in Petty France:[21] but he could not make his quarters good; he was dislodged and driven up stairs into the kennel by a corporal in the second regiment of foot-guards—He was afterwards the laureat of Blackfriars, from whence there was a natural transition to the Fleet[22]—As he had formerly miscarried in panegyric, he now turned his thoughts to satire, and really seems to have some talent for abuse. If he can hold out till the meeting of the parliament, and be prepared for another charge, in all probability Dick will mount the pillory, or obtain a pension, in either of which events his fortune will be made——Mean while he has acquired some degree of consideration with the respectable writers of the age; and as I have subscribed for his works, he did me the favour 'tother night to introduce me to a society of those geniuses; but I found them exceedingly formal and reserved—They seemed afraid and jealous of one another, and sat in a state of mutual repulsion, like so many particles of vapour, each surrounded by its own electrified atmosphere. Dick, who has more vivacity than judgment, tried more than once to enliven the conversation; sometimes making an effort at wit, sometimes letting off a pun, and sometimes discharging a conundrum; nay, at length he started a dispute upon the hackneyed comparison betwixt blank verse and rhyme, and the professors opened with great clamour; but, instead of keeping to the subject, they launched out into tedious dissertations on the poetry of the antients;

and one of them, who had been a school-master, displayed his whole knowledge of prosody, gleaned from Disputer and Ruddiman.[23] At last, I ventured to say, I did not see how the subject in question could be at all elucidated by the practice of the antients, who certainly had neither blank verse nor rhyme in their poems, which were measured by feet, whereas ours are reckoned by the number of syllables—This remark seemed to give umbrage to the pedant, who forthwith involved himself in a cloud of Greek and Latin quotations, which nobody attempted to dispel—A confused hum of insipid observations and comments ensued; and, upon the whole, I never passed a duller evening in my life—Yet, without all doubt, some of them were men of learning, wit, and ingenuity. As they are afraid of making free with one another, they should bring each his butt, or whet-stone, along with him, for the entertainment of the company—My uncle says, he never desires to meet with more than one wit at a time—One wit, like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavour to the dish; but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage——And now I'm afraid I have given you an unconscionable mess, without any flavour at all; for which, I suppose, you will bestow your benedictions upon

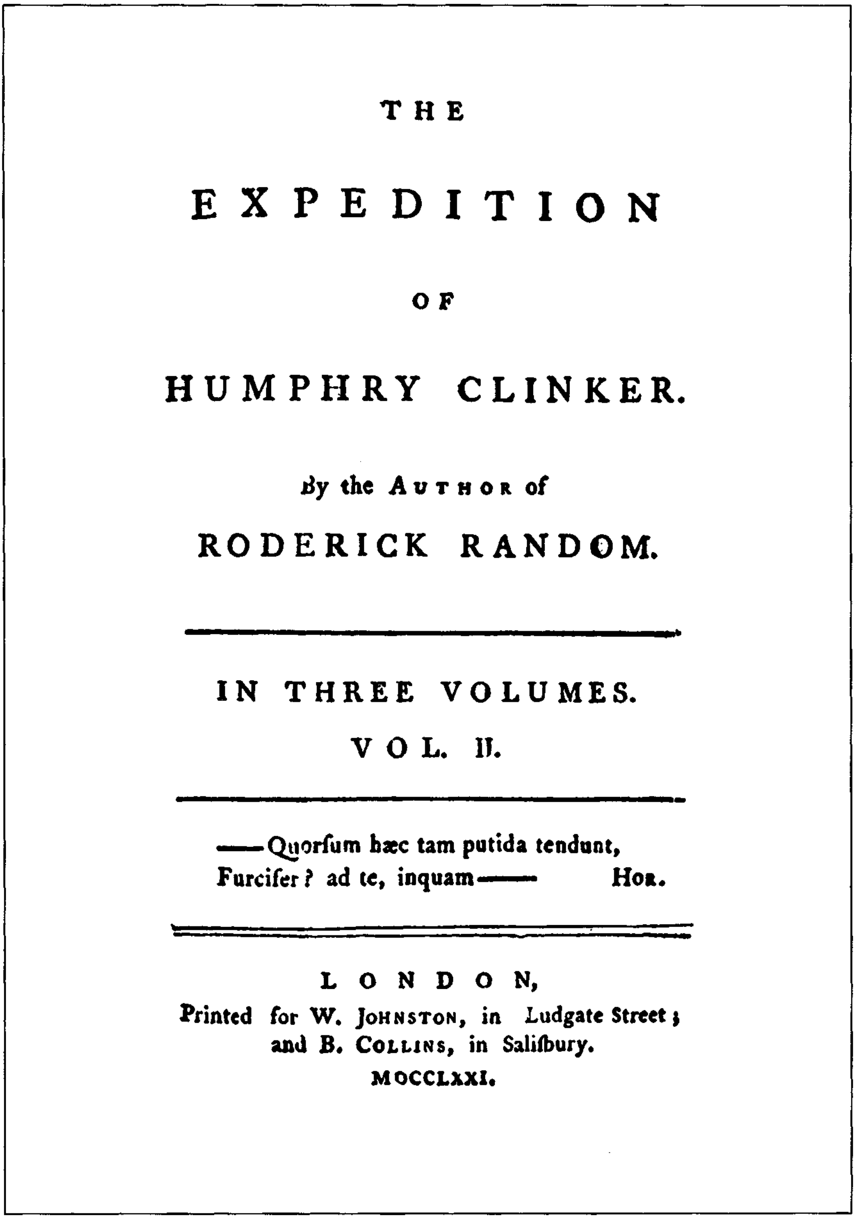
your friend,
and servant,
J. MELFORD.

London, June 5.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

The Expedition of Humphry Clinker

VOLUME TWO



THE

EXPEDITION

OF

HUMPHRY CLINKER.

By the AUTHOR of

RODERICK RANDOM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

——Quorſum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furcifer? ad te, inquam—— HOR.

LONDON,
Printed for W. JOHNSTON, in Ludgate Street;
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THE
EXPEDITION
OF
Humphry Clinker

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

Your fable of the monkey and the pig,[1] is what the Italians call *ben trovata:*[2] but I shall not repeat it to my apothecary, who is a proud Scotchman, very thin skinned, and, for aught I know, may have his degree in his pocket[3] – A right Scotchman has always two strings to his bow, and is *in utrumque paratus*[4] – Certain it is, I have not 'scaped a scouring; but, I believe, by means of that scouring, I have 'scaped something worse, perhaps a tedious fit of the gout or rheumatism; for my appetite began to flagg, and I had certain croakings in the bowels, which boded me no good – Nay, I am not yet quite free of these remembrances, which warn me to be gone from this centre of infection——

What temptation can a man of my turn and temperament have, to live in a place where every corner teems with fresh objects of detestation and disgust? What kind of taste and organs must those people have, who really prefer the adulterate enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleasures of a country retreat? Most people, I know, are originally seduced by vanity, ambition, and childish curiosity; which cannot be gratified, but in the *busy haunts of men:*[5] but, in the course of this gratification, their very organs of sense are perverted, and they become habitually lost to every relish of what is genuine and excellent in its own nature.

Shall I state the difference between my town grievances,[6] and my country comforts? At Brambleton-hall, I have elbow-room within doors, and breathe a clear, elastic, salutary air——I enjoy refreshing sleep, which is never disturbed by horrid noise, nor interrupted, but in a-morning, by the sweet twitter of the martlet at my window—I drink the virgin lymph, pure and crystalline as it gushes from the rock, or the sparkling beveridge, home-brewed from malt of my own making; or I indulge with cyder, which my own orchard affords; or with claret of the best growth, imported for my own use, by a correspondent on whose integrity I can depend; my bread is sweet and nourishing, made from my own wheat, ground in my own mill, and baked in my own oven; my table is, in a great measure, furnished from my own ground; my five-year old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with venison in juice and flavour; my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the dish with gravy; my poultry from the barn-door, that never knew confinement, but when they were at roost; my rabbits panting from the warren; my game fresh from the moors; my trout and salmon struggling from the stream; oysters from their native banks; and herrings, with other sea-fish, I can eat in four hours after they are taken—My sallads, roots, and pot-herbs, my own garden yields in plenty and perfection; the produce of the natural soil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The same soil affords all the different fruits which England may call her own, so that my desert is every day fresh-gathered from the tree; my dairy flows with nectarious tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheese; and the refuse fattens my pigs,[7] that are destined for hams and bacon—I go to bed betimes, and rise with the sun—I make shift to pass the hours without weariness or regret, and am not destitute of amusements within doors, when the weather will not permit me to go abroad—I read, and chat, and play at billiards, cards, or back-gammon—Without doors, I superintend my farm, and execute plans of improvement, the effects of which I enjoy with unspeakable delight—Nor do I take less pleasure in seeing my tenants thrive under my auspices, and the poor live comfortably by the employment which I provide—You know I have one or two sensible friends, to whom I can open all my heart; a blessing which, perhaps, I might have sought in vain among the crowded scenes of life: there are a few others of more humble parts, whom I esteem for their integrity; and their conversation I find inoffensive, though not very entertaining. Finally, I live in the midst of honest men, and trusty dependants, who, I flatter myself, have a disinterested attachment to my person—You, yourself, my dear Doctor, can vouch for the truth of these assertions.

Now, mark the contrast at London—I am pent up in frowzy lodgings, where there is not room enough to swing a cat;[8] and I breathe the steams of endless putrefaction; and these would, undoubtedly, produce a pestilence, if they were not qualified by the gross acid of sea-coal,[9] which is itself a pernicious nuisance to lungs of any delicacy of texture: but even this boasted corrector cannot prevent those languid, sallow looks, that distinguish the inhabitants of London from those ruddy swains that lead a country-life — I go to bed after mid-night, jaded and restless from the dissipations of the day — I start every hour from my sleep, at the horrid noise of the watchmen bawling the hour through every street, and thundering at every door; a set of useless fellows, who serve no other purpose but that of disturbing the repose of the inhabitants; and by five o'clock I start out of bed, in consequence of the still more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noisy rustics bellowing green pease under my window. If I would drink water, I must quaff the maukish contents of an open aqueduct,[10] exposed to all manner of defilement; or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster — Human excrement is the least offensive part of the concrete, which is composed of all the drugs, minerals, and poisons, used in mechanics and manufacture, enriched with the putrefying carcases of beasts and men; and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers, within the bills of mortality.

This is the agreeable potation, extolled by the Londoners, as the finest water in the universe — As to the intoxicating potion, sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cyder, corn-spirit, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law, laid against a carman for having staved[11] a cask of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto.[12] The bread I eat in London, is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution.[13] The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholsome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn: thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a mis-judging eye; and the miller, or the baker, is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession. The same monstrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings, and other villanous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so void of all taste, nourishment, and savour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricasee of kid-skin gloves, or chip hats from Leghorn.

As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butchers-meat, and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricassees, and sauces of all kinds;

so they insist upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps, you will hardly believe they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass half-pence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true—Indeed, without this improvement in the colour, they have no personal merit. They are produced in an artificial soil, and taste of nothing but the dunghills, from whence they spring. My cabbage, cauliflower, and 'sparagus in the country, are as much superior in flavour to those that are sold in Covent-garden, as my heath-mutton is to that of St. James's-market; which, in fact, is neither lamb nor mutton, but something betwixt the two, gorged in the rank fens of Lincoln and Essex, pale, coarse, and frowzy—As for the pork, it is an abominable carnivorous animal, fed with horse-flesh and distillers grains; and the poultry is all rotten, in consequence of a fever, occasioned by the infamous practice of sewing up the gut, that they may be the sooner fattened in coops, in consequence of this cruel retention.

Of the fish, I need say nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes sixty, seventy, fourscore, and a hundred miles by land-carriage; a circumstance sufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's stomach,[14] even if his nose was not saluted in every alley with the sweet flavour of *fresh* mackarel, selling by retail—This is not the season for oysters; nevertheless, it may not be amiss to mention, that the right Colchester[15] are kept in slime-pits, occasionally overflowed by the sea; and that the green colour, so much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum, which rises on the surface of the stagnant and stinking water—Our rabbits are bred and fed in the poulterer's cellar, where they have neither air nor exercise, consequently they must be firm in flesh, and delicious in flavour; and there is no game to be had for love or money.

It must be owned, that Covent-garden affords some good fruit; which, however, is always engrossed by a few individuals of over-grown fortune, at an exorbitant price; so that little else than the refuse of the market falls to the share of the community; and that is distributed by such filthy hands, as I cannot look at without loathing. It was but yesterday that I saw a dirty barrow-bunter[16] in the street, cleaning her dusty fruit with her own spittle; and, who knows but some fine lady of St. James's parish might admit into her delicate mouth those very cherries, which had been rolled and moistened between the filthy, and, perhaps, ulcerated chops of a St. Giles's huckster—I need not dwell upon the pallid, contaminated mash, which they call strawberries; soiled and tossed by greasy paws through twenty baskets crusted with dirt; and then presented with the worst milk, thickened with the worst flour, into a bad likeness of cream: but the milk itself should not pass unanalysed, the produce of faded cabbage-leaves and sour draff,[17] lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails, carried through the streets in open pails, exposed to foul rinsings, discharged from doors and windows, spittle, snot, and tobacco-quids from foot-passengers, over-flowings from mud-carts, spatterings from coach-wheels, dirt and trash chucked into it by roguish boys for the joke's-sake, the spewings of infants, who have slabbered in the tin-measure, which is thrown back in that condition among the milk, for the benefit of the next customer; and, finally, the vermin that drops from the rags of the nasty drab that vends this precious mixture, under the respectable denomination of milk-maid.

I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties, with that table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt,[18] vapid and nauseous; much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirst and promote digestion; the tallowy rancid mass, called butter, manufactured with candle-grease and kitchen-stuff; and their fresh eggs, imported from France and Scotland.——Now, all these enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police, or civil regulation; but the wise patriots of London have taken it into their heads, that all regulation is inconsistent with liberty; and that every man ought to live in his own way, without restraint——Nay, as there is not sense enough left among them, to be discomposed by the nuisances I have mentioned, they may, for aught I care, wallow in the mire of their own pollution.

A companionable man will, undoubtedly, put up with many inconveniences for the sake of enjoying agreeable society. A facetious friend of mine used to say, the wine could not be bad, where the company was agreeable; a maxim which, however, ought to be taken *cum grano salis:*[19] but what is the society of London, that I should be tempted, for its sake, to mortify my senses, and compound with such uncleanness as my soul abhors? All the people I see, are too much engrossed by schemes of interest or ambition, to have any room left for sentiment or friendship—Even in some of my old acquaintance, those schemes and pursuits have obliterated all traces of our former connexion——Conversation is reduced to party-disputes, and illiberal altercation[20]—Social commerce, to formal visits and card-playing—If you pick up a diverting original by accident, it may be dangerous to amuse yourself with his oddities—He is generally a tartar at bottom; a sharper, a spy, or a lunatic. Every person you deal with endeavours to over-reach you in the way of business; you are preyed upon by idle mendicants, who beg in the phrase of borrowing, and live upon the spoils of the stranger—Your tradesmen are without conscience, your friends without affection, and your dependants without fidelity.—

My letter would swell into a treatise, were I to particularize every cause of offence that fills up the measure of my aversion to this, and every other crowded city—Thank Heaven! I am not so far sucked into the vortex, but that I can disengage myself without any great effort of philosophy—From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I shall fly with double relish to the serenity of retirement, the cordial effusions of unreserved friendship, the hospitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the *jucunda oblivia vitæ*,[21] which Horace himself had not taste enough to enjoy.—

I have agreed for a good travelling-coach and four, at a guinea a-day, for three months certain; and next week we intend to begin our journey to the North, hoping still to be with you by the latter end of October——I shall continue to write from every stage where we make any considerable halt, as often as any thing occurs, which I think can afford you the least amusement. In the mean time, I must beg you will superintend the œconomy of Barns, with respect to my hay and corn harvests; assured that my ground produces nothing but what you may freely call your own——On any other terms I should be ashamed to subscribe myself

your unvariable friend,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

London, June 8.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

In my last, I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper, (said he) and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed, that those who shine most in private company, are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius—A small stock of ideas is more easily managed, and sooner displayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom any thing extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason, I fancy, that an assembly of Grubs must be very diverting."

My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last.—He carried me to dine with S——,[1] whom you and I have long known by his writings.—He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer.[2]—He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain.[3] I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

At two in the afternoon, I found myself one of ten mess-mates seated at table; and, I question, if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another, his hat flapped;[4] though (as Ivy told me) the first was noted for having a seaman's eye, when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden, and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table, he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction—When spoke to, he always answered from the purpose—sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath—sometimes he burst out a-laughing—then he folded his arms, and sighed—and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

At first, I really thought he was mad, and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear. "The gentleman (said he) is trying to act a part, for which he is by no means qualified—if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His spirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy." " 'Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever (observed a person in a tarnished laced coat): aff-ffected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit w-with nine-ninet-teen out of t-twenty." – "And affected stuttering for humour," replied our landlord, "tho', God knows, there is no affinity betwixt them." It seems, this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expence of genius; and that imperfection, which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual, that he could not lay it aside.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S—, because he looked and talked, and ate and drank like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet,[5] having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S—, at last gave him to understand, by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person; that if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyrick, as in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S— by printing the panegyrick, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S—'s conduct on this occasion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand, that most of them were, or had been, understrappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel. We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for, as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry—some drole repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works,[6] which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but, in the mean time, he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance, for having blasphemed in an ale-house on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.[7]

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potatoe. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about, that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this, he addressed the author under the title of *your lordship* with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garretteer, as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance, but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potatoe-ordinary in Shoe-lane.

Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, intituled, *The Balance of the English Poets*,[8] a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage, who laboured under the *αγρφοβια*, or *horror of green fields*, had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own, that a plate of hominy was the best rice pudding he had ever eat.

The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term-time, with a tipstaff for his companion;[9] and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only inchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where, I observed, Mr. S—— gave a short separate audience to every individual in a small remote filbert walk,[10] from whence most of them dropt off one after another, without further ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same clan, who came to make an afternoon's visit; and, among others, a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots,[11] with massy spurs of plate. It was not without reason, that this midwife of the Muses used exercise a-horseback, for he was too fat to walk a-foot, and he underwent some sarcasms from Tim Cropdale, on his unweildy size and inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance in presuming to joke upon a man so much richer than himself, told him, he was not so unweildy but that he could move the Marshalsea court[12] for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very speedily come and settle accounts with him, respecting the expence of publishing his last Ode to the king of Prussia, of which he had sold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the methodist.[13] Tim affected to receive this intimation with good humour, saying, he expected in a post or two, from Potsdam, a poem of thanks from his Prussian majesty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but, in the mean time, he proposed, that Mr. Birkin and he should run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drank at Ashley's[14] in the evening, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookseller, who valued himself upon his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge, and he forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of captain Pistol in the play.[15]

Every thing being adjusted, they started together with great impetuosity, and, in the second round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puff'd along*.[16] Cropdale had no mind to contest the victory further; but, in a twinkling, disappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane, that had communication with the high road.—The spectators immediately began to hollow, "Stole away!" and Birkin set off in pursuit of him with great eagerness; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane, when a thorn running into his foot, sent him hopping back into the garden, roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to surgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming, "Sure, the fellow won't be such a rogue as to run clear away with my boots!" Our landlord, having reconnoitred the shoes he had left, which, indeed, hardly deserved that name, "Pray, (said he) Mr. Birkin, wa'n't your boots made of calf-skin?" "Calf-skin or cow-skin, (replied the other) I'll find a slip of sheep-skin[17] that will do his business—I lost twenty pounds by his farce, which you persuaded me to buy—I am out of pocket five pounds by his damn'd ode; and now this pair of boots, bran new, cost me thirty shillings, as per receipt.—But this affair of the boots is felony—transportation.—I'll have the dog indicted at the Old Bailey[18]—I will, Mr. S——. I will be reveng'd, even though I should lose my debt in consequence of his conviction."

Mr. S—— said nothing at present, but accommodated him with a pair of shoes; then ordered his servant to rub him down, and comfort him with a glass of rum-punch, which seemed, in a great measure, to cool the rage of his indignation. "After all, (said our landlord) this is no more than a *humbug* in the way of wit, though it deserves a more respectable epithet, when considered as an effort of invention. Tim, being (I suppose) out of credit with the cordwainer,[19] fell upon this ingenious expedient to supply the want of shoes, knowing that Mr. Birkin, who loves humour, would himself relish the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exercised upon all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my poney for five or six days to go to Salisbury, and sold him in Smithfield[20] at his return. This was a joke of such a serious nature, that, in the first transports of my passion, I had some thoughts of prosecuting him for horse-stealing; and even when my resentment had in some measure subsided, as he industriously avoided me, I vowed, I would take satisfaction on his ribs with the first opportunity. One day, seeing him at some distance in the street, coming towards me, I began to prepare my cane for action, and walked in the shadow of a porter, that he might not perceive me soon enough to make his escape; but, in the very instant I had lifted up the instrument of correction, I found Tim Cropdale metamorphosed into a miserable blind wretch, feeling his way with a long stick from post to post, and rolling about two bald unlighted orbs instead of eyes. I was exceedingly shocked at having so narrowly escaped the concern and disgrace that would have attended such a misapplication of vengeance: but, next day, Tim prevailed upon a friend of mine to come and solicit my forgiveness, and offer his note, payable in six weeks, for the price of the poney.—This gentleman gave me to understand, that the blind man was no other than Cropdale, who having seen me advancing, and guessing my intent, had immediately converted himself into the object aforesaid.—I was so diverted at the ingenuity of the evasion, that I agreed to pardon his offence, refusing his note, however, that I might keep a prosecution for felony hanging over his head, as a security for his future good behaviour—But Timothy would by no means trust himself in my hands till the note was accepted—then he made his appearance at my door as a blind beggar, and imposed in such a manner upon my man, who had been his old acquaintance and pot-companion, that the fellow threw the door in his face, and even threatened to give him the bastinado. Hearing a noise in the hall, I went thither, and immediately recollecting the figure I had passed in the street, accosted him by his own name, to the unspeakable astonishment of the footman."

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as another; but asked if any of the company could tell where Mr. Cropdale lodged, that he might send him a proposal about restitution, before the boots should be made away with. "I would willingly give him a pair of new shoes, (said he) and half a guinea into the bargain, for the boots, which fitted me like a glove;[21] and I shan't be able to get the fellows of them till the good weather for riding is over." The stuttering wit declared, that the only secret which Cropdale ever kept, was the place of his lodgings; but, he believed, that, during the heats of summer, he commonly took his repose upon a bulk,[22] or indulged himself, in fresco, with one of the kennel-nymphs, under the portico of St. Martin's church.[23] "Pox on him! (cried the bookseller) he might as well have taken my whip and spurs—In that case, he might have been tempted to steal another horse, and then he would have rid to the devil[24] of course."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr. S——, with proper acknowledgements of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied, with respect to the nature of this connexion, betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who answered me to this effect—"One would imagine S—— had some view to his own interest, in giving countenance and assistance to those people, whom he knows to be bad men, as well as bad writers; but, if he has any such view, he will find himself disappointed; for if he is so vain as to imagine he can make them subservient to his schemes of profit or ambition, they are cunning enough to make him their property in the mean time. There is not one of the company you have seen to-day (myself excepted) who does not owe him particular obligations.—One of them he bailed out of a spunging-house, and afterwards paid the debt—another he translated into his family, and cloathed, when he was turned out half naked from jail in consequence of an act for the relief of insolvent debtors[25]—a third, who was reduced to a woollen night-cap, and lived upon sheep's trotters, up three pair of stairs backward in Butcher-row, he took into present pay and free quarters, and enabled him to appear as a gentleman, without having the fear of sheriff's officers before his eyes. Those who are in distress he supplies with money when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of cash. When they want business, he either finds employment for them in his own service, or recommends them to booksellers to execute some project he has formed for their subsistence. They are always welcome to his table, (which, though plain, is plentiful) and to his good offices as far as they will go; and when they see occasion, they make use of his name with the most petulant familiarity; nay, they do not even scruple to arrogate to themselves the merit of some of his performances, and have been known to sell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain.[26] The Scotchman you saw at dinner once personated him at an ale-house in West-Smithfield, and, in the character of S——, had his head broke by a cow-keeper, for having spoke disrespectfully of the Christian religion; but he took the law of him in his own person, and the assailant was fain to give him ten pounds to withdraw his action."

I observed, that all this appearance of liberality on the side of Mr. S—— was easily accounted for, on the supposition that they flattered him in private, and engaged his adversaries in public; and yet I was astonished, when I recollected that I often had seen this writer virulently abused in papers, poems, and pamphlets, and not a pen was drawn in his defence.—"But you will be more astonished (said he) when I assure you, those very guests whom you saw at his table to-day, were the authors of great part of that abuse; and he himself is well aware of their particular favours, for they are all eager to detect and betray one another."—"But this is doing the devil's work for nothing (cried I). What should induce them to revile their benefactor without provocation?" "Envy (answered Dick) is the general incitement; but they are galled by an additional scourge of provocation. S—— directs a literary journal,[27] in which their productions are necessarily brought to trial; and though many of them have been treated with such lenity and favour as they little deserved, yet the slightest censure, such as, perhaps, could not be avoided with any pretensions to candour and impartiality, has rankled in the hearts of those authors to such a degree, that they have taken immediate vengeance on the critic in anonymous libels, letters, and lampoons. Indeed, all the writers of the age, good, bad, and indifferent, from the moment he assumed this office, became his enemies, either professed or in petto,[28] except those of his friends who knew they had nothing to fear from his strictures; and he must be a wiser man than me, who can tell what advantage or satisfaction he derives from having brought such a nest of hornets about his ears."

I owned, that was a point which might deserve consideration; but still I expressed a desire to know his real motives for continuing his friendship to a set of rascals equally ungrateful and insignificant.—He said, he did not pretend to assign any reasonable motive; that, if the truth must be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a most incorrigible fool; that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered strangely in the distribution of his favours, which were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance; that, indeed, this preference was not so much owing to want of discernment as to want of resolution, for he had not fortitude enough to resist the importunity even of the most worthless; and, as he did not know the value of money, there was very little merit in parting with it so easily; that his pride was gratified in seeing himself courted by such a number of literary dependants; that, probably, he delighted in hearing them expose and traduce one another; and, finally, from their information, he became acquainted with all the transactions of Grubstreet, which he had some thoughts of compiling, for the entertainment of the public.

I could not help suspecting, from Dick's discourse, that he had some particular grudge against S——, upon whose conduct he had put the worst construction it would bear; and, by dint of cross-examination, I found he was not at all satisfied with the character which had been given in the Review of his last performance, though it had been treated civilly, in consequence of the author's application to the critic. By all accounts, S—— is not without weakness and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find, that there is any thing over-bearing, cruel, or implacable in his disposition.

I have dwelt so long upon authors, that you will perhaps suspect I intend to enroll myself among the fraternity; but, if I were actually qualified for the profession, it is at best but a desperate resource against starving, as it affords no provision for old age and infirmity. Salmon,[29] at the age of fourscore, is now in a garret, compiling matter, at a guinea a sheet for a modern historian, who, in point of age, might be his grand-child; and Psalmonazar,[30] after having drudged half a century in the literary mill, in all the simplicity and abstinence of an Asiatic, subsists upon the charity of a few booksellers, just sufficient to keep him from the parish—I think Guy,[31] who was himself a bookseller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hospital to the use of decayed authors; though, indeed, there is neither hospital, college, nor work-house, within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this society, composed, as it is, from the refuse of every other profession.

I know not whether you will find any amusement in this account of an odd race of mortals, whose constitution had, I own, greatly interested the curiosity of

Yours,
J. MELFORD.

London, June 10.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAR LETTY,

There is something on my spirits, which I should not venture to communicate by the post, but having the opportunity of Mrs. Brentwood's return, I seize it eagerly, to disburthen my poor heart, which is oppressed with fear and vexation.—O Letty! what a miserable situation it is, to be without a friend to whom one can apply for counsel and consolation in distress! I hinted in my last, that one Mr. Barton had been very particular in his civilities: I can no longer mistake his meaning—he has formally professed himself my admirer; and, after a thousand assiduities, perceiving I made but a cold return to his addresses, he had recourse to the mediation of lady Griskin, who has acted the part of a very warm advocate in his behalf:—but, my dear Willis, her ladyship over-acts her part—she not only expatiates on the ample fortune, the great connexions, and the unblemished character of Mr. Barton, but she takes the trouble to catechise me; and, two days ago, peremptorily told me, that a girl of my age could not possibly resist so many considerations, if her heart was not pre-engaged.

This insinuation threw me into such a flutter, that she could not but observe my disorder; and, presuming upon the discovery, insisted upon my making her the confidante of my passion. But, although I had not such command of myself as to conceal the emotion of my heart, I am not such a child as to disclose its secrets to a person who would certainly use them to its prejudice. I told her, it was no wonder if I was out of countenance at her introducing a subject of conversation so unsuitable to my years and inexperience; that I believed Mr. Barton was a very worthy gentleman, and I was much obliged to him for his good opinion; but the affections were involuntary, and mine, in particular, had as yet made no concessions in his favour. She shook her head with an air of distrust that made me tremble; and observed, that if my affections were free, they would submit to the decision of prudence, especially when enforced by the authority of those who had a right to direct my conduct. This remark implied a design to interest my uncle or my aunt, perhaps my brother, in behalf of Mr. Barton's passion; and I am sadly afraid that my aunt is already gained over. Yesterday in the forenoon, he had been walking with us in the Park, and stopping in our return at a toy-shop, he presented her with a very fine snuff-box, and me with a gold etuis,[1] which I resolutely refused, till she commanded me to accept it on pain of her displeasure: nevertheless, being still unsatisfied with respect to the propriety of receiving this toy, I signified my doubts to my brother, who said he would consult my uncle on the subject, and seemed to think Mr. Barton had been rather premature in his presents.

What will be the result of this consultation, Heaven knows; but I am afraid it will produce an explanation with Mr. Barton, who will, no doubt, avow his passion, and sollicit their consent to a connexion which my soul abhors; for, my dearest Letty, it is not in my power to love Mr. Barton, even if my heart was untouched by any other tenderness. Not that there is any thing disagreeable about his person, but there is a total want of that nameless charm which captivates and controuls the inchanted spirit—at least, he appears to me to have this defect; but if he had all the engaging qualifications which a man can possess, they would be excited in vain against that constancy, which, I flatter myself, is the characteristic of my nature. No, my dear Willis, I may be involved in fresh troubles, and I believe I shall, from the importunities of this gentleman and the violence of my relations; but my heart is incapable of change.

You know, I put no faith in dreams; and yet I have been much disturbed by one that visited me last night.—I thought I was in a church, where a certain person, whom you know, was on the point of being married to my aunt; that the clergyman was Mr. Barton, and that poor forlorn I stood weeping in a corner, half naked, and without shoes or stockings.—Now, I know there is nothing so childish as to be moved by those vain illusions; but, nevertheless, in spite of all my reason, this hath made a strong impression upon my mind, which begins to be very gloomy. Indeed, I have another more substantial cause of affliction—I have some religious scruples, my dear friend, which lie heavy on my conscience.—I was persuaded to go to the Tabernacle, where I heard a discourse that affected me deeply.—I have prayed fervently to be enlightened, but as yet I am not sensible of these inward motions, those operations of grace, which are the signs of a regenerated spirit; and therefore I begin to be in terrible apprehensions about the state of my poor soul. Some of our family have had very uncommon accessions, particularly my aunt and Mrs. Jenkins, who sometimes speak as if they were really inspired; so that I am not like to want for either exhortation or example, to purify my thoughts, and recall them from the vanities of this world, which, indeed, I would willingly resign, if it was in my power; but to make this sacrifice, I must be enabled by such assistance from above as hath not yet been indulged to

Your unfortunate friend,
LYDIA MELFORD.

June 10.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

The moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commission—With the assistance of mine host at the Bull and Gate,[1] I discovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his dishonesty—The fellow was in manifest confusion at sight of me, but he denied the charge with great confidence, till I told him, that if he would give up the watch, which was a family piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way, at his leisure; but if he rejected this proposal, I would deliver him forthwith to the constable, whom I had provided for that purpose, and he would carry him before the justice without further delay. After some hesitation, he desired to speak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its appendages, and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be sent you by the first safe conveyance——So much for business.

I shall grow vain, upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters; barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance, because your amusement must arise, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own—Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person, whose nice taste and consummate judgment I can no longer doubt, I will chearfully proceed with our memoirs—As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to-day in the forenoon with my uncle to see a carriage, belonging to a coach-maker in our neighbourhood—Turning down a narrow lane, behind Longacre,[2] we perceived a crowd of people standing at a door; which, it seems, opened into a kind of a methodist meeting, and were informed, that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within.[3] Curious to see this phœnomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who should this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker. He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm, the first stave of which he sung with peculiar graces[4]—But if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience—There was lady Griskin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my sister Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the psalmody, with strong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occasion; but old Square-toes was differently affected—The first thing that struck him, was the presumption of his lacquey, whom he commanded to come down, with such an air of authority as Humphry did not think proper to disregard. He descended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly sheepish, lady Griskin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in spirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins sobbed as if her heart was breaking—My uncle, with a sneer, asked pardon of the ladies, for having interrupted their devotion, saying, he had particular business with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney-coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any further notice of the rest of the company, who still remained in silent astonishment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, assumed a milder aspect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all displeased at any thing she had done—"I have no objection (said he) to your being religiously inclined; but I don't think my servant is a proper ghostly director, for a devotee of your sex and character—if, in fact, (as I rather believe) your aunt is not the sole conductress of this machine—" Mrs. Tabitha made no answer, but threw up the whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation—Poor Liddy said she had no right to the title of a devotee; that she thought there was no harm in hearing a pious discourse, even if it came from a footman, especially as her aunt was present; but that if she had erred from ignorance, she hoped he would excuse it, as she could not bear the thoughts of living under his displeasure. The old gentleman, pressing her hand with a tender smile, said she was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing any thing that could give him the least umbrage or disgust.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him up stairs, and spoke to him in these words—"Since you are called upon by the spirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aside the livery of an earthly master;[5] and, for my part, I am unworthy to have an apostle in my service—" "I hope (said Humphry) I have not failed in my duty to your honour—I should be a vile wretch if I did, considering the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me—but having an inward admonition of the spirit[6]——" "An admonition of the devil—(cried the 'squire, in a passion) What admonition, you blockhead?—What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer?" "Begging your honour's pardon, (replied Clinker) may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy, and the philosopher in all his pride of human learning?" "What you imagine to be the new light of grace, (said his master) I take to be a deceitful vapour, glimmering through a crack in your upper story—In a word, Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family but what pays the king's taxes,[7] unless it be the light of reason, which you don't pretend to follow."

"Ah, sir! (cried Humphry) the light of reason, is no more in comparison to the light I mean, than a farthing candle to the sun at noon[8]—" "Very true, (said uncle) the one will serve to shew you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain[9]—Heark-ye, Clinker, you are either an hypocritical knave, or a wrong-headed enthusiast; and, in either case, unfit for my service—If you are a quack in sanctity and devotion, you will find it an easy matter to impose upon silly women, and others of crazed understanding, who will contribute lavishly for your support—if you are really seduced by the reveries of a disturbed imagination, the sooner you lose your senses entirely, the better for yourself and the community. In that case, some charitable person might provide you with a dark room and clean straw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticism; whereas, if you have just reflection enough left to maintain the character of a chosen vessel[10] in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be misled by a Will-i'the-wisp, from one error into another, till you are plunged into religious frenzy; and then, perhaps, you will hang yourself in despair——" "Which the Lord of his infinite mercy forbid! (exclaimed the affrighted Clinker) It is very possible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual pride—Your honour says, I am either a knave or a madman; now, as I'll assure your honour I am no knave, it follows that I must be mad; therefore, I beseech your honour, upon my knees, to take my case into consideration, that means may be used for my recovery—"

The 'squire could not help smiling at the poor fellow's simplicity, and promised to take care of him, provided he would mind the business of his place, without running after the new-light of methodism: but Mrs. Tabitha took offence at his humility, which she interpreted into poorness of spirit and worldly mindedness—She upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience sake[11]——She observed, that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony to the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and, declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look, then, turning to the preacher, "You hear what my sister says—If you cannot live with me upon such terms as I have prescribed, the vineyard of methodism lies before you, and she seems very well disposed to reward your labour[12]—" "I would not willingly give offence to any soul upon earth (answered Humphry); her ladyship has been very good to me, ever since we came to London; and surely she has a heart turned for religious exercises; and both she and lady Griskin sing psalms and hymns like two cherubims——But, at the same time, I'm bound to love and obey your honour—It becometh not such a poor ignorant fellow as me, to hold dispute with gentlemen of rank and learning—As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beast in comparison of your honour; therefore I submit; and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end, if you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement—"

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial; then desired to know in what manner lady Griskin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious society. He told him, that her ladyship was the person who first carried my aunt and sister to the Tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W——'s preaching:[13] that he was confirmed in this new way, by the preacher's sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention: that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the house-maid to the same way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with lady Griskin——Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum, by the example and success of a weaver,[14] who was much followed as a powerful minister: that on his first trial, he found himself under such strong impulsions, as made him believe he was certainly moved by the spirit; and that he had assisted in lady Griskin's, and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no sooner informed, that her ladyship had acted as the primum mobile of this confederacy, than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool, subservient to the execution of some design, to the true secret of which he was an utter stranger—He observed, that her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects; and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my lady Griskin acted as her auxiliary: that this supposition would account for their endeavours to convert him to methodism; an event which would occasion a connexion of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this scheme's succeeding; but I gave him to understand, that Barton was pre-engaged: that he had the day before made a present of an etuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a snuff-box at the same time: that my sister having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honourable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objections to his alliance: that I had thanked him for the honour he intended our family; but told him, it would be necessary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians: and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal; though I was persuaded that no violence would be offered to my sister's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly interested the happiness of her future life: that he had assured me, he should never think of availing himself of a guardian's authority, unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself; and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr. and Miss Bramble, to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

The 'squire was not insensible to the advantages of such a match, and declared he would promote it with all his influence; but when I took notice that there seemed to be an aversion on the side of Liddy, he said he would sound her on the subject; and if her reluctance was such as would not be easily overcome, he would civilly decline the proposal of Mr. Barton; for he thought that, in the choice of a husband, a young woman ought not to sacrifice the feelings of her heart for any consideration upon earth—"Liddy is not so desperate (said he) as to worship fortune at such an expence." I take it for granted, this whole affair will end in smoke; though there seems to be a storm brewing in the quarter of Mrs. Tabby, who sat with all the sullen dignity of silence at dinner, seemingly pregnant with complaint and expostulation. As she hath certainly marked Barton for her own prey, she cannot possibly favour his suit to Liddy; and therefore I expect something extraordinary will attend his declaring himself my sister's admirer. This declaration will certainly be made in form, as soon as the lover can pick up resolution enough to stand the brunt of Mrs. Tabby's disappointment; for he is, without doubt, aware of her designs upon his person——The particulars of the *denouement* you shall know in due season: mean while I am

always yours,
J. MELFORD.

London, June 10.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

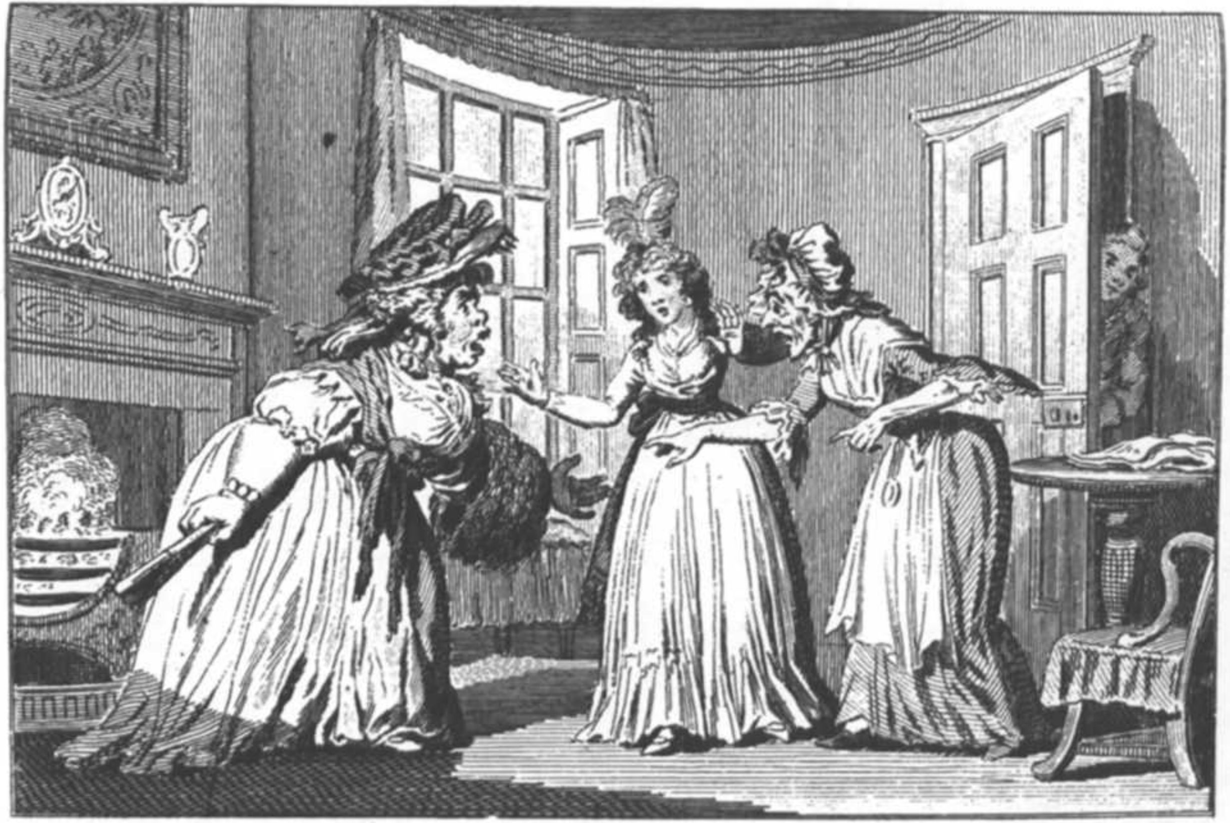
The deceitful calm was of short duration. I am plunged again in a sea of vexation, and the complaints in my stomach and bowels are returned; so that I suppose I shall be disabled from prosecuting the excursion I had planned—What the devil had I to do, to come a plague hunting with a leash of females in my train? Yesterday my precious sister (who, by the bye, has been for some time a professed methodist) came into my apartment, attended by Mr. Barton, and desired an audience with a very stately air—"Brother, (said she) this gentleman has something to propose, which I flatter myself will be the more acceptable, as it will rid you of a troublesome companion." Then Mr. Barton proceeded to this effect—"I am, indeed, extremely ambitious of being allied to your family, Mr. Bramble, and I hope you will see no cause to interpose your authority." "As for authority, (said Tabby, interrupting him with some warmth) I know of none that he has a right to use on this occasion—If I pay him the compliment of making him acquainted with the step I intend to take, it is all he can expect in reason—This is as much as I believe he would do by me, if he intended to change his own situation in life—In a word, brother, I am so sensible of Mr. Barton's extraordinary merit, that I have been prevailed upon to alter my resolution of living a single life, and to put my happiness in his hands, by vesting him with a legal title to my person and fortune, such as they are. The business at present, is to have the writings drawn; and I shall be obliged to you, if you will recommend a lawyer to me for that purpose—"

You may guess what an effect this overture had upon me; who, from the information of my nephew, expected that Barton was to make a formal declaration of his passion for Liddy; I could not help gazing in silent astonishment, alternatively at Tabby, and her supposed admirer, which last hung his head in the most aukward confusion for a few minutes, and then retired on pretence of being suddenly seized with a vertigo——Mrs. Tabitha affected much concern, and would have had him make use of a bed in the house; but he insisted upon going home, that he might have recourse to some drops, which he kept for such emergencies, and his innamorata acquiesced—In the mean time I was exceedingly puzzled at this adventure, (though I suspected the truth) and did not know in what manner to demean myself towards Mrs. Tabitha, when Jery came in and told me, he had just seen Mr. Barton alight from his chariot at lady Griskin's door—This incident seemed to threaten a visit from her ladyship, with which we were honoured accordingly, in less than half an hour—"I find (said she) there has been a match of cross purposes among you good folks; and I'm come to set you to rights—" So saying, she presented me with the following billet—

"Dear Sir,
I no sooner recollected myself from the extreme confusion I was thrown into, by that unlucky mistake of your sister, than I thought it my duty to assure you, that my devoirs to Mrs. Bramble never exceeded the bounds of ordinary civility; and that my heart is unalterably fixed upon miss Liddy Melford, as I had the honour to declare to her brother, when he questioned me upon that subject—Lady Griskin has been so good as to charge herself, not only with the delivery of this note, but also with the task of undeceiving Mrs. Bramble, for whom I have the most profound respect and veneration, though my affection being otherwise engaged, is no longer in the power of

Sir,
your very humble servant,
RALPH BARTON."

Having cast my eyes over this billet, I told her ladyship, that I would no longer retard the friendly office she had undertaken; and I and Jery forthwith retired into another room. There we soon perceived the conversation grow very warm betwixt the two ladies; and, at length, could distinctly hear certain terms of altercation, which we could no longer delay interrupting, with any regard to decorum. When we entered the scene of contention, we found Liddy had joined the disputants, and stood trembling betwixt them, as if she had been afraid they would have proceeded to something more practical than



Altercation between Mrs. Tabitha and Lady Griskin, by Rowlandson.

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words—— Lady Griskin's face was like the full moon in a storm of wind, glaring, fiery, and portentuous; while Tabby looked grim and ghastly, with an aspect breathing discord and dismay.—Our appearance put a stop to their mutual revilings; but her ladyship turning to me, "Cousin, (said she) I can't help saying I have met with a very ungrateful return from this lady, for the pains I have taken to serve her family—" "My family is much obliged to your ladyship (cried Tabby, with a kind of hysterical giggle); but we have no right to the good offices of such an honourable go-between." "But, for all that, good Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, (resumed the other) I shall be content with the reflection, That virtue is its own reward;[1] and it shall not be my fault, if you continue to make yourself ridiculous—Mr. Bramble, who has no little interest of his own to serve, will, no doubt, contribute all in his power to promote a match betwixt Mr. Barton and his niece, which will be equally honourable and advantageous; and, I dare say, miss Liddy herself will have no objection to a measure so well calculated to make her happy in life——" "I beg your ladyship's pardon, (exclaimed Liddy, with great vivacity) I have nothing but misery to expect from such a measure; and I hope my guardians will have too much compassion, to barter my peace of mind for any consideration of interest or fortune—" "Upon my word, miss Liddy! (said she) you have profited by the example of your good aunt—I comprehend your meaning, and will explain it when I have a proper opportunity——In the mean time, I shall take my leave—Madam, your most obedient, and devoted humble servant," said she, advancing close up to my sister, and curtsying so low, that I thought she intended to squat herself down on the floor—This salutation Tabby returned with equal solemnity; and the expression of the two faces, while they continued in this attitude, would be no bad subject for a pencil like that of the incomparable Hogarth,[2] if any such should ever appear again, in these times of dulness and degeneracy.

Jery accompanied her ladyship to her house, that he might have an opportunity to restore the etuis to Barton, and advise him to give up his suit, which was so disagreeable to his sister, against whom, however, he returned much irritated—Lady Griskin had assured him that Liddy's heart was pre-occupied; and immediately the idea of Wilson recurring to his imagination, his family-pride took the alarm—He denounced vengeance against that adventurer, and was disposed to be very peremptory with his sister; but I desired he would suppress his resentment, until I should have talked with her in private.

The poor girl, when I earnestly pressed her on this head, owned, with a flood of tears, that Wilson had actually come to the Hot Well at Bristol, and even introduced himself into our lodgings as a Jew pedlar; but that nothing had passed betwixt them, further than her begging him to withdraw immediately, if he had any regard for her peace of mind: that he had disappeared accordingly, after having attempted to prevail upon my sister's maid, to deliver a letter; which, however, she refused to receive, though she had consented to carry a message, importing that he was a gentleman of a good family; and that, in a very little time, he would avow his passion in that character—She confessed, that although he had not kept his word in this particular, he was not yet altogether indifferent to her affection; but solemnly promised, she would never carry on any correspondence with him, or any other admirer, for the future, without the privity and approbation of her brother and me.

By this declaration, she made her own peace with Jery; but the hot-headed boy is more than ever incensed against Wilson, whom he now considers as an impostor, that harbours some infamous design upon the honour of his family—As for Barton, he was not a little mortified to find his present returned, and his addresses so unfavourably received; but he is not a man to be deeply affected by such disappointments; and I know not whether he is not as well pleased with being discarded by Liddy, as he would have been with a permission to prosecute his pretensions, at the risque of being every day exposed to the revenge or machinations of Tabby, who is not to be slighted with impunity.—I had not much time to moralize on these occurrences; for the house was visited by a constable and his gang, with a warrant from justice Buzzard,[3] to search the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was just apprehended as a highwayman—This incident threw the whole family into confusion. My sister scolded the constable for presuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on such an errand, without having first asked, and obtained permission; her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy shed tears of compassion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whose box, however, nothing was found to confirm the suspicion of robbery.

For my own part, I made no doubt of the fellow's being mistaken for some other person, and I went directly to the justice, in order to procure his discharge; but there I found the matter much more serious than I expected—Poor Clinker stood trembling at the bar, surrounded by thief-takers; and at a little distance, a thick, squat fellow, a postilion, his accuser, who had seized him in the street, and swore positively to his person, that the said Clinker had, on the 15th day of March last, on Blackheath,[4] robbed a gentleman in a post-chaise, which he (the postilion) drove—This deposition was sufficient to justify his commitment; and he was sent accordingly to Clerkenwell prison,[5] whither Jery accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The spectators, who assembled to see this highwayman, were sagacious enough to discern something very villanous in his aspect; which (begging their pardon) is the very picture of simplicity; and the justice himself put a very unfavourable construction upon some of his answers, which, he said, savoured of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more just and humane to impute them to the confusion into which we may suppose a poor country lad to be thrown on such an occasion. I am still persuaded he is innocent; and, in this persuasion, I can do no less than use my utmost endeavours that he may not be oppressed—I shall, to-morrow, send my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and see the prisoner; that, in case he should find him quite different from the person of the highwayman, he may bear testimony in his behalf—Howsoever it may fare with Clinker, this cursed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin—I have already caught a dreadful cold, by rushing into the open air from the justice's parlour, where I had been stewing in the crowd; and though I should not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I shall, I must stay at London for some weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rochester;[6] so that, in all probability, my Northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find any thing in your philosophical budget, to console me in the midst of these distresses and apprehensions, pray let it be communicated to

your unfortunate friend,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

London, June 12.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

The farce is finished, and another piece of a graver cast brought upon the stage.——Our aunt made a desperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of saving himself, but by leaving her in possession of the field, and avowing his pretensions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn.—Lady Griskin acted as his advocate and agent on this occasion, with such zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high scene of altercation passed betwixt these two religionists, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interposed. They are however reconciled, in consequence of an event which hath involved us all in trouble and disquiet. You must know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exercising his ministry among the felons in Clerkenwell prison.—A postilion having sworn a robbery against him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to jail, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and interest my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things considered, the poor fellow cannot possibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs some risque of being hanged.—Upon his examination, he answered with such hesitation and reserve, as persuaded most of the people, who crowded the place, that he was really a knave, and the justice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Exclusive of my uncle and myself, there was only one person who seemed inclined to favour the culprit.—He was a young man, well dressed, and, from the manner in which he cross-examined the evidence, we took it for granted, that he was a student in one of the inns of court.—He freely checked the justice for some uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the prisoner, and even ventured to dispute with his worship on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious answers of Clinker, who seemed in danger of falling a sacrifice to his own simplicity, exclaimed, "In the name of God, if you are innocent, say so." "No, (cried he) God forbid, that I should call myself innocent, while my conscience is burthened with sin." "What then, you did commit this robbery?" resumed his master. "No, sure, (said he) blessed be the Lord, I'm free of that guilt."

Here the justice interposed, observing, that the man seemed inclined to make a discovery by turning king's evidence, and desired the clerk to take his confession; upon which Humphry declared, that he looked upon confession to be a popish fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon.[1] The Templar affirmed, that the poor fellow was *non compos;* and exhorted the justice to discharge him as a lunatic.—"You know very well, (added he) that the robbery in question was not committed by the prisoner."

The thief-takers grinned at one another; and Mr. Justice Buzzard replied with great emotion, "Mr. Martin,[2] I desire you will mind your own business; I shall convince you one of these days that I understand mine." In short, there was no remedy; the mittimus[3] was made out, and poor Clinker sent to prison in a hackney-coach, guarded by the constable, and accompanied by your humble servant. By the way, I was not a little surprised to hear this retainer to justice bid the prisoner to keep up his spirits, for that he did not at all doubt, but that he would get off for a few weeks confinement.—He said, his worship knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaise, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded so strenuously for honest Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I asked, "Why then is he suffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor?" "We have exact intelligence of all Mr. Martin's transactions; (said he) but as yet there is not evidence sufficient for his conviction; and as for this young man, the justice could do no less than commit him, as the postilion swore point-blank to his identity." "So if this rascally postilion should persist in the falsity to which he is sworn, (said I) this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows."

The constable observed, that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi;* or, perhaps, Martin might be apprehended and convicted for another fact; in which case, he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himself; or, finally, if these chances should fail, and the evidence stand good against Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in consideration of his youth, especially if this should appear to be the first fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned, he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much less prove a circumstance of that kind so far back as six months, though he knew he had been sick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about—then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated, "The Lord's will be done! if it be my fate to suffer, I hope I shall not disgrace the faith, of which, though unworthy, I make profession."

When I expressed my surprize, that the accuser should persist in charging Clinker, without taking the least notice of the real robber, who stood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the smallest resemblance; the constable (who was himself a thief-taker) gave me to understand, that Mr. Martin was the best qualified for business of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correspondent, and never went to work, but when he was cool and sober; that his courage and presence of mind never failed him; that his address was genteel, and his behaviour void of all cruelty and insolence; that he never encumbered himself with watches or trinkets, nor even with bank-notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could disguise himself and his horse in such a manner, that, after the action, it was impossible to recognize either the one or the other—"This great man (said he) has reigned paramount in all the roads within fifty miles of London above fifteen months, and has done more business in that time, than all the rest of the profession put together; for those who pass through his hands are so delicately dealt with, that they have no desire to give him the least disturbance; but for all that, his race is almost run—he is now fluttering about justice, like a moth about a candle[4]—there are so many lime-twigs[5] laid in his way, that I'll bett a cool hundred, he swings before Christmas."

Shall I own to you, that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myself had observed in his deportment, has interested me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature seems to have intended for a useful and honourable member of that community upon which he now preys for subsistence? It seems, he lived some time as a clerk to a timber-merchant, whose daughter Martin having privately married, was discarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long survive her marriage; and Martin, turning fortune-hunter, could not supply his occasions any other way, than by taking to the road, in which he has travelled hitherto with uncommon success.—He pays his respects regularly to Mr. Justice Buzzard, the thief-catcher-general of this metropolis, and sometimes they smoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the conversation generally turns upon the nature of evidence.—The justice has given him fair warning to take care of himself, and he has received his caution in good part.—Hitherto he has baffled all the vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emissaries, with such conduct as would have done honour to the genius of a Cæsar or a Turenne;[6] but he has one weakness, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of his tribe, namely, an indiscreet devotion to the fair sex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenceless quarter.

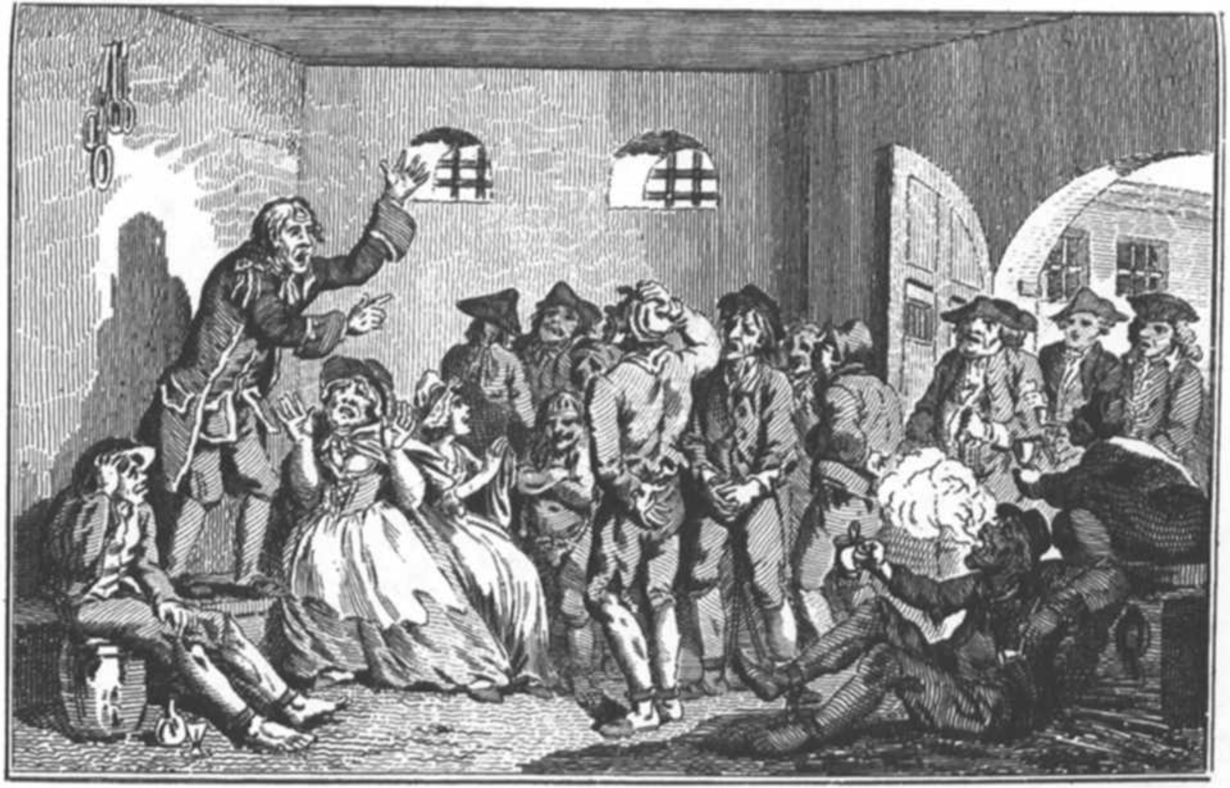
Be that as it may, I saw the body of poor Clinker consigned to the gaoler of Clerkenwell, to whose indulgence I recommended him so effectually, that he received him in the most hospitable manner, though there was a necessity for equipping him with a suit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature seemed as much affected by my uncle's kindness, as by his own misfortune. When I assured him, that nothing should be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement easy in the mean time, he fell down on his knees, and kissing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O 'squire! (cried he, sobbing) what shall I say?—I can't—no, I can't speak—my poor heart is bursting with gratitude to you and my dear—dear—generous—noble benefactor."

I protest, the scene became so pathetic, that I was fain to force myself away, and returned to my uncle, who sent me in the afternoon with a compliment to one Mr. Mead, the person who had been robbed on Black-heath. As I did not find him at home, I left a message, in consequence of which he called at our lodgings this morning, and very humanely agreed to visit the prisoner. By this time, lady Griskin had come to make her formal compliments of condolance to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domestic calamity; and that prudent maiden, whose passion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyship so civilly, that a reconciliation immediately ensued. These two ladies resolved to comfort the poor prisoner in their own persons, and Mr. Mead and I 'squired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by some slight complaints in his stomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably sullen; and when we enquired for Clinker, "I don't care, if the devil had him; (said he) here has been nothing but canting and praying since the fellow entered the place.—Rabbit him![7] the tap will be ruined—we han't sold a cask of beer, nor a dozen of wine, since he paid his garnish[8]—the gentlemen get drunk with nothing but your damned religion.——For my part, I believe as how your man deals with the devil.—Two or three as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounslow,[9] have been blubbering all night; and if the fellow an't speedily removed by Habeas Corpus, or otherwise, I'll be damn'd if there's a grain of true spirit left within these walls—we shan't have a soul to do credit to the place, or make his exit like a true-born Englishman—damn my eyes! there will be nothing but snivelling in the cart—we shall all die like so many psalm-singing weavers."

In short, we found that Humphry was, at that very instant, haranguing the felons in the chapel; and that the gaoler's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win Jenkins, and our house-maid, were among the audience, which we immediately joined. I never saw any thing so strongly picturesque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midst of whom stood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a transport of fervor, on the torments of hell, denounced in scripture against evil-doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves, and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of those ragamuffins, formed a groupe that would not have disgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one, it denoted admiration; in another, doubt; in a third, disdain; in a fourth, contempt; in a fifth, terror; in a sixth, derision; and in a seventh, indignation.—As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, she was in tears, overwhelmed with sorrow; but whether for her own sins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to say. The other females seemed to listen with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The gaoler's wife declared he was a saint in trouble, saying, she wished from her heart, there was such another good soul, like him, in every gaol in England.

Mr. Mead, having earnestly surveyed the preacher, declared his appearance



Humphry Clinker in prison preaching to the Felons, by Rowlandson.
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was so different from that of the person who robbed him on Black-heath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man: but Humphry himself was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehensions of being hanged; for he had been the night before solemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-prisoners, some of whom he had already converted to methodism. He now made proper acknowledgements for the honour of our visit, and was permitted to kiss the hands of the ladies, who assured him, he might depend upon their friendship and protection. Lady Griskin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-prisoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having such a saint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf[10] for the benefit of their poor souls; and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, she reinforced it with her bounty.

While she and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach with the two maid-servants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the house of justice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, said his oath could be of no use at present, but that he would be a material evidence for the prisoner at his trial; so that there seems to be no remedy but patience[11] for poor Clinker; and, indeed, the same virtue, or medicine, will be necessary for us all, the 'squire in particular, who had set his heart upon his excursion to the northward.

While we were visiting honest Humphry in Clerkenwell prison, my uncle received a much more extraordinary visit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made such honourable mention, desired permission to pay him his respects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him, that having observed him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal disturbed by what had happened to his servant, he had come to assure him he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life; for, if it was possible that any jury could find him guilty upon such evidence, he, Martin himself, would produce in court a person, whose deposition would bring him off clear as the sun at noon.[12]—Sure, the fellow would not be so romantic as to take the robbery upon himself!—He said, the postilion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the same profession, and saved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions; that being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this desperate push, to swear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction; but that he would find himself miserably disappointed, for the justice and his myrmidons[13] were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of business; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to shop the evidence[14] himself before the next gaol-delivery. He affirmed, that all these circumstances were well known to the justice; and that his severity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his master to make him a present in private, as an acknowledgement of his candour and humanity.

This hint, however, was so unpalatable to Mr. Bramble, that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himself for life to London, which he detested, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in consequence of encouraging corruption in a magistrate. Hearing, however, how favourable Mr. Mead's report had been for the prisoner, he is resolved to take the advice of counsel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt, but that in a day or two this troublesome business may be discussed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavours do not miscarry, we shall have taken the field before you hear again from

Yours,
J. MELFORD.

London, June 11.

To Dr. LEWIS.

Thank Heaven! dear Lewis, the clouds are dispersed, and I have now the clearest prospect of my summer campaign, which, I hope, I shall be able to begin to-morrow. I took the advice of counsel, with respect to the case of Clinker, in whose favour a lucky incident has intervened. The fellow who accused him, has had his own battery turned upon himself.—Two days ago, he was apprehended for a robbery on the highway, and committed, on the evidence of an accomplice. Clinker, having moved for a writ of *habeas corpus*, was brought before the lord chief justice,[1] who, in consequence of an affidavit of the gentleman who had been robbed, importing that the said Clinker was not the person who stopped him on the highway, as well as in consideration of the postilion's character and present circumstances, was pleased to order, that my servant should be admitted to bail, and he has been discharged accordingly, to the unspeakable satisfaction of our whole family, to which he has recommended himself in an extraordinary manner, not only by his obliging deportment, but by his talents of preaching, praying, and singing psalms, which he has exercised with such effect, that even Tabby respects him as a chosen vessel. If there was any thing like affectation or hypocrisy in this excess of religion, I would not keep him in my service; but, so far as I can observe, the fellow's character is downright simplicity, warmed with a kind of enthusiasm, which renders him very susceptible of gratitude and attachment to his benefactors.

As he is an excellent horseman, and understands farriery, I have bought a stout gelding for his use, that he may attend us on the road, and have an eye to our cattle, in case the coachman should not mind his business. My nephew, who is to ride his own saddle-horse, has taken, upon trial, a servant just come from abroad with his former master, sir William Strollop, who vouches for his honesty. The fellow, whose name is Dutton, seems to be a petit-maitre.—He has got a smattering of French, bows, and grins, and shrugs, and takes snuff *a la mode de France*, but values himself chiefly upon his skill and dexterity in hair-dressing.—If I am not much deceived by appearance, he is, in all respects, the very contrast of Humphry Clinker.

My sister has made up matters with lady Griskin; though, I must own, I should not have been sorry to see that connexion entirely destroyed: but Tabby is not of a disposition to forgive Barton, who, I understand, is gone to his seat in Berkshire for the summer season. I cannot help suspecting, that in the treaty of peace, which has been lately ratified betwixt those two females, it is stipulated, that her ladyship shall use her best endeavours to provide an agreeable help-mate for our sister Tabitha, who seems to be quite desperate in her matrimonial designs. Perhaps, the match-maker is to have a valuable consideration in the way of brokerage, which she will most certainly deserve, if she can find any man in his senses, who will yoke with Mrs. Bramble from motives of affection or interest.

I find my spirits and my health affect each other reciprocally—that is to say, every thing that discomposes my mind, produces a correspondent disorder in my body; and my bodily complaints are remarkably mitigated by those considerations that dissipate the clouds of mental chagrin.—The imprisonment of Clinker brought on those symptoms which I mentioned in my last, and now they are vanished at his discharge.—It must be owned, indeed, I took some of the tincture of ginseng, prepared according to your prescription, and found it exceedingly grateful to the stomach; but the pain and sickness continued to return, after short intervals, till the anxiety of my mind was entirely removed, and then I found myself perfectly at ease. We have had fair weather these ten days, to the astonishment of the Londoners, who think it portentous. If you enjoy the same indulgence in Wales, I hope Barns has got my hay made, and safe cocked, by this time. As we shall be in motion for some weeks, I cannot expect to hear from you as usual; but I shall continue to write from every place at which we make any halt, that you may know our track, in case it should be necessary to communicate any thing to

Your assured friend,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

London, June 14.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall, &c.

DEAR MARY,

Having the occasion of my cousin Jenkins of Aberga'ny, I send you, as a token, a turkey-shell comb, a kiple of yards of green ribbon, and a sarment upon the nothingness of good works, which was preached in the Tabernacle; and you will also recieve a horn-buck for Saul, whereby she may learn her letters; for I'm much consarned about the state of her poor sole—and what are all the pursuits of this life to the consarns of that immortal part?—What is life but a veil of affliction? O Mary! the whole family have been in such a constipation!—Mr. Clinker has been in trouble, but the gates of hell have not been able to prevail again him.[1]——His virtue is like poor gould, seven times tried in the fire.[2] He was tuck up[3] for a rubbery, and had before gustass Busshard, who made his mittamouse; and the pore youth was sent to prison upon the false oaf of a willian, that wanted to sware his life away for the looker of cain.

The 'squire did all in his power, but could not prevent his being put in chains, and confined among common manufactors, where he stud like an innocent sheep in the midst of wolves and tygers.[4]—Lord knows, what mought have happened to this pyehouse young man, if master had not applied to Apias Korkus, who lives with the ould bailiff, and is, they say, five hundred years ould, (God bless us!) and a congeror: but, if he be, sure I am he don't deal with the devil, otherwise he wouldn't have fought out Mr. Clinker, as he did, in spite of stone walls, iron bolts, and double locks, that flew open at his command;[5] for Ould Scratch[6] has not a greater enemy upon hearth than Mr. Clinker, who is, indeed, a very powerfull labourer in the Lord's vineyard. I do no more than yuse the words of my good lady, who has got the infectual calling; and, I trust, that even myself, though unworthy, shall find grease to be excepted.——Miss Liddy has been touch'd to the quick, but is a little timorsome: howsomever, I make no doubt, but she, and all of us, will be brought, by the endeavours of Mr. Clinker, to produce blessed fruit of generation and repentance.[7]——As for master and the young 'squire, they have as yet had narro glimpse of the new light.——I doubt as how their harts are hardened by worldly wisdom, which, as the pyebill saith, is foolishness in the sight of God.[8]

O Mary Jones, pray without seizing[9] for grease to prepare you for the operations of this wonderful instrument, which, I hope, will be exorcised this winter upon you and others at Brambleton-hall.——To-morrow, we are to set out in a cox and four for Yorkshire; and, I believe, we shall travel that way far, and far, and farther than I can tell; but I shan't go so far as to forget my friends; and Mary Jones will always be remembered as one of them by her

humble sarvant,
WIN. JENKINS.

London, June 14.

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, house-keeper at Brambleton-hall.

MRS. GWILLIM,

I can't help thinking it very strange, that I never had an answer to the letter I wrote you some weeks ago from Bath, concerning the sour bear, the gander, and the maids eating butter, which I won't allow to be wasted.—We are now going upon a long gurney to the north, whereby I desire you will redouble your care and circumflexion, that the family may be well manged in our absence; for, you know, you must render accunt, not only to your earthly master, but also to him that is above; and if you are found a good and faithfull sarvant,[1] great will be your reward in haven.[2] I hope there will be twenty stun of cheese ready for market by the time I get huom, and as much owl spun, as will make half a dozen pair of blankets; and that the savings of the butter-milk will fetch me a good penny before Martinmass,[3] as the two pigs are to be fed for baking with bitchmast[4] and acrons.

I wrote to doctor Lews for the same porpuss, but he never had the good manners to take the least notice of my letter; for which reason, I shall never favour him with another, though he beshits me on his bended knees. You will do well to keep a watchfull eye over the hind Villiams, who is one of his amissories, and, I believe, no better than he should be at bottom.[5] God forbid that I should lack christian charity; but charity begins at huom, and sure nothing can be a more charitable work than to rid the family of such vermine. I do suppose, that the brindled cow has been had to the parson's bull, that old Moll has had another litter of pigs, and that Dick is become a mighty mouser. Pray order every thing for the best, and be frugal, and keep the maids to their labour.—If I had a private opportunity, I would send them some hymns to sing instead of profane ballads; but, as I can't, they and you must be contented with the prayers of

Your assured friend,
T. BRAMBLE.

London, June 14.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

The very day after I wrote my last, Clinker was set at liberty—As Martin had foretold, the accuser was himself committed for a robbery, upon unquestionable evidence. He had been for some time in the snares of the thief-taking society; who, resenting his presumption in attempting to incroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the deposition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The postilion being upon record as an old offender, the chief justice made no scruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he perused the affidavit of Mr. Mead, importing that the said Clinker was not the person that robbed him on Blackheath; and honest Humphry was discharged—When he came home, he expressed great eagerness to pay his respects to his master, and here his elocution failed him, but his silence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, shedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not see without emotion—He took snuff in some confusion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his blessing in something more substantial than words—"Clinker, (said he) I am so well convinced, both of your honesty and courage, that I am resolved to make you my life-guard-man on the highway."

He was accordingly provided with a case of pistols, and a carbine to be slung a-cross his shoulders; and every other preparation being made, we set out last Thursday, at seven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his use; myself a-horseback, attended by my new valet, Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, fresh from his travels, whom I have taken upon trial—The fellow wears a solitaire,[1] uses paint, and takes rappee[2] with all the grimace of a French marquis. At present, however, he is in a riding-dress, jack-boots, leather breeches, a scarlet waistcoat, with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French posting-whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.[3]

Before we had gone nine miles, my horse lost one of his shoes; so that I was obliged to stop at Barnet[4] to have another, while the coach proceeded at an easy pace over the common. About a mile short of Hatfield,[5] the postilions, stopping the carriage, gave notice to Clinker that there were two suspicious fellows a-horseback, at the end of a lane, who seemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith apprised my uncle, declaring he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood; and, unslinging his carbine, prepared for action. The 'squire had pistols in the pockets of the coach, and resolved to make use of them directly; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themselves about his neck, and screamed in concert—At that instant, who should come up at a hand-gallop, but Martin, the highway-man, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compose themselves for a moment; then, desiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a pistol out of his bosom, and they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great distance, fled a-cross the common. They were in pursuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the shreiks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his periwig, struggling to disentangle himself from Tabby and the other two, and swearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpose, Martin and Clinker returned from the pursuit, and the former payed his compliments with great politeness, giving us to understand, that the fellows had scampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and said, if we would give him leave, he would have the honour to accompany us as far as Stevenage,[6] where he had some business.

The 'squire, having recollected and adjusted himself, was the first to laugh at his own situation; but it was not without difficulty, that Tabby's arms could be untwisted from his neck. Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as usual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as it was described by the constable, and he was much struck with its singularity—He could not suppose the fellow had any design on our company, which was so numerous and well armed; he therefore thanked him, for the service he had just done them, said he would be glad of his company, and asked him to dine with us at Hatfield.[7] This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies, had they known the real profession of our guest, but this was a secret to all, except my uncle and myself—Mrs. Tabitha, however, would by no means consent to proceed with a case of loaded pistols in the coach, and they were forthwith discharged in complaisance to her and the rest of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, she became remarkably good-humoured, and at dinner behaved in the most affable manner to Mr. Martin, with whose polite address and agreeable conversation she seemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accosting me in the yard, asked, with a significant look, if the gentleman that road the sorrel belonged to our company?—I understood his meaning, but answered, *no;* that he had come up with us on the common, and helped us to drive away two fellows, that looked like highwaymen—He nodded three times distinctly, as much as to say, he knows his cue. Then he inquired, if one of those men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a chesnut gelding with a white streak down his forehead? and being answered in the affirmative, he assured me they had robbed three post-chaises this very morning—I inquired, in my turn, if Mr. Martin was of his acquaintance; and, nodding thrice again, he answered, that *he had seen the gentleman.*

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle, fixing his eyes on Martin with such expression as is more easily conceived than described, asked, if he often travelled that road? and he replied with a look which denoted his understanding the question, that he very seldom did business in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favoured us with his company to the neighbourhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me, in very polite terms, and turned off upon a cross-road, that led to a village on the left—At supper,[8] Mrs. Tabby was very full in the praise of Mr. Martin's good-sense and good-breeding, and seemed to regret that she had not a further opportunity to make some experiment upon his affection. In the morning, my uncle was not a little surprised to receive, from the waiter, a billet couched in these words—

"Sir,

I could easily perceive from your looks, when I had the honour to converse with you at Hatfield, that my character is not unknown to you; and, I dare say, you won't think it strange, that I should be glad to change my present way of life, for any other honest occupation, let it be ever so humble, that will afford me bread in moderation, and sleep in safety—Perhaps you may think I flatter, when I say, that from the moment I was witness to your generous concern in the cause of your servant, I conceived a particular esteem and veneration for your person; and yet what I say is true. I should think myself happy, if I could be admitted into your protection and service, as house-steward, clerk, butler, or bailiff, for either of which places I think myself tolerably well qualified; and, sure I am, I should not be found deficient in gratitude and fidelity—At the same time, I am very sensible how much you must deviate from the common maxims of discretion, even in putting my professions to the trial; but I don't look upon you as a person that thinks in the ordinary stile; and the delicacy of my situation, will, I know, justify this address to a heart warmed with beneficence and compassion—Understanding you are going pretty far north, I shall take an opportunity to throw myself in your way again, before you reach the borders of Scotland; and, I hope, by that time, you will have taken into consideration, the truly distressful case of,

honoured sir,
your very humble,
and devoted servant,
EDWARD MARTIN."

The 'squire, having perused this letter, put it into my hand, without saying a syllable; and when I had read it, we looked at each other in silence. From a certain sparkling in his eyes, I discovered there was more in his heart, than he cared to express with his tongue, in favour of poor Martin; and this was precisely my own feeling, which he did not fail to discern, by the same means of communication – "What shall we do (said he) to save this poor sinner from the gallows, and make him a useful member of the commonwealth? and yet the proverb says, Save a thief from the gallows, and he'll cut your throat."[9] I told him, I really believed Martin was capable of giving the proverb the lie; and that I should heartily concur in any step he might take in favour of his sollicitation. We mutually resolved to deliberate upon the subject, and, in the mean time, proceeded on our journey. The roads, having been broke up by the heavy rains in the spring, were so rough, that although we travelled very slowly, the jolting occasioned such pain to my uncle, that he was become exceedingly peevish when we arrived at this place, which lies about eight miles from the post-road, between Wetherby and Boroughbridge.[10]

Harrigate-water,[11] so celebrated for its efficacy in the scurvy and other distempers, is supplied from a copious spring, in the hollow of a wild common, round which, a good many houses have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Most of the company lodge at some distance, in five separate inns,[12] situated in different parts of the common, from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a distinct society, that eat together; and there is a commodious public room, where they breakfast in dishabille, at separate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or chuse to come in – Here also they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening. One custom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a solecism in politeness – The ladies treat with tea in their turns;[13] and even girls of sixteen are not exempted from this shameful imposition —— There is a public ball by subscription every night at one of the houses, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets; and, indeed, Harrigate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and dissipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more sociable and familiar. One of the inns is already full up to the very garrets, having no less than fifty lodgers, and as many servants. Our family does not exceed thirty-six; and I should be sorry to see the number augmented, as our accommodations won't admit of much increase.

At present, the company is more agreeable than one could expect from an accidental assemblage of persons, who are utter strangers to one another—There seems to be a general disposition among us to maintain good-fellowship, and promote the purposes of humanity, in favour of those who come hither on the score of health. I see several faces which we left at Bath, although the majority are of the Northern counties, and many come from Scotland for the benefit of these waters—In such a variety, there must be some originals, among whom Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is not the most inconsiderable—No place where there is such an intercourse between the sexes, can be disagreeable to a lady of her views and temperament—She has had some warm disputes at table, with a lame parson from Northumberland, on the new birth, and the insignificance of moral virtue; and her arguments have been reinforced by an old Scotch lawyer, in a tye periwig, who, though he has lost his teeth, and the use of his limbs, can still wag his tongue with great volubility. He has paid her such fulsome compliments, upon her piety and learning, as seem to have won her heart; and she, in her turn, treats him with such attention as indicates a design upon his person; but, by all accounts, he is too much a fox to be inveigled into any snare[14] that she can lay for his affection.

We do not propose to stay long at Harrigate, though, at present, it is our head-quarters, from whence we shall make some excursions, to visit two or three of our rich relations, who are settled in this country.——Pray, remember me to all our friends of Jesus, and allow me to be still

yours affectionately,
J. MELFORD.

Harrigate, June 23.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Considering the tax we pay for turnpikes, the roads of this country constitute a most intolerable grievance.[1] Between Newark[2] and Weatherby, I have suffered more from jolting and swinging than ever I felt in the whole course of my life, although the carriage is remarkably commodious and well hung, and the postilions were very careful in driving. I am now safely housed at the New Inn,[3] at Harrigate, whither I came to satisfy my curiosity, rather than with any view of advantage to my health; and, truly, after having considered all the parts and particulars of the place, I cannot account for the concourse of people one finds here, upon any other principle but that of caprice, which seems to be the character of our nation.

Harrigate is a wild common,[4] bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the least signs of cultivation; and the people who come to drink the water, are crowded together in paltry inns, where the few tolerable rooms are monopolized by the friends and favourites of the house, and all the rest of the lodgers are obliged to put up with dirty holes, where there is neither space, air, nor convenience. My apartment is about ten feet square; and when the folding bed is down, there is just room sufficient to pass between it and the fire. One might expect, indeed, that there would be no occasion for a fire at Midsummer; but here the climate is so backward, that an ash tree, which our landlord has planted before my window, is just beginning to put forth its leaves; and I am fain to have my bed warmed every night.

As for the water, which is said to have effected so many surprising cures, I have drank it once, and the first draught has cured me of all desire to repeat the medicine.—Some people say it smells of rotten eggs, and others compare it to the scourings of a foul gun.—It is generally supposed to be strongly impregnated with sulphur; and Dr. Shaw,[5] in his book upon mineral waters, says, he has seen flakes of sulphur floating in the well.—*Pace tanti viri;*[6] I, for my part, have never observed any thing like sulphur, either in or about the well, neither do I find that any brimstone has ever been extracted from the water. As for the smell, if I may be allowed to judge from my own organs, it is exactly that of bilge-water; and the saline taste of it seems to declare that it is nothing else than salt water putrified in the bowels of the earth. I was obliged to hold my nose with one hand, while I advanced the glass to my mouth with the other; and after I had made shift to swallow it, my stomach could hardly retain what it had received.—The only effects it produced were sickness, griping, and insurmountable disgust.—I can hardly mention it without puking.—The world is strangely misled by the affectation of singularity. I cannot help suspecting, that this water owes its reputation in a great measure to its being so strikingly offensive.—On the same kind of analogy, a German doctor[7] has introduced hemlock and other poisons, as specifics, into the *materia medica.*—I am persuaded, that all the cures ascribed to the

Harrigate water, would have been as efficaciously, and infinitely more agreeably performed, by the internal and external use of sea-water.[8] Sure I am, this last is much less nauseous to the taste and smell, and much more gentle in its operation as a purge, as well as more extensive in its medical qualities.

Two days ago, we went across the country to visit 'squire Burdock,[9] who married a first cousin of my father, an heiress, who brought him an estate of a thousand a year. This gentleman is a declared opponent of the ministry in parliament; and having an opulent fortune, piques himself upon living in the country, and maintaining *old English hospitality.*—Bye the bye, this is a phrase very much used by the English themselves, both in words and writing; but I never heard of it out of the island, except by way of irony and sarcasm. What the hospitality of our fore-fathers has been I should be glad to see recorded, rather in the memoirs of strangers who have visited our country, and were the proper objects and judges of such hospitality, than in the discourse and lucubrations of the modern English, who seem to describe it from theory and conjecture. Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners, as a people totally destitute of this virtue; and I never was in any country abroad, where I did not meet with persons of distinction, who complained of having been inhospitably used in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany, who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets with his guest at London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's-head, the Turk's-head, the Boar's-head, or the Bear,[10] eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning.

But to return from this digression, which my feeling for the honour of my country obliged me to make——our Yorkshire cousin has been a mighty fox-hunter *before the Lord;*[11] but now he is too fat and unwieldy to leap ditches and five-bar gates; nevertheless, he still keeps a pack of hounds, which are well exercised; and his huntsman every night entertains him with the adventures of the day's chace, which he recites in a tone and terms that are extremely curious and significant. In the mean time, his broad brawn is scratched by one of his grooms.——This fellow, it seems, having no inclination to curry any beast out of the stable, was at great pains to scollop his nails in such a manner that the blood followed at every stroke.—He was in hopes that he would be dismissed from this disagreeable office, but the event turned out contrary to his expectation.—His master declared he was the best scratcher in the family; and now he will not suffer any other servant to draw a nail upon his carcase.

The 'squire's lady is very proud, without being stiff or inaccessible.——She receives even her inferiors in point of fortune with a kind of arrogant civility; but then she thinks she has a right to treat them with the most ungracious freedoms of speech, and never fails to let them know she is sensible of her own superior affluence.—In a word, she speaks well of no living soul, and has not one single friend in the world. Her husband hates her mortally; but, although the brute is sometimes so very powerful in him that he will have his own way, he generally truckles to her dominion, and dreads, like a schoolboy, the lash of her tongue. On the other hand, she is afraid of provoking him too far, lest he should make some desperate effort to shake off her yoke.—She, therefore, acquiesces in the proofs he daily gives of his attachment to the liberty of an English freeholder, by saying and doing, at his own table, whatever gratifies the brutality of his disposition, or contributes to the ease of his person. The house, though large, is neither elegant nor comfortable.—It looks like a great inn, crowded with travellers, who dine at the landlord's ordinary, where there is a great profusion of victuals and drink, but mine host seems to be misplaced; and I would rather dine upon filberts with a hermit, than feed upon venison with a hog. The footmen might be aptly compared to the waiters of a tavern, if they were more serviceable and less rapacious; but they are generally insolent and inattentive, and so greedy, that, I think, I can dine better, and for less expence, at the Star and Garter[12] in Pall mall, than at our cousin's castle in Yorkshire. The 'squire is not only accommodated with a wife, but he is also blessed with an only son, about two and twenty, just returned from Italy, a complete fidler and *dillettante;* and he slips no opportunity of manifesting the most perfect contempt for his own father.

When we arrived, there was a family of foreigners at the house, on a visit to this virtuoso, with whom they had been acquainted at the Spa: it was the count de Melville, with his lady,[13] on their way to Scotland. Mr. Burdock had met with an accident, in consequence of which both the count and I would have retired, but the young gentleman and his mother insisted upon our staying dinner; and their serenity seemed to be so little ruffled by what had happened, that we complied with their invitation. The 'squire had been brought home over night in his post-chaise, so terribly belaboured about the pate, that he seemed to be in a state of stupefaction, and had ever since remained speechless. A country apothecary, called Grieve, who lived in a neighbouring village, having been called to his assistance, had let him blood, and applied a poultice to his head, declaring, that he had no fever, nor any other bad symptom but the loss of speech, if he really had lost that faculty. But the young 'squire said this practitioner was an *ignorantaccio,* that there was a fracture in the *cranium,* and that there was a necessity for having him trepanned without loss of time. His mother, espousing this opinion, had sent an express to York for a surgeon to perform the operation, and he was already come with his 'prentice and instruments. Having examined the patient's head, he began to prepare his dressings; though Grieve still retained his first opinion that there was no fracture, and was the more confirmed in it as the 'squire had passed the night in profound sleep, uninterrupted by any catching or convulsion. The York surgeon said he could not tell whether there was a fracture, until he should take off the scalp; but, at any rate, the operation might be of service in giving vent to any blood that might be extravasated, either above or below the *dura mater*. The lady and her son were clear for trying the experiment; and Grieve was dismissed with some marks of contempt, which, perhaps, he owed to the plainness of his appearance. He seemed to be about the middle age, wore his own black hair without any sort of dressing; by his garb, one would have taken him for a quaker, but he had none of the stiffness of that sect, on the contrary, he was very submissive, respectful, and remarkably taciturn.

Leaving the ladies in an apartment by themselves, we adjourned to the patient's chamber, where the dressings and instruments were displayed in order upon a pewter dish. The operator, laying aside his coat and periwig, equipped himself with a night-cap, apron, and sleeves, while his 'prentice and footman, seizing the 'squire's head, began to place it in a proper posture.—— But mark what followed.—The patient, bolting upright in the bed, collared each of these assistants with the grasp of Hercules, exclaiming, in a bellowing tone, "I ha'n't lived so long in Yorkshire to be trepanned by such vermin as you;" and leaping on the floor, put on his breeches quietly, to the astonishment of us all. The surgeon still insisted upon the operation, alledging it was now plain that the brain was injured, and desiring the servants to put him into bed again; but no body would venture to execute his orders, or even to interpose: when the 'squire turned him and his assistants out of doors, and threw his apparatus out at the window. Having thus asserted his prerogative, and put on his cloaths with the help of a valet, the count, with my nephew and me, were introduced by his son, and received with his usual stile of rustic civility; then turning to signor Macaroni,[14] with a sarcastic grin, "I tell thee what, Dick, (said he) a man's scull is not to be bored every time his head is broken; and I'll convince thee and thy mother, that I know as many tricks as e'er an old fox in the West Riding."

We afterwards understood he had quarrelled at a public house with an exciseman, whom he challenged to a bout at single stick, in which he had been worsted; and that the shame of this defeat had tied up his tongue. As for madam, she had shewn no concern for his disaster, and now heard of his recovery without emotion—She had taken some little notice of my sister and niece, though rather with a view to indulge her own petulance, than out of any sentiment of regard to our family.—She said Liddy was a fright, and ordered her woman to adjust her head before dinner; but she would not meddle with Tabby, whose spirit, she soon perceived, was not to be irritated with impunity. At table, she acknowledged me so far as to say she had heard of my father; though she hinted, that he had disobliged her family by making a poor match in Wales. She was disagreeably familiar in her enquiries about our circumstances; and asked, if I intended to bring up my nephew to the law. I told her, that, as he had an independent fortune, he should follow no profession but that of a country gentleman; and that I was not without hopes of procuring for him a seat in parliament.——"Pray, cousin, (said she) what may his fortune be?" When I answered, that, with what I should be able to give him, he would have better than two thousand a year, she replied, with a disdainful toss of her head, that it would be impossible for him to preserve his independence on such a paltry provision.

Not a little nettled at this arrogant remark, I told her, I had the honour to sit in parliament with her father, when he had little more than half that income; and I believed there was not a more independent and incorruptible member in the house. "Ay; but times are changed, (cried the 'squire)—Country gentlemen now-a-days live after another fashion.[15]—My table alone stands me in a cool thousand a quarter, though I raise my own stock, import my own liquors, and have every thing at the first hand.—True it is, I keep open house, and receive all comers, for the honour of Old England." "If that be the case, (said I) 'tis a wonder you can maintain it at so small an expence; but every private gentleman is not expected to keep a *caravansera*[16] for the accommodation of travellers: indeed, if every individual lived in the same stile, you would not have such a number of guests at your table, of consequence your hospitality would not shine so bright for the glory of the West Riding." The young 'squire, tickled by this ironical observation, exclaimed, "*O che burla!*"[17]—his mother eyed me in silence with a supercilious air; and the father of the feast, taking a bumper of October,[18] "My service to you, cousin Bramble, (said he) I have always heard there was something keen and biting in the air of the Welch mountains."

I was much pleased with the count de Melville, who is sensible, easy, and polite; and the countess is the most amiable woman I ever beheld. In the afternoon they took leave of their entertainers, and the young gentleman, mounting his horse, undertook to conduct their coach through the park, while one of their servants rode round to give notice to the rest, whom they had left at a public house on the road. The moment their backs were turned, the censorious dæmon took possession of our Yorkshire landlady and our sister Tabitha.—The former observed, that the countess was a good sort of a body, but totally ignorant of good breeding, consequently aukward in her address. The 'squire said he did not pretend to the breeding of any thing but colts; but that the jade would be very handsome, if she was a little more in flesh. "Handsome! (cried Tabby) she has indeed a pair of black eyes without any meaning; but then there is not a good feature in her face." "I know not what you call good features in Wales; (replied our landlord) but they'll pass in Yorkshire." Then turning to Liddy, he added, "What say you, my pretty Redstreak?[19]—what is your opinion of the countess?" "I think, (cried Liddy, with great emotion) she's an angel." Tabby chid her for talking with such freedom in company; and the lady of the house said, in a contemptuous tone, she supposed miss had been brought up at some country boarding-school.

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the young gentleman, who galloped into the yard all aghast, exclaiming, that the coach was attacked by a great number of highwaymen. My nephew and I rushing out, found his own and his servant's horse ready saddled in the stable, with pistols in the caps.[20]—We mounted instantly, ordering Clinker and Dutton to follow with all possible expedition; but notwithstanding all the speed we could make, the action was over before we arrived, and the count with his lady, safe lodged at the house of Grieve, who had signalized himself in a very remarkable manner on this occasion. At the turning of a lane, that led to the village where the count's servants remained, a couple of robbers a-horseback suddenly appeared, with their pistols advanced: one kept the coachman in awe, and the other demanded the count's money, while the young 'squire went off at full speed, without ever casting a look behind. The count desiring the thief to withdraw his pistol, as the lady was in great terror, delivered his purse without making the least resistance; but not satisfied with this booty, which was pretty considerable, the rascal insisted upon rifling her of her ear-rings and necklace, and the countess screamed with affright. Her husband, exasperated at the violence with which she was threatened, wrested the pistol out of the fellow's hand, and turning it upon him, snapped it in his face; but the robber knowing there was no charge in it, drew another from his bosom, and in all probability would have killed him on the spot, had not his life been saved by a wonderful interposition. Grieve, the apothecary, chancing to pass that very instant, ran up to the coach, and with a crab-stick, which was all the weapon he had, brought the fellow to the ground with the first blow; then seizing his pistol, presented it to his colleague, who fired his piece at random, and fled without further opposition. The other was secured by the assistance of the count and the coachman; and his legs being tied under the belly of his own horse, Grieve conducted him to the village, whither also the carriage proceeded. It was with great difficulty the countess could be kept from swooning; but at last she was happily conveyed to the house of the apothecary, who went into the shop to prepare some drops for her, while his wife and daughter administered to her in another apartment.

I found the count standing in the kitchen with the parson of the parish, and expressing much impatience to see his protector, whom as yet he had scarce found time to thank for the essential service he had done him and the countess.—The daughter passing at the same time with a glass of water, monsieur de Melville could not help taking notice of her figure, which was strikingly engaging.—"Ay, (said the parson) she is the prettiest girl, and the best girl in all my parish; and if I could give my son an estate of ten thousand a year, he should have my consent to lay it at her feet. If Mr. Grieve had been as sollicitous about getting money, as he has been in performing all the duties of a primitive Christian, Fy would not have hung so long upon his hands." "What is her name?" said I. "Sixteen years ago (answered the vicar) I christened her by the names of Seraphina Melvilia." "Ha! what! how! (cried the count eagerly) sure, you said Seraphina Melvilia." "I did; (said he) Mr. Grieve told me those were the names of two noble persons abroad, to whom he had been obliged for more than life."

The count, without speaking another syllable, rushed into the parlour, crying, "This is your god-daughter, my dear." Mrs. Grieve, then seizing the countess by the hand, exclaimed with great agitation, "O madam!—O sir!—I am—I am your poor Elinor.——This is my Seraphina Melvilia.——O child! these are the count and countess of Melville, the generous—the glorious benefactors of thy once unhappy parents."

The countess rising from her seat, threw her arms about the neck of the amiable Seraphina, and clasped her to her breast with great tenderness, while she herself was embraced by the weeping mother. This moving scene was completed by the entrance of Grieve himself, who falling on his knees before the count, "Behold (said he) a penitent, who at length can look upon his patron without shrinking." "Ah, Ferdinand! (cried he, raising and folding him in his arms) the play-fellow of my infancy—the companion of my youth!—Is it to you then I am indebted for my life?" "Heaven has heard my prayer, (said the other) and given me an opportunity to prove myself not altogether unworthy of your clemency and protection." He then kissed the hand of the countess, while monsieur de Melville saluted his wife and lovely daughter, and all of us were greatly affected by this pathetic recognition.

In a word, Grieve was no other than Ferdinand count Fathom, whose adventures were printed many years ago. Being a sincere convert to virtue, he had changed his name, that he might elude the enquiries of the count, whose generous allowance he determined to forego, that he might have no dependence but upon his own industry and moderation.[21] He had accordingly settled in this village as a practitioner in surgery and physic, and for some years wrestled with all the miseries of indigence, which, however, he and his wife had borne with the most exemplary resignation. At length, by dint of unwearied attention to the duties of his profession, which he exercised with equal humanity and success, he had acquired a tolerable share of business among the farmers and common people, which enabled him to live in a decent manner. He had been scarce ever seen to smile; was unaffectedly pious; and all the time he could spare from the avocations of his employment he spent in educating his daughter, and in studying for his own improvement.—In short, the adventurer Fathom was, under the name of Grieve, universally respected among the commonalty of this district, as a prodigy of learning and virtue. These particulars I learned from the vicar, when we quitted the room, that they might be under no restraint in their mutual effusions. I make no doubt that Grieve will be pressed to leave off business, and re-unite himself to the count's family; and as the countess seemed extremely fond of his daughter, she will, in all probability, insist upon Seraphina's accompanying her to Scotland.

Having paid our compliments to these noble persons, we returned to the 'squire's, where we expected an invitation to pass the night, which was wet and raw; but, it seems, 'squire Burdock's hospitality reached not so far for the honour of Yorkshire: we therefore departed in the evening, and lay at an inn, where I caught cold.

In hope of riding it down before it could take fast hold on my constitution, I resolved to visit another relation, one Mr. Pimpernel,[22] who lived about a dozen miles from the place where we lodged. Pimpernel being the youngest of four sons, was bred an attorney at Furnival's-inn;[23] but all his elder brothers dying, he got himself called to the bar for the honour of his family, and soon after this preferment, succeeded to his father's estate, which was very considerable. He carried home with him all the knavish chicanery of the lowest pettifogger, together with a wife whom he had purchased of a drayman for twenty pounds; and he soon found means to obtain a *Dedimus*[24] as an acting justice of peace. He is not only a sordid miser in his disposition, but his avarice is mingled with a spirit of despotism, which is truly diabolical.—He is a brutal husband, an unnatural parent, a harsh master, an oppressive landlord, a litigious neighbour, and a partial magistrate.——Friends he has none; and in point of hospitality and good breeding, our cousin Burdock is a prince in comparison of this ungracious miscreant, whose house is the lively representation of a gaol. Our reception was suitable to the character I have sketched. Had it depended upon the wife, we should have been kindly treated.—She is really a good sort of a woman, in spite of her low original, and well respected in the county; but she has not interest enough in her own house to command a draught of table-beer, far less to bestow any kind of education on her children, who run about, like ragged colts, in a state of nature.—Pox on him! he is such a dirty fellow, that I have not patience to prosecute the subject.

By that time we reached Harrigate, I began to be visited by certain rheumatic symptoms. The Scotch lawyer, Mr. Micklewhimmen,[25] recommended a hot bath of these waters so earnestly, that I was over-persuaded to try the experiment.—He had used it often with success, and always stayed an hour in the bath, which was a tub filled with Harrigate water, heated for the purpose. If I could hardly bear the smell of a single tumbler when cold, you may guess how my nose was regaled by the steams arising from a hot bath of the same fluid. At night, I was conducted into a dark hole on the ground floor, where the tub smoaked and stunk like the pot of Acheron,[26] in one corner, and in another stood a dirty bed provided with thick blankets, in which I was to sweat after coming out of the bath. My heart seemed to die within me when I entered this dismal bagnio, and found my brain assaulted by such insufferable effluvia.—I cursed Micklewhimmen for not considering that my organs were formed on this side of the Tweed; but being ashamed to recoil upon the threshold, I submitted to the process.

After having endured all but real suffocation for above a quarter of an hour in the tub, I was moved to the bed and wrapped in blankets.—There I lay a full hour panting with intolerable heat; but not the least moisture appearing on my skin, I was carried to my own chamber, and passed the night without closing an eye, in such a flutter of spirits as rendered me the most miserable wretch in being. I should certainly have run distracted, if the rarefaction of my blood, occasioned by that Stygian bath,[27] had not burst the vessels, and produced a violent hæmorrhage, which, though dreadful and alarming, removed the horrible disquiet.—I lost two pounds of blood, and more,[28] on this occasion; and find myself still weak and languid; but, I believe, a little exercise will forward my recovery; and therefore I am resolved to set out to-morrow for York, in my way to Scarborough, where I propose to brace up my fibres by sea-bathing, which, I know, is one of your favourite specifics. There is, however, one disease, for which you have found as yet no specific, and that is old age, of which this tedious unconnected epistle is an infallible symptom: — *what*, therefore, *cannot be cured, must be endured,*[29] by you, as well as by

Yours,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Harrigate, June 26.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

The manner of living at Harrigate was so agreeable to my disposition, that I left the place with some regret — Our aunt Tabby would have probably made some objection to our departing so soon, had not an accident embroiled her with Mr. Micklewhimmen, the Scotch advocate, on whose heart she had been practising, from the second day after our arrival — That original, though seemingly precluded from the use of his limbs, had turned his genius to good account — In short, by dint of groaning, and whining, he had excited the compassion of the company so effectually, that an old lady, who occupied the very best apartment in the house, gave it up for his ease and convenience. When his man led him into the Long Room,[1] all the females were immediately in commotion — One set an elbow-chair; another shook up the cushion; a third brought a stool; and a fourth a pillow, for the accommodation of his feet — Two ladies (of whom Tabby was always one) supported him into the dining-room, and placed him properly at the table; and his taste was indulged with a succession of delicacies, culled by their fair hands. All this attention he repaid with a profusion of compliments and benedictions, which were not the less agreeable for being delivered in the Scottish dialect. As for Mrs. Tabitha, his respects were particularly addressed to her, and he did not fail to mingle them with religious reflections, touching free grace, knowing her biass to methodism, which he also professed upon a calvinistical model.

For my part, I could not help thinking this lawyer was not such an invalid as he pretended to be. I observed he ate very heartily three times a-day; and though his bottle was marked *stomachic tincture*, he had recourse to it so often, and seemed to swallow it with such peculiar relish, that I suspected it was not compounded in the apothecary's shop, or the chemist's laboratory. One day, while he was earnest in discourse with Mrs. Tabitha, and his servant had gone out on some occasion or other, I dexterously exchanged the labels, and situation of his bottle and mine; and having tasted his tincture, found it was excellent claret. I forthwith handed it about to some of my neighbours, and it was quite emptied before Mr. Micklewhimmen had occasion to repeat his draught. At length, turning about, he took hold of my bottle, instead of his own, and, filling a large glass, drank to the health of Mrs. Tabitha—It had scarce touched his lips, when he perceived the change which had been put upon him, and was at first a little out of countenance——He seemed to retire within himself, in order to deliberate, and in half a minute his resolution was taken; addressing himself to our quarter, "I give the gentleman cradit for his wit (said he); it was a gude practical joke; but sometimes *hi joci in seria ducunt mala*[2]—I hope for his own sake he has na drank all the liccor; for it was a vara poorful infusion of jallap[3] in Bourdeaux wine; at its possable he may ha ta'en sic a dose as will produce a terrible catastrophe in his ain booels—"

By far the greater part of the contents had fallen to the share of a young clothier from Leeds, who had come to make a figure at Harrigate, and was, in effect a great coxcomb in his way. It was with a view to laugh at his fellow-guests, as well as to mortify the lawyer, that he had emptied the bottle, when it came to his turn, and he had laughed accordingly: but now his mirth gave way to his apprehension—He began to spit, to make wry faces, and writhe himself into various contorsions—"Damn the stuff! (cried he) I thought it had a villanous twang—pah! He that would cozen a Scot, mun get oop betimes, and take Old Scratch for his counsellor—" "In troth mester what d'ye ca'um, (replied the lawyer) your wit has run you into a filthy puddle—I'm truly consarned for your waeful case—The best advice I can give you, in sic a delemma, is to send an express to Rippon for doctor Waugh,[4] without delay, and, in the mean time, swallow all the oil and butter you can find in the hoose, to defend your poor stomach and intastins from the villication[5] of the particles of the jallap, which is vara violent, even when taken in moderation."

The poor clothier's torments had already begun: he retired, roaring with pain, to his own chamber; the oil was swallowed, and the doctor sent for; but before he arrived, the miserable patient had made such discharges upwards and downwards, that nothing remained to give him further offence; and this double evacuation, was produced by imagination alone; for what he had drank was genuine wine of Bourdeaux, which the lawyer had brought from Scotland for his own private use. The clothier, finding the joke turn out so expensive and disagreeable, quitted the house next morning, leaving the triumph to Micklewhimmen, who enjoyed it internally, without any outward signs of exultation—on the contrary, he affected to pity the young man for what he had suffered; and acquired fresh credit from this shew of moderation.

It was about the middle of the night, which succeeded this adventure, that the vent of the kitchen chimney being foul, the soot took fire,[6] and the alarm was given in a dreadful manner—Every body leaped naked out of bed,[7] and in a minute the whole house was filled with cries and confusion—There were two stairs in the house, and to these we naturally ran; but they were both so blocked up, by the people pressing one upon another, that it seemed impossible to pass, without throwing down and trampling upon the women. In the midst of this anarchy, Mr. Micklewhimmen, with a leathern portmanteau on his back, came running as nimble as a buck along the passage; and Tabby, in her under-petticoat, endeavouring to hook him under the arm, that she might escape through his protection, he very fairly pushed her down, crying, "Na, na, gude faith, charity begins at hame!" Without paying the least respect to the shrieks and intreaties of his female friends, he charged through the midst of the crowd, overturning every thing that opposed him; and actually fought his way to the bottom of the stair-case—By this time Clinker had found a ladder, by which he entered the window of my uncle's chamber, where our family was assembled, and proposed that we should make our exit successively by that conveyance. The 'squire exhorted his sister to begin the descent; but, before she could resolve, her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, in a transport of terror, threw herself out at the window upon the ladder, while Humphry dropped upon the ground, that he might receive her in her descent——This maiden was just as she had started out of bed, the moon shone very bright, and a fresh breeze of wind blowing, none of Mrs. Winifred's beauties could possibly escape the view of the fortunate Clinker, whose heart was not able to withstand the united force of so many charms; at least, I am much mistaken, if he has not been her humble slave from that moment—He received her in his arms, and, giving her his coat to protect her from the weather, ascended again with admirable dexterity.

At that instant, the landlord of the house called out with an audible voice, that the fire was extinguished, and the ladies had nothing further to fear: this was a welcome note to the audience, and produced an immediate effect; the shrieking ceased, and a confused sound of expostulation ensued. I conducted Mrs. Tabitha and my sister to their own chamber, where Liddy fainted away; but was soon brought to herself. Then I went to offer my services to the other ladies, who might want assistance—They were all scudding through the passage to their several apartments; and as the thoroughfair was lighted by two lamps, I had a pretty good observation of them in their transit; but as most of them were naked to the smock, and all their heads shrowded in huge night-caps, I could not distinguish one face from another, though I recognized some of their voices—These were generally plaintive; some wept, some scolded, and some prayed—I lifted up one poor old gentlewoman, who had been overturned and sore bruised by a multitude of feet; and this was also the case with the lame parson from Northumberland, whom Micklewhimmen had in his passage overthrown, though not with impunity, for the cripple, in falling, gave him such a good pelt on the head with his crutch, that the blood followed.

As for this lawyer, he waited below till the hurly burly was over, and then stole softly to his own chamber, from whence he did not venture to make a second sally till eleven in the forenoon, when he was led into the Public Room by his own servant and another assistant, groaning most woefully, with a bloody napkin round his head. But things were greatly altered—The selfish brutality of his behaviour on the stairs had steeled their hearts against all his arts and address——Not a soul offered to accommodate him with chair, cushion, or footstool; so that he was obliged to sit down on a hard wooden bench—In that position, he looked around with a rueful aspect, and, bowing very low, said in a whining tone, "Your most humble servant, ladies—Fire is a dreadful calamity—" "Fire purifies gold,[8] and it tries friendship," cried Mrs. Tabitha, bridling. "Yea, madam (replied Micklewhimmen); and it trieth discretion also—" "If discretion consists in forsaking a friend in adversity, you are eminently possessed of that virtue," resumed our aunt—"Na, madam, (rejoined the advocate) well I wot, I cannot claim any merit from the mode of my retreat—Ye'll please to observe ladies, there are twa independent principles that actuate our nature—One is instinct, which we have in common with the brute creation, and the other is reason—Noo, in certain great emergencies, when the faculty of reason is suspended, instinct taks the lead, and when this predominates, having no affinity with reason, it pays no sort of regard to its connections; it only operates for the preservation of the individual, and that by the most expeditious and effectual means; therefore, begging your pardon, ladies, I'm no accountable in *foro conscientiæ*,[9] for what I did, while under the influence of this irresistible pooer."

Here my uncle interposing, "I should be glad to know, (said he) whether it was instinct that prompted you to retreat with bag and baggage; for, I think, you had a portmanteau on your shoulder—" The lawyer answered, without hesitation, "Gif I might tell my mind freely, withoot incuring the suspicion of presumption, I should think it was something superior to either reason or instinct which suggested that measure, and this on a twafald accoont: in the first place, the portmanteau contained the writings of a worthy nobleman's estate; and their being burnt would have occasioned a loss that could not be repaired; secondly, my good angel seems to have laid the portmantle on my shoulders, by way of defence, to sustain the violence of a most inhuman blow, from the crutch of a reverend clergyman; which, even in spite of that medium, hath wounded me sorely, even unto the pericranium." "By your own doctrine, (cried the parson, who chanced to be present) I am not accountable for the blow, which was the effect of instinct." "I crave your pardon, reverend sir, (said the other) instinct never acts but for the preservation of the individual; but your preservation was out of the case——you had already received the damage, and therefore the blow must be imputed to revenge, which is a sinful passion, that ill becomes any Christian, especially a protestant divine; and let me tell you, most reverend doctor, gin I had a-mind to plea, the law would hauld my libel relevant." "Why, the damage is pretty equal on both sides (cried the parson); your head is broke, and my crutch is snapt in the middle—Now, if you will repair the one, I will be at the expence of curing the other."

This sally raised the laugh against Micklewhimmen, who began to look grave; when my uncle, in order to change the discourse, observed, that instinct had been very kind to him in another respect; for it had restored to him the use of his limbs, which, in his exit, he had moved with surprising agility.——He replied, that it was the nature of fear to brace up the nerves; and mentioned some surprising feats of strength and activity performed by persons under the impulse of terror; but he complained, that in his own particular, the effects had ceased when the cause was taken away—The 'squire said, he would lay a tea-drinking on his head, that he should dance a Scotch measure, without making a false step; and the advocate grinning, called for the piper—A fiddler being at hand, this original started up, with his bloody napkin over his black tye-periwig, and acquitted himself in such a manner as exerted the mirth of the whole company; but he could not regain the good graces of Mrs. Tabby, who did not understand the principle of instinct; and the lawyer did not think it worth his while to proceed to further demonstration.

From Harrigate, we came hither, by the way of York, and here we shall tarry some days, as my uncle and Tabitha are both resolved to make use of the waters. Scarborough, though a paltry town, is romantic from its situation along a cliff that over-hangs the sea. The harbour is formed by a small elbow of land that runs out as a natural mole, directly opposite to the town;

and on that side is the castle, which stands very high, of considerable extent, and, before the invention of gun-powder, was counted impregnable.[10] At the other end of Scarborough are two public rooms[11] for the use of the company, who resort to this place in the summer, to drink the waters and bathe in the sea; and the diversions are pretty much on the same footing here as at Bath. The Spa is a little way beyond the town, on this side, under a cliff, within a few paces of the sea, and thither the drinkers go every morning in dishabille; but the descent is by a great number of steps, which invalids find very inconvenient. Betwixt the well and the harbour, the bathing machines[12] are ranged along the beach, with all their proper utensils and attendants—— You have never seen one of these machines—Image to yourself a small, snug, wooden chamber, fixed upon a wheel-carriage, having a door at each end, and on each side a little window above, a bench below—The bather, ascending into this apartment by wooden steps, shuts himself in, and begins to undress, while the attendant yokes a horse to the end next the sea, and draws the carriage forwards, till the surface of the water is on a level with the floor of the dressing-room, then he moves and fixes the horse to the other end—The person within, being stripped, opens the door to the sea-ward, where he finds the guide ready, and plunges headlong into the water——After having bathed, he re-ascends into the apartment, by the steps which had been shifted for that purpose, and puts on his clothes at his leisure, while the carriage is drawn back again upon the dry land; so that he has nothing further to do, but to open the door, and come down as he went up—Should he be so weak or ill as to require a servant to put off and on his clothes, there is room enough in the apartment for half a dozen people. The guides who attend the ladies in the water, are of their own sex, and they and the female bathers have a dress of flannel for the sea; nay, they are provided with other conveniences for the support of decorum. A certain number of the machines are fitted with tilts, that project from the sea-ward ends of them, so as to screen the bathers from the view of all persons whatsoever—The beach is admirably adapted for this practice, the descent being gently gradual, and the sand soft as velvet; but then the machines can be used only at a certain time of the tide, which varies every day; so that sometimes the bathers are obliged to rise very early in the morning——For my part, I love swimming as an exercise, and can enjoy it at all times of the tide, without the formality of an apparatus—You and I have often plunged together into the Isis; but the sea is a much more noble bath, for health as well as pleasure. You cannot conceive what a flow of spirits it gives, and how it braces every sinew of the human frame. Were I to enumerate half the diseases which are every day cured by sea-bathing, you might justly say you had received a treatise, instead of a letter, from

your affectionate friend
and servant,
J. MELFORD.

Scarborough, July 1.

To Dr. LEWIS.

I have not found all the benefit I expected at Scarborough, where I have been these eight days—From Harrigate we came hither by the way of York, where we stayed only one day to visit the Castle, the Minster, and the Assembly-room.[1] The first, which was heretofore a fortress, is now converted to a prison, and is the best, in all respects, I ever saw at home or abroad—It stands in a high situation, extremely well ventilated; and has a spacious area within the walls, for the health and convenience of all the prisoners, except those whom it is necessary to secure in close confinement——Even these last have all the comforts that the nature of their situation can admit. Here the assizes are held, in a range of buildings erected for that purpose.

As for the Minster, I know not how to distinguish it, except by its great size and the height of its spire, from those other antient churches in different parts of the kingdom, which used to be called monuments of Gothic architecture; but it is now agreed, that this stile is Saracen rather than Gothic;[2] and, I suppose, it was first imported into England from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the Moors. Those British architects, who adopted this stile, don't seem to have considered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country, possessed by the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, was so exceedingly hot and dry, that those who built places of worship for the multitude, employed their talents in contriving edifices that should be cool; and, for this purpose, nothing could be better adopted than those buildings; vast, narrow, dark, and lofty, impervious to the sun-beams, and having little communication with the scorched external atmosphere; but ever affording a refreshing coolness, like subterranean cellars in the heats of summer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more preposterous, than to imitate such a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air eternally loaded with vapours; and where, of consequence, the builder's intention should be to keep the people dry and warm—For my part, I never entered the Abbey church at Bath but once, and the moment I stept over the threshold, I found myself chilled to the very marrow of my bones—When we consider, that in our churches, in general, we breathe a gross stagnated air, surcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houses, may we not term them so many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty? and safely aver, that more bodies are lost, than souls saved, by going to church, in the winter especially, which may be said to engross eight months in the year. I should be glad to know, what offence it would give to tender consciences, if the house of God was made more comfortable, or less dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the salvation of many lives, if the place of worship was well floored, wainscotted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept sacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant superstition, influenced by knavish priests, who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground; and this, indeed, is the only reason that can be given for consecrating all cemeteries, even at this day.

The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but displeasing to the eye of every man, who has any idea of propriety and proportion,[3] even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a science; and the long slender spire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a sharp stake rising up through his shoulder—These towers, or steeples, were likewise borrowed from the Mahometans; who, having no bells, used such minarets for the purpose of calling the people to prayers—They may be of further use, however, for making observations and signals; but I would vote for their being distinct from the body of the church, because they serve only to make the pile more barbarous, or Saracenical.

There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the Assembly Room, which seems to me to have been built upon a design of Palladio,[4] and might be converted into an elegant place of worship; but it is indifferently contrived for that sort of idolatry which is performed in it at present: the grandeur of the fane[5] gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it, and the company, on a ball-night, must look like an assembly of fantastic fairies, revelling by moon-light among the columns of a Grecian temple.

Scarborough seems to be falling off, in point of reputation——All these places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the fashion changes—I am persuaded, there are fifty spaws in England as efficacious and salutary as that of Scarborough, though they have not yet risen to fame; and, perhaps, never will, unless some medical encomiast should find an interest in displaying their virtues to the public view—Be that as it may, recourse will always be had to this place for the convenience of sea-bathing, while this practice prevails; but it were to be wished, they would make the beach more accessible to invalids.[6]

I have here met with my old acquaintance, H——t,[7] whom you have often heard me mention as one of the most original characters upon earth—I first knew him at Venice, and afterwards saw him in different parts of Italy, where he was well known by the nick-name of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horse, like Death in the Revelations.[8] You must remember the account I once gave you of a curious dispute he had at Constantinople, with a couple of Turks, in defence of the Christian religion; a dispute from which he acquired the epithet of Demonstrator[9]—The truth is, H—— owns no religion but that of nature;[10] but, on this occasion, he was stimulated to shew his parts, for the honour of his country—Some years ago, being in the Campidoglio at Rome, he made up to the bust of Jupiter, and, bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, "I hope, sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." This sally was reported to the cardinal Camerlengo,[11] and by him laid before pope Benedict XIV.[12] who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the address, and said to the cardinal, "Those English heretics think they have a right to go to the devil in their own way."

Indeed H—— was the only Englishman I ever knew, who had resolution enough to live in his own way, in the midst of foreigners; for, neither in dress, diet, customs, or conversation, did he deviate one tittle from the manner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a Giro or circuit, which he thus performed—At Naples, where he fixed his head-quarters, he embarked for Marseilles, from whence he travelled with a Voiturin[13] to Antibes—There he took his passage to Genoa and Lerici; from which last place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratina, to Pisa and Florence—After having halted some time in this metropolis, he set out with a Vetturino[14] for Rome, where he reposed himself a few weeks, and then continued his route for Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation—After having twelve times described this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent to visit some trees at his country-house in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome—He came hither to Scarborough, to pay his respects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M—— of G——,[15] and, forgetting that he is now turned of seventy, sacrificed so liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory; but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy, by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the last blow to the Christian superstition—He intends to take shipping here for Holland or Hamburgh; for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the continent he first lands.

When he was going abroad the last time, he took his passage in a ship bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was actually embarked. In going down the river by water, he was by mistake put on board of another vessel under sail; and, upon inquiry, understood she was bound to Petersburgh—"Petersburgh,—Petersburgh—(said he) I don't care if I go along with you." He forthwith struck a bargain with the captain; bought a couple of shirts of the mate, and was safe conveyed to the court of Muscovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn—He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the same nature; and I will hold any wager, that as he cannot be supposed to live much longer, according to the course of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant.*

But, to return from one humorist to another; you must know I have received benefit, both from the chalybeate[19] and the sea, and would have used them longer, had not a most ridiculous adventure, by making me the town-talk, obliged me to leave the place; for I can't bear the thoughts of affording a spectacle to the multitude—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, I went down to the bathing-place, attended by my servant Clinker, who waited on the beach as usual—The wind blowing from the north, and the weather being hazy, the water proved so chill, that when I rose from my first plunge, I could not help sobbing and bawling out, from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard me cry, and saw me indistinctly a good way without the guide, buffeting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and rushing into the sea, clothes and all, overturned the guide in his hurry to save his master. I

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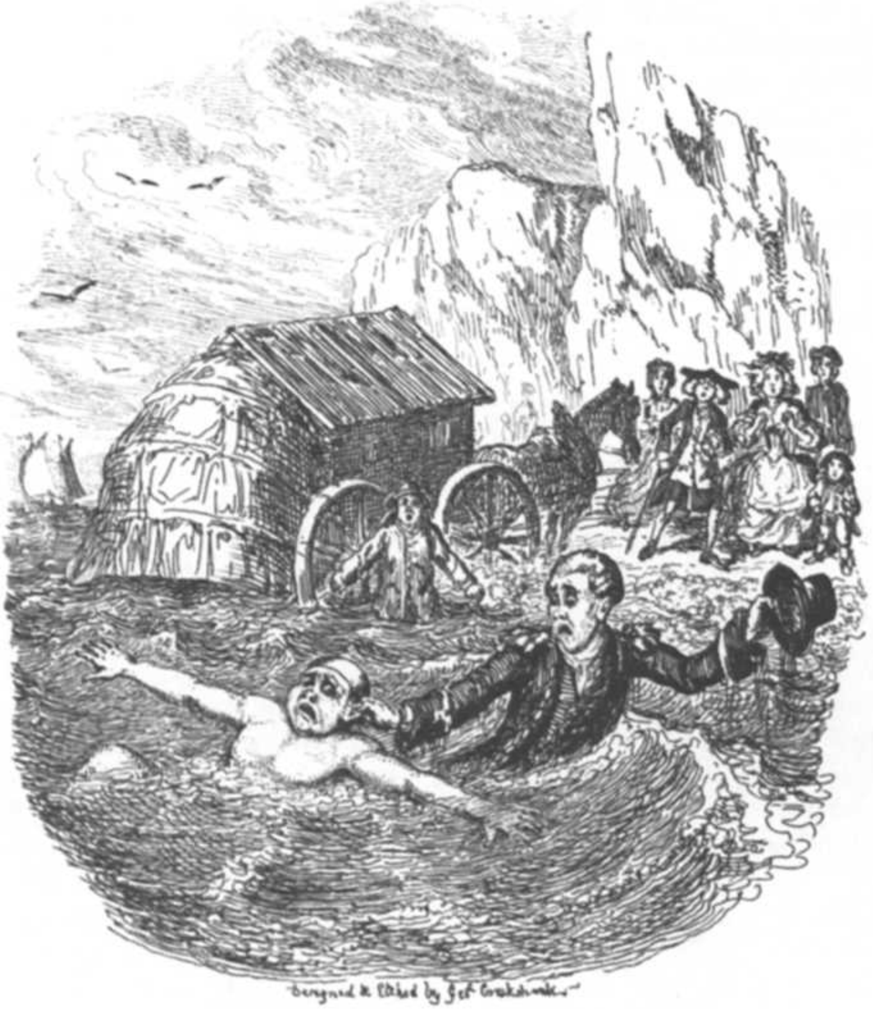
*This gentleman crossed the sea to France, visited and conferred with Mr. de Voltaire at Fernay, resumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767,[16] at the house of Vanini in Florence.[17] Being taken with a suppression of urine, he resolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus,[18] to take himself off by abstinence; and this resolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He saw company to the last, cracked his jokes, conversed freely, and entertained his guests with music. On the third day of his fast, he found himself entirely freed of his complaint; but refused taking sustenance. He said the most disagreeable part of the voyage was past, and he should be a cursed fool indeed, to put about ship, when he was just entering the harbour. In these sentiments he persisted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finished his course with such ease and serenity, as would have done honour to the firmest Stoic of antiquity.


Designed & Etched by Geo Cruikshank

Humphry's Zeal for his Master, by G. Cruikshank.
(The Beinecke Rare Book Room and Manuscript
Library, Yale University.)

had swam out a few strokes, when hearing a noise, I turned about and saw Clinker, already up to his neck, advancing towards me, with all the wildness of terror in his aspect—Afraid he would get out of his depth, I made haste to meet him, when, all of a sudden, he seized me by one ear, and dragged me bellowing with pain upon the dry beach, to the astonishment of all the people, men, women, and children there assembled.

I was so exasperated by the pain of my ear, and the disgrace of being exposed in such an attitude, that, in the first transport, I struck him down; then, running back into the sea, took shelter in the machine where my clothes had been deposited. I soon recollected myself so far as to do justice to the poor fellow, who, in great simplicity of heart, had acted from motives of fidelity and affection—Opening the door of the machine, which was immediately drawn on shore, I saw him standing by the wheel, dropping like a water-work, and trembling from head to foot; partly from cold, and partly from the dread of having offended his master—I made my acknowledgments for the blow he had received, assured him I was not angry, and insisted upon his going home immediately, to shift his clothes; a command which he could hardly find in his heart to execute, so well disposed was he to furnish the mob with further entertainment at my expence. Clinker's intention was laudable without all doubt, but, nevertheless, I am a sufferer by his simplicity—I have had a burning-heat, and a strange buzzing noise in that ear, ever since it was so roughly treated; and I cannot walk the street without being pointed at, as the monster that was hauled naked a-shore upon the beach—Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, aye and more mischievous too; and whether a man had not better choose a sensible rogue, than an honest simpleton for his servant, is no matter of doubt with

yours,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Scarborough, July 4.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR WATT,

We made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the excessive delicacy of our 'squire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætereuntium digito monstratus*.[1]

One morning, while he was bathing in the sea, his man Clinker took it in his head that his master was in danger of drowning; and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almost pulled off his ear in the operation. You may guess how this atchievement was relished by Mr. Bramble, who is impatient, irascible, and has the most extravagant ideas of decency and decorum in the œconomy of his own person—In the first ebullition of his choler, he knocked Clinker down with his fist; but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage, and, in order to avoid the further notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he resolved to leave Scarborough next day.

We set out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby,[2] and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton[3] that night; but in this hope we were disappointed—In the afternoon, crossing a deep gutter, made by a torrent, the coach was so hard strained, that one of the irons, which connect the frame, snapt, and the leather sling on the same side, cracked in the middle—The shock was so great, that my sister Liddy struck her head against Mrs. Tabitha's nose with such violence that the blood flowed; and Win Jenkins was darted through a small window, in that part of the carriage next the horses, where she stuck like a bawd in the pillory, till she was released by the hand of Mr. Bramble. We were eight miles distant from any place where we could be supplied with chaises, and it was impossible to proceed with the coach, until the damage should be repaired—In this dilemma, we discovered a black-smith's forge on the edge of a small common, about half a mile from the scene of our disaster, and thither the postilions made shift to draw the carriage slowly, while the company walked a-foot; but we found the black-smith had been dead some days; and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her senses, under the care of a nurse, hired by the parish. We were exceedingly mortified at this disappointment, which, however, was surmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a surprising compound of genius and simplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with some coals in the smithy, he unscrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and dispatch—While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the straw,[4] struck with the well-known sound of the hammer and anvil, started up, and, notwithstanding all the nurse's efforts, came running into the smithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck, "Ah, Jacob! (cried she) how could you leave me in such a condition?"

This incident was too pathetic to occasion mirth——it brought tears into the eyes of all present. The poor widow was put to bed again; and we did not leave the village without doing something for her benefit—Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occasion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron and wept at the same time—But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and black-smith—it was necessary to join the leather sling, which had been broke; and this service he likewise performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new-pointed and ground, a little hemp, which he spun into lingels,[5] and a few tacks which he made for the purpose—Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in little more than one hour; but even this delay obliged us to pass the night at Gisborough[6]—Next day we crossed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat agreeable town; and there we resolved to dine,[7] with purpose to lie at Durham.

Whom should we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer? Having handed out the ladies, and conducted them into an apartment, where he payed his compliments to Mrs. Tabby, with his usual address, he begged leave to speak to my uncle in another room; and there, in some confusion, he made an apology for having taken the liberty to trouble him with a letter at Stevenage. He expressed his hope, that Mr. Bramble had bestowed some consideration on his unhappy case, and repeated his desire of being taken into his service.

My uncle, calling me into the room, told him, that we were both very well inclined to rescue him from a way of life that was equally dangerous and dishonourable; and that he should have no scruples in trusting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him, which he thought would suit his qualifications and his circumstances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter, were filled up by persons of whose conduct he had no reason to complain; of consequence he could not, without injustice, deprive any one of them of his bread—Nevertheless, he declared himself ready to assist him in any feasible project, either with his purse or credit.

Martin seemed deeply touched at this declaration—The tear started in his eye, while he said, in a faultering accent—"Worthy sir—your generosity oppresses me—I never dreamed of troubling you for any pecuniary assistance—indeed I have no occasion—I have been so lucky at billiards and betting in different places, at Buxton, Harrigate, Scarborough, and Newcastle races, that my stock in ready-money amounts to three hundred pounds, which I would willingly employ, in prosecuting some honest scheme of life; but my friend, justice Buzzard, has set so many springs for my life, that I am under the necessity of either retiring immediately to a remote part of the country, where I can enjoy the protection of some generous patron, or of quitting the kingdom altogether—It is upon this alternative that I now beg leave to ask your advice—I have had information of all your route, since I had the honour to see you at Stevenage; and, supposing you would come this way from Scarborough, I came hither last night from Darlington,[8] to pay you my respects."

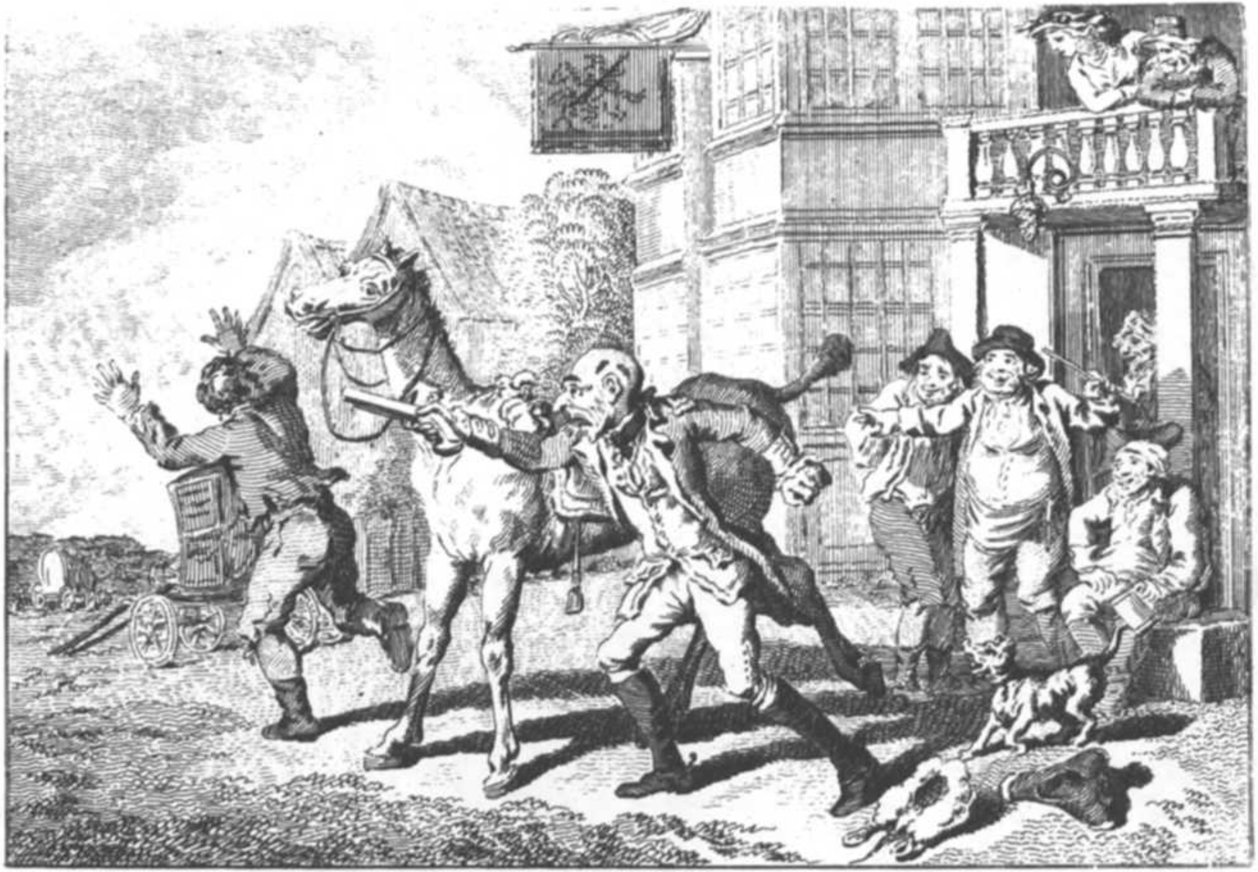
"It would be no difficult matter to provide you with an asylum in the country (replied my uncle); but a life of indolence and obscurity would not suit with your active and enterprizing disposition—I would therefore advise you to try your fortune in the East Indies—I will give you a letter to a friend in London, who will recommend you to the direction, for a commission in the company's service; and if that cannot be obtained, you will at least be received as a volunteer—in which case, you may pay for your passage, and I shall undertake to procure you such credentials, that you will not be long without a commission."

Martin embraced the proposal with great eagerness; it was therefore resolved, that he should sell his horse, and take a passage by sea for London, to execute the project without delay—In the mean time he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night[9]—Here, being furnished with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us, with strong symptoms of gratitude and attachment, and set out for Sunderland,[10] in order to embark in the first collier, bound for the river Thames. He had not been gone half an hour, when we were joined by another character, which promised something extraordinary—A tall, meagure figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while my aunt and Liddy stood at a window in the dining-room—He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs,[11] now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holster-caps and housing of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume; but the ostler neglecting to hold the stirrup when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, displayed a headpiece of various colours, patched and plaistered in a woeful condition—The ladies, at the window above, shrieked with affright, on the supposition that the stranger had received some notable damage in his fall; but the greatest injury he had sustained arose from the dishonour of his descent, aggravated by the disgrace of exposing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door, laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a scald head,[12] or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and snatching one of his pistols, threatened to put the ostler to death, when another squall from the women checked his resentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kissed the butt-end of his pistol, which he replaced; adjusted his wig in great confusion, and led his horse into the stable—By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the strange figure that presented itself to my view—He would have measured above six feet in height, had he stood upright; but he stooped very much; was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of his legs, which were cased in black spatterdashes[13]—As for his thighs, they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper; his face was, at least, half a yard in length, brown and shrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little grey eyes on the greenish hue, a large hook-nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high, narrow fore-head, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the stile of its rider; a resurrection of dry bones,[14] which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only present he had ever received in his life.

Having seen this favourite steed properly accommodated in the stable, he sent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permission to thank them in person for the marks of concern they had shewn at his disaster in the court-yard—As the 'squire said they could not decently decline his visit, he was shewn up stairs, and paid his respects in the Scotch dialect, with much formality—"Leddies, (said he) perhaps ye may be scandaleezed at the appearance my heed made, when it was uncovered by accident; but I can assure you, the condition you saw it in, is neither the effects of disease, nor of drunkenness; but an honest scar received in the service of my country." He then gave us to understand, that having been wounded at Ticonderoga,[15] in America, a party of Indians rifled him, scalped him, broke his scull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the field of battle; but that being afterwards found with signs of life, he had been cured in the French hospital, though the loss of substance could not be repaired; so that the scull was left naked in several places, and these he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion—We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran—Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned, that in the course of two sanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant——My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, "I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service—The injustice you have met with is so flagrant——"



First appearance of the gallant Lismahago, by Rowlandson.

(By Permission of the University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City.)

"I must crave your pardon, sir, (cried the other, interrupting him) I complain of no injustice—I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority—" "But in such a length of time, (resumed the 'squire) you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head—" "Nevertheless, (said he) I have no cause to murmur—They bought their preferment with their money—I had no money to carry to market—that was my misfortune; but no body was to blame—" "What! no friend to advance a sum of money?" (said Mr. Bramble) "Perhaps, I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company (answered the other); but that loan must have been refunded; and I did not chuse to incumber myself with a debt of a thousand pounds, to be payed from an income of ten shillings a-day." "So you have spent the best part of your life, (cried Mr. Bramble) your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a-day—a consideration—" "Sir, (replied the Scot, with great warmth) you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paultry consideration——I am a gentleman; and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition inspires—If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate—I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton-chop, and a truss of straw; and when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expence of my burial."

My uncle assured him, he had no intention to give him the least offence, by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest—The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for, whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction—In short, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, aukward, rude, and disputacious—He has had the benefit of a school-education, seems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to speak several different languages; but he is so addicted to wrangling, that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions——Whether his address and qualifications are really of that stamp which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is she has begun to practise upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company to supper.

I have many other things to say of this man of war, which I shall communicate in a post or two; mean while, it is but reasonable that you should be indulged with some respite from those weary lucubrations of

yours,
J. MELFORD.

Newcastle upon Tyne, July 10.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

In my last I treated you with a high flavoured dish, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I must present him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the best part of three days; and I do not doubt that he will start again in our way before we shall have finished our northern excursion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved so tempestous that we did not choose to proceed on our journey; and my uncle persuaded him to stay till the weather should clear up, giving him, at the same time, a general invitation to our mess. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget[1] of shrewd observations, but he brings them forth in such an ungracious manner as would be extremely disgusting, if it was not marked by that characteristic oddity which never fails to attract the attention.—He and Mr. Bramble discoursed, and even disputed, on different subjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law, and metaphysics; and sometimes they were warmed into such altercation as seemed to threaten an abrupt dissolution of their society; but Mr. Bramble set a guard over his own irascibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his guest; and when, in spite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the same proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, sir, (said the lieutenant) is your name Matthias?" You must know, it is one of our uncle's foibles to be ashamed of his name Matthew, because it is puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much, that he answered, "No, by G–d!" in a very abrupt tone of displeasure.–The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply, and bristling up, "If I had known (said he) that you did not care to tell your name, I should not have asked the question—The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias:—perhaps, it may be Methuselah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamoros, or——" "No, (cried my uncle laughing) it is neither of those, captain:—my name is Matthew Bramble, at your service.—The truth is, I have a foolish pique at the name of Matthew, because it savours of those canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell's time, christened all their children by names taken from the scripture."——"A foolish pique indeed, (cried Mrs. Tabby) and even sinful, to fall out with your name because it is taken from holy writ.—I would have you to know, you was called after great-uncle Matthew ap Madoc ap Meredith, esquire, of Llanwysthin, in Montgomeryshire, justice of the *quorum*, and *crusty ruttleorum*,[2] a gentleman of great worth and property, descended in a strait line, by the female side, from Llewellyn, prince of Wales."[3]

This genealogical anecdote seemed to make some impression upon the North-Briton, who bowed very low to the descendants of Llewellyn, and observed that he himself had the honour of a scriptural nomination. The lady expressing a desire of knowing his address, he said, he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago;[4] and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper inscribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring, it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed, that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation, derived from his great-grandfather, who had been one of the original covenanters;[5] but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called.[6] He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self-denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*,[7] which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modesty in waving the merit of his ancestry, adding, that it was the less necessary to him, as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glew herself to his favour with the grossest adulation.—She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valour, probity, learning, and politeness.—She even descended to encomiums on his own personal address, his gallantry, good sense, and erudition.—She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin governor Griffith.—She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his atchievements in war; all which Mr. Lismahago answered with a sort of jesuitical[8] reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching some English settlement; but mistaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them as an adopted son to a venerable sachem,[9] who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other according to the custom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handsomer of the two, was designed to fill the place of the deceased, not only as the son of the sachem, but as the spouse of a beautiful squaw, to whom his predecessor had been betrothed; but in passing through the different whigwhams or villages[10] of the Miamis, poor Murphy was so mangled by the women[11] and children, who have the privilege of torturing all prisoners in their passage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the sachem's residence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purposes of marriage: it was determined therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the lady should be given to lieutenant Lismahago, who had likewise received his share of torments, though they had not produced emasculation.—A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather sawed off with a rusty knife; one of his great toes was crushed into a mash betwixt two stones; some of his teeth were drawn, or dug out with a crooked nail; splintered reeds had been thrust up his nostrils and other tender parts; and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the flesh with the sharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing, as his death-song, the *Drimmendoo*,[12] in concert with Mr. Lismahago, who was present at the solemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh which they pared from the victim,[13] and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a sharp knife, scooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the socket.[14] The pain of this operation was so exquisite that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and one of the warriors stealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grace* with a hatchet.

Lismahago's bride, the squaw Squinkinacoosta, distinguished herself on this occasion.——She shewed a great superiority of genius in the tortures which she contrived and executed with her own hands.—She vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking,[15] she was not so intoxicated but that she was able to play the game of the platter[16] with the conjuring sachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The captain had lived very happily with this accomplished squaw for two years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unspeakable grief, she had died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time, Mr. Lismahago was elected sachem,[17] acknowledged first warrior of the Badger tribe,[18] and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanastaogarora, which signifies *nimble as a weasel;*[19] but all these advantages and honours he was obliged to resign, in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the out-lines of Mr. Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha *did seriously incline her ear;*—indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor *for the dangers he had past.*[20]

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast of Mrs. Tabby: when she understood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, she began to spit, and ejaculated, "Jesus, what cruel barbarians!" and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast; but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage-dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or boddice, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionette[21]—she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used *rouge*, and had her hair dressed in the Parisian fashion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever: he said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificence in Europe; and that they were too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

These observations served only to inflame her desire of knowing the particulars about which she had enquired; and, with all his evasion, he could not help discovering the following circumstances—that his princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen—that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red bays, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of ornaments she had great plenty.—Her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone—one eye-lid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead as far as the tip of the nose—a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils—there was a blue stone set in the chin—her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickery, of the size and shape of drum-sticks—her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum—her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads—she wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven grass,[22] elegantly painted with various colours—about her neck was hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle—and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odour.

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs. Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the captain's connexions.—She wished, indeed, the squaw had been better provided with linen; but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments; she made no doubt, therefore, that madam Squinkinacoosta was a young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good christian at bottom. Then she asked whether his consort had been high-church or low-church, presbyterian or anabaptist, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the gospel? When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment, and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After some pause, "In the name of God, captain Lismahago, (cried she) what religion do they profess?" "As to religion, madam, (answered the lieutenant) it is among those Indians a matter of great simplicity—they never heard of any *Alliance between Church and State*.[23]—They, in general, worship two contending principles; one the Fountain of all Good, the other the source of evil.—The common people there, as in other countries, run into the absurdities of superstition; but sensible men pay adoration to a Supreme Being, who created and sustains the universe." "O! what pity, (exclaimed the pious Tabby) that some holy man has not been inspired to go and convert these poor heathens!"[24]

The lieutenant told her, that while he resided among them, two French missionaries arrived, in order to convert them to the catholic religion; but when they talked of mysteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles which they believed upon hearsay; when they taught, that the Supreme Creator of Heaven and Earth had allowed his only Son, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be insulted, flagellated, and even executed as a malefactor; when they pretended to create God himself, to swallow, digest, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were shocked at the impiety of their presumption.—They were examined by the assembly of the sachems, who desired them to prove the divinity of their mission by some miracle.—They answered, that it was not in their power.——"If you were really sent by Heaven for our conversion, (said one of the sachems) you would certainly have some supernatural endowments, at least you would have the gift of tongues, in order to explain your doctrine to the different nations among which you are employed; but you are so ignorant of our language, that you cannot express yourselves even on the most trifling subjects."

In a word, the assembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even suspected them of being spies:—they ordered them a bag of Indian corn a-piece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers; but the missionaries having more zeal than discretion, refused to quit the vineyard.—They persisted in saying mass, in preaching, baptizing, and squabbling with the conjurers, or priests of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confusion.—Then the assembly proceeded to try them as impious impostors, who represented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleasure: they were, therefore, convicted of blasphemy and sedition, and condemned to the stake, where they died singing *Salve regina*,[25] in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom which they had thus obtained.

In the course of this conversation, lieutenant Lismahago dropt some hints by which it appeared he himself was a free-thinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of saint Athanasius.[26]—He dwelt much upon the words, *reason*, *philosophy*, and *contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell-fire; and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the soul, as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, she began to look upon Lismahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity.—In short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made towards his affection; and although there was something repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities.—Perhaps, he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days.—An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals.—He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation.——He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grass,[27] woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacoosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting-expeditions.

From Doncaster northwards, all the windows of all the inns are scrawled with doggrel rhimes, in abuse of the Scotch nation;[28] and what surprised me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination—Curious to hear what Lismahago would say on this subject, I pointed out to him a very scurrilous epigram against his countrymen, which was engraved on one of the windows of the parlour where we sat.——He read it with the most starched composure; and when I asked his opinion of the poetry, "It is vara terse and vara poignant; (said he) but with the help of a wat dish-clout, it might be rendered more clear and parspicous.—I marvel much that some modern wit has not published a collection of these essays under the title of the *Glazier's Triumph over Sawney the Scot*——I'm persuaded it would be a vara agreable offering to the patriots of London and Westminster." When I expressed some surprize that the natives of Scotland, who travel this way, had not broke all the windows upon the road, "With submission, (replied the lieutenant) that were but shallow policy—it would only serve to make the satire more cutting and severe; and, I think, it is much better to let it stand in the window, than have it presented in the reckoning."

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation.——He said, the scribblers of such infamous stuff deserved to be scourged at the cart's tail for disgracing their country with such monuments of malice and stupidity.—"These vermin (said he) do not consider, that they are affording their fellow-subjects, whom they abuse, continual matter of self-gratulation, as well as the means of executing the most manly vengeance that can be taken for such low, illiberal attacks. For my part, I admire the philosophic forbearance of the Scots, as much as I despise the insolence of those wretched libellers, which is akin to the arrogance of the village cock, who never crows but upon his own dunghill."[29] The captain, with an affectation of candour, observed, that men of illiberal minds were produced in every soil; that in supposing those were the sentiments of the English in general, he should pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of consequence enough to attract the envy of such a flourishing and powerful people.

Mrs. Tabby broke forth again in praise of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the soil which produced every virtue under heaven.—When Lismahago took his leave for the night, she asked her brother if the captain was not the prettiest gentleman he had ever seen; and whether there was not something wonderfully engaging in his aspect?—Mr. Bramble having eyed her some time in silence, "Sister, (said he) the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honest man, and a good officer—he has a considerable share of understanding, and a title to more encouragement than he seems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a safe conscience, affirm, that he is the prettiest gentleman I ever saw; neither can I discern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to Gad, is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured and forbidding."

I have endeavoured to ingratiate myself with this North-Briton, who is really a curiosity; but he has been very shy of my conversation ever since I laughed at his asserting that the English tongue was spoke with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double squeeze of souring in his aspect, "If the old definition be true, (said he) that risibility is the distinguishing characteristic of a rational creature,[30] the English are the most distinguished for rationality of any people I ever knew." I owned, that the English were easily struck with any thing that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly; but it did not follow, that, because they were more given to laughter, they had more rationality than their neighbours: I said, such an inference would be an injury to the Scots, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally supposed little subject to the impressions of humour.

The captain answered, that this supposition must have been deduced either from their conversation or their compositions, of which the English could not possibly judge with precision, as they did not understand the dialect used by the Scots in common discourse, as well as in their works of humour. When I desired to know what those works of humour were, he mentioned a considerable number of pieces, which he insisted were equal in point of humour to any thing extant in any language dead or living.——He, in particular, recommended a collection of detached poems, in two small volumes, intituled, *The Ever-green*, and the works of Allan Ramsay,[31] which I intend to provide myself with at Edinburgh.—He observed, that a North-Briton is seen to a disadvantage in an English company, because he speaks in a dialect that they can't relish, and in a phraseology which they don't understand.—He therefore finds himself under a restraint, which is a great enemy to wit and humour.—These are faculties which never appear in full lustre, but when the mind is perfectly at ease, and, as an excellent writer says, enjoys *her elbow-room*.[32]

He proceeded to explain his assertion that the English language was spoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than in London.—He said, what we generally called the Scottish dialect was, in fact, true, genuine old English, with a mixture of some French terms and idioms, adopted in a long intercourse betwixt the French and Scotch nations; that the modern English, from affectation and false refinement, had weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural sounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and disusing many words and terms of great significance. In consequence of these innovations, the works of our best poets, such as Chaucer, Spenser, and even Shakespeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South-Britain, whereas the Scots, who retain the antient language, understand them without the help of a glossary. "For instance, (said he) how have your commentators been puzzled by the following expression in the *Tempest—He's gentle, and not fearful;*[33] as if it was a paralogism to say, that being *gentle*, he must of course be *courageous:* but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of that word was, *noble, high-minded;* and to this day, a Scotch woman, in the situation of the young lady in the *Tempest*, would express herself nearly in the same terms—Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is, *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult. Spenser, in the very first stanza of his *Fairy Queen*, says,

"A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain;

which knight, far from being *tame* and fearful, was so stout that

Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."[34]

To prove that we had impaired the energy of our language by false refinement, he mentioned the following words, which, though widely different in signification, are pronounced exactly in the same manner—*wright, write, right, rite;* but among the Scots, these words are as different in pronunciation, as they are in meaning and orthography; and this is the case with many others which he mentioned by way of illustration.——He, moreover, took notice, that we had (for what reason he could never learn) altered the sound of our vowels[35] from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe; an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almost impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Besides, the vowels were no longer simple sounds in the mouth of an Englishman, who pronounced both *i* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed, that we mumbled our speech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pause or distinction, in such a manner, that a foreigner, though he understood English tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourse to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had said in his own language.

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr. Bramble from his own experience; but he accounted for it on another principle.—He said, the same observation would hold in all languages; that a Swiss talking French was more easily understood than a Parisian, by a foreigner who had not made himself master of the language; because every language had its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention, and practice, to acquire both the words and the music, than to learn the words only; and yet no body would deny, that the one was imperfect without the other: he therefore apprehended, that the Scotchman and the Swiss were better understood by learners, because they spoke the words only, without the music, which they could not rehearse. One would imagine this check might have damped the North-Briton; but it served only to agitate his humour for disputation.——He said, if every nation had its own recitative or music, the Scots had theirs, and the Scotchman who had not yet acquired the cadence of the English, would naturally use his own in speaking their language; therefore, if he was better understood than the native, his recitative must be more intelligible than that of the English; of consequence, the dialect of the Scots had an advantage over that of their fellow-subjects, and this was another strong presumption that the modern English had corrupted their langauge in the article of pronunciation.

The lieutenant was, by this time, become so polemical, that every time he opened his mouth out flew a paradox, which he maintained with all the enthusiasm of altercation; but all his paradoxes savoured strong of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a blessing to a nation; that *oatmeal* was preferable to *wheat-flour*; and that the worship of Cloacina, in temples which admitted both sexes, and every rank of votaries promiscuously, was a filthy species of idolatry that outraged every idea of delicacy and decorum.[36] I did not so much wonder at his broaching these doctrines, as at the arguments, equally whimsical and ingenious, which he adduced in support of them.

In fine, lieutenant Lismahago is a curiosity which I have not yet sufficiently perused; and therefore I shall be sorry when we lose his company, though, God knows, there is nothing very amiable in his manner or disposition.—As he goes directly to the south-west division of Scotland, and we proceed in the road to Berwick, we shall part to-morrow at a place called Felton-bridge;[37] and, I dare say, this separation will be very grievous to our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, unless she has received some flattering assurance of his meeting her again. If

I fail in my purpose of entertaining you with these unimportant occurrences, they will at least serve as exercises of patience, for which you are indebted to

Yours always,
J. MELFORD.

Morpeth, July 13.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I have now reached the northern extremity of England, and see, close to my chamber-window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge[1] which connects this suburb to the town of Berwick.[2]—Yorkshire you have seen, and therefore I shall say nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confused heap[3] of stones and brick, accumulated so as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling course. The streets are generally narrow, dark, and unpleasant, and many of them almost impassible in consequence of their declivity. The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile; but the clergy are well lodged.——The bishop lives in a princely manner—the golden prebends keep plentiful tables—and, I am told, there is some good sociable company in the place; but the country, when viewed from the top of Gateshead Fell,[4] which extends to Newcastle, exhibits the highest scene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcastle, it lies mostly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance still more disagreeable than that of Durham; but it is rendered populous and rich by industry and commerce; and the country lying on both sides of the river, above the town, yields a delightful prospect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick[5] are neat, pretty towns, and this last is famous for the castle which has belonged so many ages to the noble house of Piercy, earls of Northumberland.[6]—It is, doubtless, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and stands in a commanding situation; but the strength of it seems to have consisted not so much in its site, or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its defendants.

Our adventures since we left Scarborough, are scarce worth reciting; and yet I must make you acquainted with my sister Tabby's progress in husband-hunting, after her disappointments at Bath and London. She had actually begun to practise upon a certain adventurer, who was in fact a highwayman by profession; but he had been used to snares much more dangerous than any she could lay, and escaped accordingly.—Then she opened her batteries upon an old weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Lismahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the most singular personages I ever encountered.—His manner is as harsh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge made up of the remnants of rarities, rendered his conversation desirable, in spite of his pedantry and ungracious address.—I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was disgusted by its austerity. The spirit of contradiction is naturally so strong in Lismahago, that I believe in my conscience he has rummaged, and read, and studied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himself to refute established maxims, and thus raise trophies for the gratification of polemical pride.—Such is the asperity of his self-conceit, that he will not even acquiesce in a transient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I observed, that he must have read a vast number of books to be able to discourse on such a variety of subjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and asked how he should find books among the woods of America, where he had spent the greatest part of his life. My nephew remarking that the Scots in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works.—"The Scots (said he) have a slight tincture of letters, with which they make a parade among people who are more illiterate than themselves; but they may be said to float on the surface of science, and they have made very small advances in the useful arts." "At least, (cried Tabby) all the world allows that the Scots behaved gloriously in fighting and conquering the savages of America." "I can assure you, madam, you have been misinformed; (replied the lieutenant) in that continent the Scots did nothing more than their duty, nor was there one corps in his majesty's service that distinguished itself more than another.—Those who affected to extol the Scots for superior merit, were no friends to that nation."

Though he himself made free with his countrymen, he would not suffer any other person to glance a sarcasm at them with impunity. One of the company chancing to mention lord B——'s inglorious peace,[7] the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordship's favour, and argued very strenuously to prove that it was the most honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made since the foundation of the monarchy.—Nay, between friends, he offered such reasons on this subject, that I was really confounded, if not convinced.—He would not allow that the Scots abounded above their proportion in the army and navy of Great-Britain,[8] or that the English had any reason to say his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the service.—"When a South and North-Briton (said he) are competitors for a place or commission, which is in the disposal of an English minister or an English general, it would be absurd to suppose that the preference will not be given to the native of England, who has so many advantages over his rival.—First and foremost, he has in his favour that laudable partiality, which, Mr. Addison says, never fails to cleave to the heart of an Englishman;[9] secondly, he has more powerful connexions, and a greater share of parliamentary interest, by which those contests are generally decided; and lastly, he has a greater command of money to smooth the way to his success. For my own part, (said he) I know no Scotch officer, who has risen in the army above the rank of a subaltern, without purchasing every degree of preferment either with money or recruits; but I know many gentlemen of that country, who, for want of money and interest, have grown grey in the rank of lieutenants; whereas very few instances of this ill-fortune are to be found among the natives of South-Britain.—Not that I would insinuate that my countrymen have the least reason to complain.—Preferment in the service, like success in any other branch of traffic, will naturally favour those who have the greatest stock of cash and credit, merit and capacity being supposed equal on all sides."

But the most hardy of all this original's positions were these:—That commerce would, sooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation, where it flourishes to any extent—that the parliament was the rotten part of the British constitution—that the liberty of the press was a national evil—and that the boasted institution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of shameful perjury and flagrant injustice. He observed, that traffick was an enemy to all the liberal passions of the soul, founded on the thirst of lucre, a sordid disposition to take advantage of the necessities of our fellow-creatures.——He affirmed, the nature of commerce was such, that it could not be fixed or perpetuated, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and so continue till the channels should be left almost dry; but there was no instance of the tide's rising a second time to any considerable influx in the same nation. Mean while the sudden affluence occasioned by trade, forced open all the sluices of luxury and overflowed the land with every species of profligacy and corruption; a total pravity of manners would ensue, and this must be attended with bankruptcy and ruin. He observed of the parliament, that the practice of buying boroughs, and canvassing for votes, was an avowed system of venality, already established on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order, in consequence of which the elected and the elector, and, in short, the whole body of the people, were equally and universally contaminated and corrupted. He affirmed, that of a parliament thus constituted, the crown would always have influence enough to secure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of posts, places, and pensions it had to bestow; that such a parliament would (as it had already done) lengthen the term of its sitting and authority, whenever the prince should think it for his interest to continue the representatives; for, without doubt, they had the same right to protract their authority *ad infinitum*, as they had to extend it from three to seven years.[10]—With a parliament, therefore, dependent upon the crown, devoted to the prince, and supported by a standing army, garbled and modelled for the purpose, any king of England may, and probably some ambitious sovereign will, totally overthrow all the bulwarks of the constitution; for it is not to be supposed that a prince of a high spirit will tamely submit to be thwarted in all his measures, abused and insulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to crush all opposition under his feet with the concurrence of the legislature. He said, he should always consider the liberty of the press as a national evil, while it enabled the vilest reptile to soil the lustre of the most shining merit,[11] and furnished the most infamous incendiary with the means of disturbing the peace and destroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due restrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed, that at present there was no law in England sufficient to restrain it within proper bounds.

With respect to juries, he expressed himself to this effect:——Juries are generally composed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be mistaken, easily misled, and open to sinister influence; for if either of the parties to be tried, can gain over one of the twelve jurors, he has secured the verdict in his favour; the juryman thus brought over will, in despight of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out till his fellows are fatigued, and harrassed, and starved into concurrence; in which case the verdict is unjust, and the jurors are all perjured: but cases will often occur, when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each side is convinced in opposition to the other; but no verdict will be received, unless they are unanimous, and they are all bound, not only in conscience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction.—What then will be the consequence?—They must either starve in company, or one side must sacrifice their conscience to their convenience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be false. This absurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is sufficient; and in Scotland, where two thirds of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.[12]

You must not imagine that all these deductions were made on his part, without contradiction on mine. – No – the truth is, I found myself piqued in point of honour, at his pretending to be so much wiser than his neighbours. – I questioned all his assertions, started innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perseverance, and grew very warm, and even violent, in the debate. – Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think, fairly refuted; but from those falls he rose again, like Antæus,[13] with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhausted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint, by which he discovered he had been bred to the law; a confession which enabled me to retire from the dispute with a good grace, as it could not be supposed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, should be able to cope with a veteran in his own profession. I believe, however, that I shall for some time continue to chew the cud of reflection upon many observations which this original discharged.

Whether our sister Tabby was really struck with his conversation, or is resolved to throw at every thing she meets in the shape of a man, till she can fasten the matrimonial noose, certain it is, she has taken desperate strides towards the affection of Lismahago, who cannot be said to have met her half way, tho' he does not seem altogether insensible to her civilities. – She insinuated more than once how happy we should be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we proposed to visit, till at length he plainly told us, that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take; that, for his part, his company would be of very little service to us in our progress, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth; consequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of distinction. He said, he was stimulated by an irresistible impulse to revisit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*,[14] though he expected little satisfaction, inasmuch as he understood that his nephew, the present possessor, was but ill qualified to support the honour of the family. – He assured us, however, as we design to return by the west road, that he will watch our motions, and endeavour to pay his respects to us at Dumfries. —— Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great state, mounted on a tall, meagre, rawboned, shambling grey gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counter-part of the rider; and, indeed, the appearance of the two was so picturesque, that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably represented on canvas.

Northumberland is a fine county, extending to the Tweed, which is a pleasant pastoral stream; but you will be surprised when I tell you that the English side of that river is neither so well cultivated nor so populous as the other.—The farms are thinly scattered, the lands uninclosed, and scarce a gentleman's seat is to be seen in some miles from the Tweed; whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river, so that you may reckon above thirty good houses, in the compass of a few miles, belonging to proprietors whose ancestors had fortified castles in the same situations, a circumstance that shews what dangerous neighbours the Scots must have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

Our domestic œconomy continues on the old footing.—My sister Tabby still adheres to methodism, and had the benefit of a sermon at Wesley's meeting in Newcastle;[15] but I believe the passion of love has in some measure abated the fervour of devotion both in her and her woman, Mrs. Jenkins, about whose good graces there has been a violent contest betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr. Dutton, and my man, Humphry Clinker.—Jery has been obliged to interpose his authority to keep the peace; and to him I have left the discussion of that important affair,[16] which had like to have kindled the flames of discord in the family of

Yours always,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Tweedmouth, July 15.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

In my two last you had so much of Lismahago, that I suppose you are glad he is gone off the stage for the present.—I must now descend to domestic occurrences.—Love, it seems, is resolved to assert his dominion over all the females of our family.—After having practised upon poor Liddy's heart, and played strange vagaries with our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affections of her woman Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of her mistress; yet custom and habit have effected a wonderful resemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be sure, is much younger and more agreeable in her person; she is likewise tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her mistress is by no means remarkable, no more than she is for being of a timorous disposition, and much subject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's constitution: but then she seems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her cast cloaths.—She dresses and endeavours to look like her mistress, although her own looks are much more engaging.——She enters into her scheme of œconomy, learns her phrases, repeats her remarks, imitates her stile in scolding the inferior servants, and, finally, subscribes implicitly to her system of devotion—This, indeed, she found the more agreeable, as it was in a great measure introduced and confirmed by the ministry of Clinker, with whose personal merit she seems to have been struck ever since he exhibited the pattern of his naked skin at Marlborough.

Nevertheless, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conquest he had made, he found it impossible to guard it on the side of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In short, my rascal Dutton professed himself her admirer, and, by dint of his outlandish qualifications, threw his rival Clinker out of the saddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an English pudding, composed of good wholesome flour and suet, and Dutton to a syllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taste, has nothing solid or substantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his second-hand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed—he taught her to take rappee, and presented her with a snuff-box of *papier maché*—he supplied her with a powder for her teeth—he mended her complexion, and he dressed her hair in the Paris fashion—he undertook to be her French master and her dancing-master, as well as friseur, and thus imperceptibly wound himself into her good graces. Clinker perceived the progress he had made, and repined in secret.—He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and finding it produced no effect had recourse to prayer. At Newcastle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the methodist meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dressed in a silk coat, made at Paris for his former master, with a tawdry waistcoat of tarnished brocard;[1] he wore his hair in a great bag with a huge solitaire, and a long sword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded lutestring, washed gauze, and ribbons three times refreshed; but she was most remarkable for the frisure of her head, which rose, like a pyramid, seven inches above the scalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himself had spared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the high street to the theatre, and as they passed for players ready dressed for acting, they reached it unmolested; but as it was still light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hissed and hooted all the way, and Mrs. Jenkins was all bespattered with dirt, as well as insulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezabel*,[2] so that her fright and mortification threw her into an hysteric fit the moment she came home.

Clinker was so incensed at Dutton, whom he considered as the cause of her disgrace, that he upbraided him severely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt, and mistaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horse-whip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chastise my servant for his insolence—"He has challenged me to fight him at sword's point; (said he) but I might as well challenge him to make a horse-shoe, or a plough-iron; for I know no more of the one than he does of the other.—Besides, it doth not become servants to use those weapons, or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another when they fall out; moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conscience for ten thousand times the profit or satisfaction I should get by his death; but if your honour won't be angry, I'll engage to gee en a good drubbing, that, may hap, will do 'en service, and I'll take care it shall do 'en no harm." I said, I had no objection to what he proposed, provided he could manage matters so as not to be found the aggressor, in case Dutton should prosecute him for an assault and battery.

Thus licensed, he retired; and that same evening easily provoked his rival to strike the first blow, which Clinker returned with such interest that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the same time, that he would exact severe and bloody satisfaction the moment we should pass the border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the consequence.——This scene passed in presence of lieutenant Lismahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thrust of cold iron with his antagonist. "Cold iron (cried Humphry) I shall never use against the life of any human creature; but I am so far from being afraid of his cold iron, that I shall use nothing in my defence but a good cudgel, which shall always be at his service." In the mean time, the fair cause of this contest, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reserve, though he did not presume to find fault with her conduct.

The dispute between the two rivals was soon brought to a very unexpected issue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick,[3] was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heiress of a pawn-broker deceased, who had given her guardians the slip, and put herself under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in quest of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, so as to decline in the favour of his innamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldness on her side, which encouraged him to whisper, it was a pity she should have cast her affections upon a taylor, which he affirmed the Irishman to be. This discovery completed her disgust, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himself to her good graces, and the smooth-tongued rascal found no difficulty to insinuate himself into the place of her heart, from which the other had been discarded—Their resolution was immediately taken. In the morning, before day, while poor Teague lay snoring a-bed, his indefatigable rival ordered a post-chaise, and set out with the lady for Coldstream,[4] a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parson who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were noosed, before the Irishman ever dreamt of the matter. But when he got up at six o'clock, and found the bird was flown,[5] he made such a noise as alarmed the whole house. One of the first persons he encountered, was the postilion returned from Coldstream, where he had been witness to the marriage, and over and above an handsome gratuity, had received a bride's favour, which he now wore in his cap—When the forsaken lover understood they were actually married, and set out for London; and that Dutton had discovered to the lady, that he (the Hibernian) was a taylor, he had like to have run distracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He swore he would pursue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready as soon as possible; but, recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of travelling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For my part, I knew nothing at all of what had happened, till the postilion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who sent me his respects, hoping I would excuse him for his abrupt departure, as it was a step upon which his fortune depended—Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Irishman burst into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming,—"By my soul, your sarvant has robbed me of five thousand pounds, and I'll have satisfaction, if I should be hanged to-morrow.—" When I asked him who he was, "My name (said he) is Master Macloughlin—but it should be Leighlin Oneale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great;[6] and so I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland; and that rogue, your sarvant, said I was a taylor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the pope—I'm a man of fortune, and have spent all I had; and so being in distress, Mr. Coshgrave, the fashioner in Shuffolk-street,[7] tuck me out, and made me his own private shecretary: by the same token, I was the last he bailed; for his friends obliged him to tie himself up, that he would bail no more above ten pounds; for why, becaase as how, he could not refuse any body that asked, and therefore in time would have robbed himself of his whole fortune, and, if he had lived long at that rate, must have died bankrupt very soon—and so I made my addresses to Miss Skinner, a young lady of five thousand pounds fortune, who agreed to take me for better nor worse; and, to be sure, this day would have put me in possession, if it had not been for that rogue, your sarvant, who came like a tief,[8] and stole away my property, and made her believe I was a taylor; and that she was going to marry the ninth part of a man:[9] but the devil burn my soul, if ever I catch him on the mountains of Tulloghobegly,[10] if I don't shew him that I'm nine times as good a man as he, or e'er a bug[11] of his country."

When he had rung out his first alarm, I told him I was sorry he had allowed himself to be so jockied; but it was no business of mine; and that the fellow who robbed him of his bride, had likewise robbed me of my servant—"Didn't I tell you then, (cried he) that Rogue was his true Christian name.—Oh if I had but one fair trust with him upon the sod, I'd give him lave to brag all the rest of his life."

My uncle hearing the noise, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. Oneale for the lady's elopement; observing that he seemed to have had a lucky escape, that it was better she should elope before, than after marriage—The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He said, "If he had been once married, she might have eloped as soon as she pleased; he would have taken care that she should not have carried her fortune along with her—Ah (said he) she's a Judas Iscariot, and has betrayed me with a kiss; and, like Judas, she carried the bag,[12] and has not left me money enough to bear my expences back to London; and so as I'm come to this pass, and the rogue that was the occasion of it has left you without a sarvant, you may put me in his place; and by Jasus, it is the best thing you can do.—" I begged to be excused, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience, rather than treat as a footman the descendant of Tir-Owen the Great. I advised him to return to his friend, Mr. Cosgrave, and take his passage from Newcastle by sea, towards which I made him a small present, and he retired, seemingly resigned to his evil fortune. I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpin, an old soldier, whose last master, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered; but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity, by Mrs. Humphreys,[13] a very good sort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much respected by all the travellers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himself happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Christian, to repine at Dutton's success. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reason to congratulate herself upon this event, when she cooly reflects upon the matter; for, howsoever she was forced from her poise for a season, by snares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north-star to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long run. At present, the same vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herself abandoned by her new admirer, in favour of another innamorata. She received the news with a violent burst of laughter, which soon brought on a fit of crying; and this gave the finishing blow to the patience of her mistress, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all those floodgates of reprehension, which had been shut so long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiscretion, but attacked her on the score of religion, declaring roundly that she was in a state of apostacy and reprobation; and finally, threatened to send her a-packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her slighted swain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

There was, however, another consideration that gave Mrs. Tabitha some disturbance. At Newcastle, the servants had been informed by some wag, that there was nothing to eat in Scotland, but *oat-meal* and *sheep's-heads;* and Lieutenant Lismahago being consulted, what he said served rather to confirm than to refute the report. Our aunt being apprised of this circumstance, very gravely advised her brother to provide a sumpter horse with store of hams, tongues, bread, biscuit, and other articles for our subsistence, in the course of our peregrination, and Mr. Bramble as gravely replied, that he would take the hint into consideration: but, finding no such provision was made, she now revived the proposal, observing that there was a tolerable market at Berwick, where we might be supplied; and that my man's horse would serve as a beast of burthen—The 'squire, shrugging up his shoulders, eyed her askance with a look of ineffable contempt; and, after some pause, "Sister, (said he) I can hardly persuade myself you are serious." She was so little acquainted with the geography of the island, that she imagined we could not go to Scotland but by sea;[14] and, after we had passed through the town of Berwick, when he told her we were upon Scottish ground, she could hardly believe the assertion—

If the truth must be told, the South Britons in general are woefully ignorant in this particular. What, between want of curiosity, and traditional sarcasms, the effect of ancient animosity, the people at the other end of the island know as little of Scotland as of Japan.

If I had never been in Wales, I should have been more struck with the manifest difference in appearance betwixt the peasants and commonalty on different sides of the Tweed. The boors of Northumberland are lusty fellows, fresh complexioned, cleanly, and well cloathed; but the labourers in Scotland are generally lank, lean, hard-featured, sallow, soiled, and shabby, and their little pinched blue caps have a beggarly effect. The cattle are much in the same stile with their drivers, meagre, stunted, and ill equipt. When I talked to my uncle on this subject, he said, "Though all the Scottish hinds would not bear to be compared with those of the rich counties of South Britain, they would stand very well in competition with the peasants of France, Italy, and Savoy—not to mention the mountaineers of Wales, and the red-shanks of Ireland."[15]

We entered Scotland[16] by a frightful moor of sixteen miles, which promises very little for the interior parts of the kingdom; but the prospect mended as we advanced. Passing through Dunbar,[17] which is a neat little town, situated on the sea-side, we lay at a country inn,[18] where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation; but for this we cannot give the Scots credit, as the landlord is a native of England. Yesterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of some consideration, but is now gone to decay;[19] and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can say very little. It is very romantic, from its situation on the declivity of a hill, having a fortified castle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom.[20] The first thing that strikes the nose[21] of a stranger, shall be nameless; but what first strikes the eye, is the unconscionable height of the houses, which generally rise to five, six, seven, and eight stories, and, in some places, (as I am assured) to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberless inconveniences, must have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town seems to be full of people: but their looks, their language, and their customs, are so different from ours, that I can hardly believe myself in Great-Britain.

The inn at which we put up,[22] (if it may be so called) was so filthy and disagreeable in all respects, that my uncle began to fret, and his gouty symptoms to recur—Recollecting, however, that he had a letter of recommendation to one Mr. Mitchelson,[23] a lawyer, he sent it by his servant, with a compliment, importing that he would wait upon him next day in person; but that gentleman visited us immediately, and insisted upon our going to his own house, until he could provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his house, where we were treated with equal elegance and hospitality, to the utter confusion of our aunt, whose prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To-day, by the assistance of our friend, we are settled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of stairs, in the High-street, the fourth story being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the first. The air is, in all probability, the better; but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this distance above the surface of the earth.—While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I breathe at all,

I shall ever be,
dear Phillips, yours,
J. MELFORD.

July 18.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

That part of Scotland contiguous to Berwick, nature seems to have intended as a barrier between two hostile nations. It is a brown desert of considerable extent, that produces nothing but heath and fern; and what rendered it the more dreary when we passed, there was a thick fog that hindered us from seeing above twenty yards from the carriage—My sister began to make wry faces, and use her smelling-bottle; Liddy looked blank, and Mrs. Jenkins dejected; but in a few hours these clouds were dissipated; the sea appeared upon our right, and on the left the mountains retired a little, leaving an agreeable plain betwixt them and the beach; but, what surprised us all, this plain, to the extent of several miles, was covered with as fine wheat as ever I saw in the most fertile parts of South Britain——This plentiful crop is raised in the open field, without any inclosure, or other manure than the *alga marina*, or sea-weed,[1] which abounds on this coast; a circumstance which shews that the soil and climate are favourable; but that agriculture in this country is not yet brought to that perfection which it has attained in England. Inclosures would not only keep the grounds warm, and the several fields distinct, but would also protect the crop from the high winds, which are so frequent in this part of the island.

Dunbar is well situated for trade, and has a curious bason, where ships of small burthen may be perfectly secure; but there is little appearance of business in the place—From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual succession of fine seats, belonging to noblemen and gentlemen; and as each is surrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleasing effect in a country which lies otherwise open and exposed. At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh,[2] where Oliver Cromwell had his head-quarters, when Lesley, at the head of a Scotch army,[3] took possession of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered him in such a manner, that he would have been obliged to embark and get away by sea, had not the fanaticism of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct—Their ministers, by exhortation, prayer, assurance, and prophecy, instigated them to go down and slay the Philistines in Gilgal,[4] and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithstanding all that Lesley could do to restrain the madness of their enthusiasm——When Oliver saw them in motion, he exclaimed, "Praised be the Lord, he hath delivered them into the hands of his servant!" and ordered his troops to sing a psalm of thanksgiving, while they advanced in order to the plain, where the Scots were routed with great slaughter.

In the neighbourhood of Haddington, there is a gentleman's house,[5] in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is said to have expended forty thousand pounds: but I cannot say I was much pleased with either the architecture or the situation; though it has in front a pastoral stream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable manner. I intended to pay my respects to lord Elibank,[6] whom I had the honour to know at London many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian;[7] but was gone to the North, on a visit—You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and universal intelligence, over and above the entertainment arising from the originality of his character—At Musselburgh, however, I had the good-fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr. Cardonel;[8] and at his house I met with Dr. C——,[9] the parson of the parish, whose humour and conversation inflamed me with a desire of being better acquainted with his person—I am not at all surprised that these Scots make their way in every quarter of the globe.[10]

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the sea-shore, upon a firm bottom of smooth sand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat——Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not seen to much advantage[11]—We had only an imperfect view of the Castle[12] and upper parts of the town, which varied incessantly according to the inflexions of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached spires and turrets, belonging to some magnificent edifice in ruins. The palace of Holyrood house[13] stands on the left, as you enter the Canongate[14]–This is a street continued from hence to the gate called Nether Bow, which is now taken away;[15] so that there is no interruption for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill on which the Castle stands in a most imperial situation——Considering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houses on each side, this would be undoubtedly one of the noblest streets in Europe, if an ugly mass of mean buildings, called the Lucken-Booths,[16] had not thrust itself, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle-Row in Holborn.[17] The city stands upon two hills, and the bottom between them; and, with all its defects, may very well pass for the capital of a moderate kingdom–It is full of people, and continually resounds with the noise of coaches and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive, here is no want of provisions–The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales; the sea affords plenty of good fish; the bread is remarkably fine; and the water is excellent, though I'm afraid not in sufficient quantity to answer all the purposes of cleanliness and convenience; articles in which, it must be allowed, our fellow-subjects are a little defective–The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a cistern on the Castle-hill, from whence it is distributed to public conduits in different parts of the city–From these it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight pair of stairs, for the use of particular families–Every story is a complete house, occupied by a separate family; and the stair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition; a man must tread with great circumspection to get safe housed with unpolluted shoes–Nothing can form a stronger contrast, than the difference betwixt the outside and inside of the door; for the good-women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were resolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no stranger to their method of discharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the custom is in Spain, Portugal, and some parts of France and Italy–A practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithstanding all the care that is taken by their scavengers to remove this nuisance every morning by break of day, enough still remains to offend the eyes, as well as other organs of those whom use has not hardened against all delicacy of sensation.

The inhabitants seem insensible to these impressions, and are apt to imagine the disgust that we avow is little better than affectation; but they ought to have some compassion for strangers, who have not been used to this kind of sufferance; and consider, whether it may not be worth while to take some pains to vindicate themselves from the reproach that, on this account, they bear among their neighbours. As to the surprising height of their houses, it is absurd in many respects; but in one particular light I cannot view it without horror; that is, the dreadful situation of all the families above, in case the common stair case should be rendered impassable by a fire in the lower stories—In order to prevent the shocking consequences that must attend such an accident, it would be a right measure to open doors of communication from one house to another, on every story, by which the people might fly from such a terrible visitation. In all parts of the world, we see the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and sagacity—All the people of business at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market-cross,[18] which (by the bye) was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in lord Sommerville's garden[19] in this neighbourhood—I say, the people stand in the open street from the force of custom, rather than move a few yards to an Exchange[20] that stands empty on one side, or to the Parliament-close on the other, which is a noble square, adorned with a fine equestrian statue of king Charles II.[21]—The company thus assembled, are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a set of bells, fixed in a steeple hard by[22]—As these bells are well-toned, and the musician, who has a salary from the city, for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very striking to the ears of a stranger.

The public inns of Edinburgh, are still worse than those of London; but by means of a worthy gentleman, to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the house of a widow gentlewoman, of the name of Lockhart;[23] and here I shall stay until I have seen every thing that is remarkable in and about this capital. I now begin to feel the good effects of exercise——I eat like a farmer, sleep from mid-night till eight in the morning without interruption, and enjoy a constant tide of spirits, equally distant from inanition and excess; but whatever ebbs or flows my constitution may undergo, my heart will still declare that I am,

Dear Lewis,
Your affectionate friend and servant,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Edr. July 18.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MARY,

The 'squire has been so kind as to rap my bit of nonsense under the kiver of his own sheet—O, Mary Jones! Mary Jones! I have had trials and trembulation. God help me! I have been a vixen and a griffin these many days—Sattin has had power to temp me in the shape of van Ditton, the young 'squire's wally de shamble; but by God's grease he did not purvail—I thoft as how, there was no arm in going to a play at Newcastle, with my hair dressed in the Parish fashion; and as for the trifle of paint, he said as how my complexion wanted rouch, and so I let him put it on with a little Spanish owl;[1] but a mischievous mob of colliers, and such promiscous ribble rabble, that could bare no smut but their own, attacked us in the street, and called me *hoar* and *painted Issabel*, and splashed my close, and spoiled me a complete set of blond lace triple ruffles, not a pin the worse for the ware—They cost me seven good sillings, to lady Griskin's woman at London.

When I axed Mr. Clinker what they meant by calling me Issabel, he put the byebill into my hand, and I read of van Issabel a painted harlot, that vas thrown out of a vindore, and the dogs came and licked her blood[2]—But I am no harlot; and, with God's blessing, no dog shall have my poor blood to lick: marry, Heaven forbid, amen! As for Ditton, after all his courting, and his compliment, he stole away an Irishman's bride, and took a French leave[3] of me and his master; but I vally not his going a farting; but I have had hanger on his account—Mistriss scoulded like mad; thof I have the comfit that all the family took my part, and even Mr. Clinker pleaded for me on his bended knee; thof, God he knows, he had raisins enuff to complain; but he's a good sole, abounding with Christian meekness, and one day will meet with his reward.

And now, dear Mary, we have got to Haddingborrough, among the Scots, who are civil enuff for our money, thof I don't speak their lingo—But they should not go for to impose upon foreigners; for the bills in their houses say, they have different *easements* to let; and behold there is nurro geaks[4] in the whole kingdom, nor any thing for poor sarvants, but a barrel with a pair of tongs thrown a cross; and all the chairs in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a-day; and at ten o'clock at night the whole cargo is flung out of a back windore that looks into some street or lane, and the maid calls *gardy loo*[5] to the passengers, which signifies *Lord have mercy upon you!* and this is done every night in every house in Haddingborrough; so you may guess, Mary Jones, what a sweet savour comes from such a number of profuming pans; but they say it is wholsome, and, truly, I believe it is; for being in the vapours, and thinking of Issabel and Mr. Clinker, I was going into a fit of astericks, when this fiff, saving your presence, took me by the nose so powerfully that I sneezed three times, and found myself wonderfully refreshed; and this to be sure is the raisin why there are no fits in Haddingborrough.

I was likewise made believe, that there was nothing to be had but *oat-meal* and *seeps-heads*; but if I hadn't been a fool, I mought have known there could be no *heads* without kerkasses——This very blessed day I dined upon a delicate leg of Velsh mutton and cully-flower; and as for the oat-meal, I leave that to the sarvants of the country, which are pore drudges, many of them without shoes or stockings—Mr. Clinker tells me here is a great call of the gospel; but I wish, I wish some of our family be not fallen off from the rite way—O, if I was given to tail-baring, I have my own secrets to discover——There has been a deal of huggling and flurtation betwixt mistress and an ould Scots officer, called Kismycago. He looks for all the orld like the scarecrow that our gardener set up to frite away the sparrows; and what will come of it, the Lord nows; but come what will, it shall never be said that I menchioned a syllabub of the matter—Remember me kindly to Saul and the kitten——I hope they got the horn-buck, and will put it to a good yuse, which is the constant prayer of,

Dear Molly,
your loving friend,
WIN. JENKINS.

Addingborough, July 18.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

If I stay much longer at Edinburgh, I shall be changed into a down-right Caledonian—My uncle observes, that I have already acquired something of the country accent. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers, that I am insensibly sucked into the channel of their manners and customs, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine—That difference, however, which struck me very much at my first arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman—It is a sort of Doric dialect,[1] which gives an idea of amiable simplicity——You cannot imagine how we have been caressed and feasted in the *good town of Edinburgh*, of which we are become free denizens and guild brothers, by the special favour of the magistracy.

I had a whimsical commission from Bath, to a citizen of this metropolis—Quin, understanding our intention to visit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and desired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr. R—— C——,[2] a lawyer of this city—I charged myself with the commission, and, taking the guinea, "You see (said I) I have pocketed your bounty." "Yes (replied Quin, laughing); and a head-ake into the bargain, if you drink fair." I made use of this introduction to Mr. C——, who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel.[3] He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myself extremely happy; and did Mr. C—— and Quin all the justice in my power; but, alas, I was no more than a tiro among a troop of veterans, who had compassion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not—Quin was mistaken, however, as to the head-ake; the claret was too good to treat me so roughly.

While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures upon earth, I pass my time among the bucks of Edinburgh; who, with a great share of spirit and vivacity, have a certain shrewdness and self-command that is not often found among their neighbours, in the high-day of youth and exultation——Not a hint escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual in the company; and national reflections are never heard—In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scots; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real esteem for the natives of South-Britain; and never mention our country, but with expressions of regard—Nevertheless, they are far from being servile imitators of our modes and fashionable vices. All their customs and regulations of public and private œconomy, of business and diversion, are in their own stile. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dress, and manner, their music, and even their cookery. Our 'squire declares, that he knows not another people upon earth, so strongly marked with a national character—Now we are upon the article of cookery, I must own, some of their dishes are savoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to relish their singed sheep's-head and haggice, which were provided at our request, one day at Mr. Mitchelson's, where we dined—The first put me in mind of the history of Congo, in which I had read of negros' heads sold publickly in the markets;[4] the last, being a mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oat-meal, onions, and pepper, inclosed in a sheep's stomach, had a very sudden effect upon mine, and the delicate Mrs. Tabby changed colour; when the cause of our disgust was instantaneously removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scots, in general, are attached to this composition, with a sort of national fondness, as well as to their oat-meal bread; which is presented at every table, in thin triangular cakes, baked upon a plate of iron, called a girdle; and these, many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten-bread, which they have here in perfection—You know we used to vex poor Murray of Baliol-college,[5] by asking, if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland?——Sure enough, I have seen turnips make their appearance, not as a desert, but by way of *hors d'oeuvres*, or whets, as radishes are served up betwixt more substantial dishes in France and Italy; but it must be observed, that the turnips of this country are as much superior in sweetness, delicacy, and flavour, to those of England, as a musk-melon is to the stock of a common cabbage. They are small and conical, of a yellowish colour, with a very thin skin; and, over and above their agreeable taste, are valuable for their antiscorbutic quality—As to the fruit now in season,[6] such as cherries, gooseberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh; and in the gardens of some gentlemen, who live in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes: nay, I have seen a very fine shew of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reason to be surprised at these particulars, when we consider how little difference there is, in fact, betwixt this climate and that of London.

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have visited, much to our satisfaction. In the Castle are some royal apartments, where the sovereign occasionally resided; and here are carefully preserved the regalia of the kingdom, consisting of a crown, said to be of great value, a sceptre, and a sword of state, adorned with jewels—Of these symbols of sovereignty, the people are exceedingly jealous—A report being spread, during the sitting of the union-parliament, that they were removed to London, such a tumult arose, that the lord commissioner would have been torn in pieces, if he had not produced them for the satisfaction of the populace.[7]

The palace of Holyrood-house is an elegant piece of architecture, but sunk in an obscure, and, as I take it, unwholesome bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpose to be concealed. The apartments are lofty, but unfurnished; and as for the pictures of the Scottish kings, from Fergus I. to king William, they are paultry daubings, mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination,[8] or porters hired to sit for the purpose. All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh, in a small compass. Here is a well-conducted concert,[9] in which several gentlemen perform on different instruments—The Scots are all musicians[10]—Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello; and there is one nobleman, whose compositions are universally admired[11]—Our company of actors is very tolerable; and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre;[12] but their assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters ball,[13] where I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women—The English, who have never crossed the Tweed, imagine erroneously, that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions; but, I can declare with a safe conscience, I never saw so many handsome females together, as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races,[14] the best company comes hither from the remoter provinces; so that, I suppose, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated as it were into one focus; which was, indeed, so vehement, that my heart could hardly resist its power—Between friends, it has sustained some damage from the bright eyes of the charming miss R——n,[15] whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball—The countess of Melvile attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all present—She was accompanied by the agreeable miss Grieve, who made many conquests; nor did my sister Liddy pass unnoticed in the assembly—She is become a toast at Edinburgh, by the name of the Fair Cambrian, and has already been the occasion of much wine-shed; but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball, which has given us great disturbance.

A young gentleman, the express image of that rascal Wilson, went up to ask her to dance a minuet; and his sudden appearance shocked her so much, that she fainted away—I call Wilson a rascal, because, if he had been really a gentleman, with honourable intentions, he would have, ere now, appeared in his own character—I must own, my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's presumption; and Heaven confound me if I don't—But I won't be so womanish as to rail—Time will, perhaps, furnish occasion—Thank God, the cause of Liddy's disorder remains a secret. The lady directress of the ball,[16] thinking she was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where she soon recovered so well, as to return and join in the country-dances, in which the Scotch lasses acquit themselves with such spirit and agility, as put their partners to the height of their mettle—I believe our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do some execution among the cavaliers at this assembly——She had been several days in consultation with milliners and mantua-makers, preparing for the occasion, at which she made her appearance in a full suit of damask, so thick and heavy, that the sight of it alone, at this season of the year, was sufficient to draw drops of sweat from any man of ordinary imagination—She danced one minuet with our friend, Mr. Mitchelson, who favoured her so far, in the spirit of hospitality and politeness; and she was called out a second time by the young laird of Ballymawhawple,[17] who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner; but as the first was a married man, and the second payed no particular homage to her charms, which were also over-looked by the rest of the company, she became dissatisfied and censorious—At supper, she observed that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure, when they were a little improved by travelling; and therefore it was pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad—She said the women were aukward, masculine creatures; that, in dancing, they lifted their legs like so many colts; that they had no idea of graceful motion, and put on their clothes in a frightful manner; but if the truth must be told, Tabby herself was the most ridiculous figure, and the worst dressed of the whole assembly—The neglect of the male sex rendered her malcontent and peevish; she now found fault with every thing at Edinburgh, and teized her brother to leave the place, when she was suddenly reconciled to it on a religious consideration——There is a sect of fanaticks, who have separated themselves from the established kirk, under the name of Seceders[18]—They acknowledge no earthly head of the church, reject lay-patronage, and maintain the methodist doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of grace, the insufficiency of works, and the operations of the spirit. Mrs. Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their conventicles, where they both received much edification; and she has had the good fortune to come acquainted with a pious Christian, called Mr. Moffat,[19] who is very powerful in prayer, and often assists her in private exercises of devotion.

I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races in England, as appeared on the course of Leith—Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats, tipt with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis balls, but of a much harder consistence—This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance.[20] Of this diversion the Scots are so fond, that when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice[21] to the lowest tradesmen, mingled together in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness—

Among others, I was shewn one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore——They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed, without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-operating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.

The Leith races gave occasion to another entertainment of a very singular nature—There is at Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand-boys, called cawdies,[22] who ply in the streets at night with paper lanthorns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages—These fellows, though shabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their address, are wonderfully acute, and so noted for fidelity, that there is no instance of a cawdy's having betrayed his trust—Such is their intelligence, that they know, not only every individual of the place, but also every stranger, by that time he has been four and twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no transaction, even the most private, can escape their notice—They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury; though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of business—Had I occasion for any service of this nature, my own man Archy M'Alpine, is as well qualified as e'er a cawdie in Edinburgh; and I am much mistaken, if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they resolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was reinforced by an assurance that all the celebrated ladies of pleasure would grace the entertainment with their company.—I received a card on this occasion, and went thither with half a dozen of my acquaintance.—In a large hall the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company seated themselves, to the number of about fourscore, lords, and lairds, and other gentlemen, courtezans and cawdies mingled together, as the slaves and their masters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome.—The toast-master, who sat at the upper end, was one Cawdie Fraser, a veteran pimp, distinguished for his humour and sagacity, well known and much respected in his profession by all the guests, male and female, that were here assembled.—He had bespoke the dinner and the wine: he had taken care that all his brethren should appear in decent apparel and clean linen; and he himself wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the festival—I assure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and seasoned with a thousand sallies, that promoted a general spirit of mirth and good humour.—After the desert, Mr. Fraser proposed the following toasts, which I don't pretend to explain.—"The best in Christendom."—"Gibb's contract."—"The beggar's bennison."[23]—"King and kirk."—"Great-Britain and Ireland."——Then, filling a bumper, and turning to me, "Mester Malford, (said he) may a' unkindness cease betwixt John Bull and his sister Moggy."[24]—The next person he singled out, was a nobleman who had been long abroad.—"Ma lord, (cried Fraser) here is a bumper to a' those noblemen who have virtue enough to spend their rents in their ain countray."—He afterwards addressed himself to a member of parliament in these words:—"Mester—I'm sure ye'll ha' nae objection to my drinking, Disgrace and dule[25] to ilka Scot, that sells his conscience and his vote."—He discharged a third sarcasm at a person very gaily dressed, who had risen from small beginnings, and made a considerable fortune at play.—Filling his glass, and calling him by name, "Lang life (said he) to the wylie loon that gangs a-field with a toom poke at his lunzie,[26] and comes hame with a sackful of siller."——All these toasts being received with loud bursts of applause, Mr. Fraser called for pint glasses, and filled his own to the brim: then standing up, and all his brethren following his example, "Ma lords and gentlemen (cried he), here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeserved honour you have done your poor errand-boys this day."—So saying, he and they drank off their glasses in a trice, and, quitting their seats, took their station each behind one of the other guests;—exclaiming, "Noo we're your honours' cawdies again."

The nobleman who had bore the first brunt of Mr. Fraser's satire, objected to his abdication. He said, as the company was assembled by invitation from the cawdies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expence. "By no means, my lord, (cried Fraser) I wad na be guilty of sic presumption for the wide warld—I never affronted a gentleman since I was born; and sure at this age, I wonnot offer an indignity to sic an honourable convention." "Well, (said his Lordship) as you have expended some wit, you have a right to save your money. You have given me good counsel, and I take it in good part. As you have voluntarily quitted your seat, I will take your place with the leave of the good company, and think myself happy to be hailed, *Father of the Feast.*" He was forthwith elected into the chair, and complimented in a bumper in his new character.

The claret continued to circulate without interruption, till the glasses seemed to dance upon the table, and this, perhaps, was a hint to the ladies to call for music—At eight in the evening the ball began in another apartment: at midnight we went to supper; but it was broad day before I found the way to my lodgings; and, no doubt, his Lordship had a swinging bill to discharge.

In short, I have lived so riotously for some weeks, that my uncle begins to be alarmed on the score of my constitution, and very seriously observes, that all his own infirmities are owing to such excesses indulged in his youth—Mrs. Tabitha says it would be more for the advantage of my soul as well as body, if, instead of frequenting these scenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr. Moffat and her to hear a sermon of the reverend Mr. M'Corkindale.[27]—Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health; and even Archy M'Alpine, when he happens to be overtaken,[28] (which is oftener the case than I could wish) reads me a long lecture upon temperance and sobriety; and is so very wise and sententious, that, if I could provide him with a professor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and service together; for I was tutor-sick at alma mater.

I am not, however, so much engrossed by the gaieties of Edinburgh, but that I find time to make parties in the family way.—We have not only seen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have also crossed the Firth, which is an arm of the sea seven miles broad, that divides Lothian from the shire, or, as the Scots call it, the *kingdom of Fife*.[29] There is a number of large open sea-boats that ply on this passage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other side. In one of these our whole family embarked three days ago, excepting my sister, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was left to the care of Mrs. Mitchelson. We had an easy and quick passage into Fife, where we visited a number of poor towns on the sea-side, including St. Andrew's, which is the skeleton of a venerable city;[30] but we were much better pleased with some noble and elegant seats and castles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland.[31] Yesterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with fair wind and agreeable weather; but we had not advanced half-way when the sky was suddenly overcast, and the wind changing, blew directly in our teeth; so that we were obliged to turn, or tack the rest of the way. In a word, the gale increased to a storm of wind and rain, attended with such a fog, that we could not see the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the castle of Edinburgh, notwithstanding its high situation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occasion. And at the same time, most of the passengers were seized with a nausea that produced violent retchings. My aunt desired her brother to order the boatmen to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually proposed; but they assured him there was no danger. Mrs. Tabitha finding them obstinate, began to scold, and insisted upon my uncle's exerting his authority as a justice of the peace. Sick and peevish as he was, he could not help laughing at this wise proposal, telling her, that his commission did not extend so far, and, if it did, he should let the people take their own way; for he thought it would be great presumption in him to direct them in the exercise of their own profession. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance with the assistance of Mr. Humphry Clinker, who joined her both in prayer and ejaculation—As he took it for granted that we should not be long in this world, he offered some spiritual consolation to Mrs. Tabitha, who rejected it with great disgust, bidding him keep his sermons for those who had leisure to hear such nonsense.—My uncle sat, recollected in himself, without speaking; my man Archy had recourse to a brandy-bottle, with which he made so free, that I imagined he had sworn to die of drinking any thing rather than sea-water: but the brandy had no more effect upon him in the way of intoxication, than if it had been sea-water in good earnest.—As for myself, I was too much engrossed by the sickness at my stomach, to think of any thing else.—Meanwhile the sea swelled mountains high, the boat pitched with such violence, as if it had been going to pieces; the cordage rattled, the wind roared; the lightning flashed, the thunder bellowed, and the rain descended in a deluge—Every time the vessel was put about, we ship'd a sea that drenched us all to the skin.—When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themselves began to fear that the tide would fail before we should fetch up our lee-way: the next trip, however, brought us into smooth water, and we were safely landed on the quay, about one o'clock in the afternoon.—"To be sure (cried Tabby, when she found herself on *terra firma*), we must all have perished, if we had not been the particular care of Providence."—"Yes, (replied my uncle) but I am much of the honest highlander's mind—after he had made such a passage as this: his friend told him he was much indebted to Providence;—'Certainly, (said Donald) but, by my saul, mon, I'se ne'er trouble Providence again, so long as the brig of Stirling stands.' "[32] ——You must know the brig, or bridge of Stirling, stands above twenty miles up the river Forth, of which this is the outlet—I don't find that our 'squire has suffered in his health from this adventure; but poor Liddy is in a peaking way—I'm afraid this unfortunate girl is uneasy in her mind; and this apprehension distracts me, for she is really an amiable creature.

We shall set out to-morrow or next day for Stirling and Glasgow; and we propose to penetrate a little way into the Highlands, before we turn our course to the southward—In the mean time, commend me to all our friends round Carfax,[33] and believe me to be, ever yours,

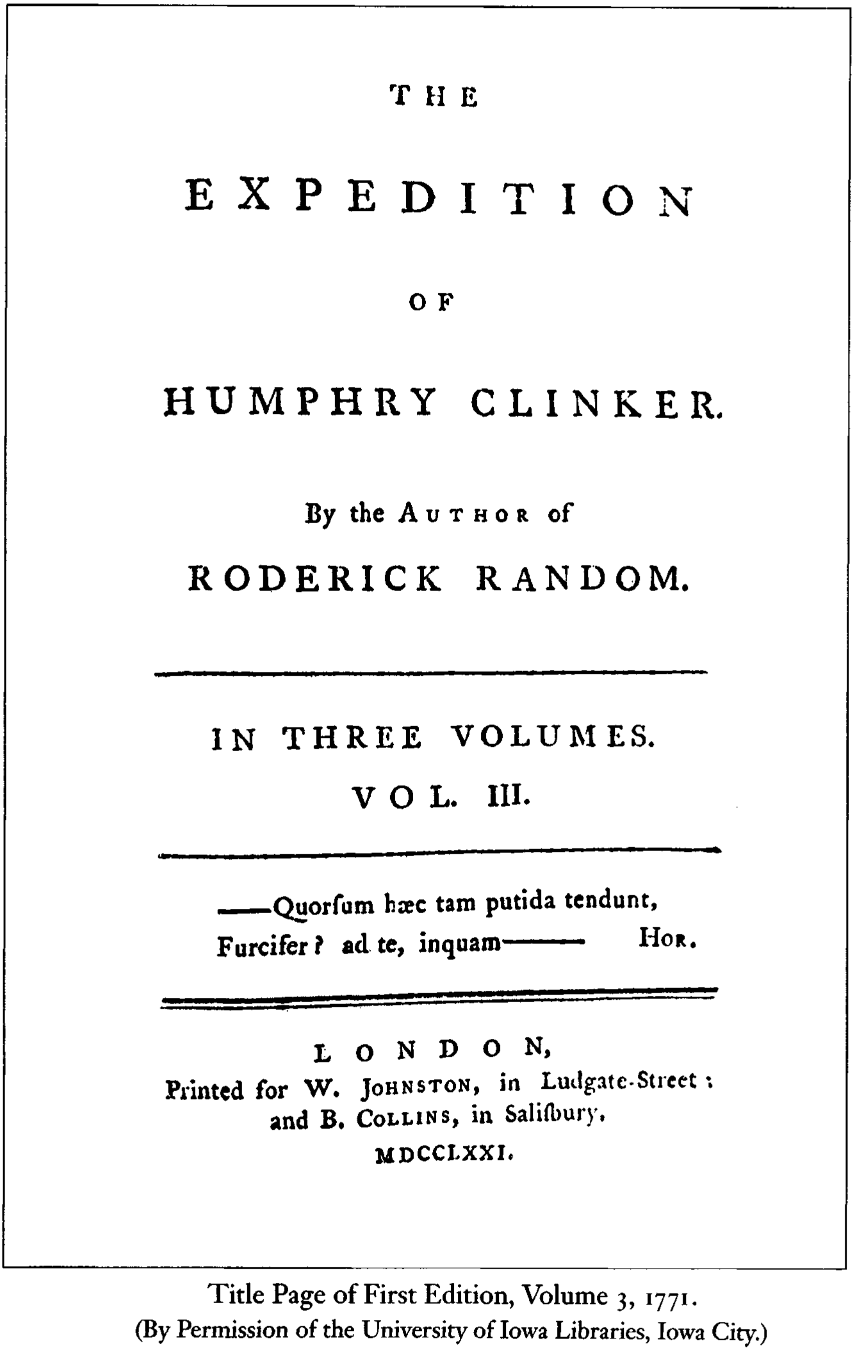
J. MELFORD.

Edinburgh, Aug. 8.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

The Expedition of
Humphry Clinker

VOLUME THREE



THE

EXPEDITION

OF

HUMPHRY CLINKER.

By the AUTHOR of

RODERICK RANDOM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

——Quorſum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furcifer? ad te, inquam—— HOR.

LONDON,
Printed for W. JOHNSTON, in Ludgate-Street;
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THE
EXPEDITION
OF
Humphry Clinker

To Dr. LEWIS.

I should be very ungrateful, dear Lewis, if I did not find myself disposed to think and speak favourably of this people, among whom I have met with more kindness, hospitality, and rational entertainment, in a few weeks, than ever I received in any other country during the whole course of my life.—Perhaps, the gratitude excited by these benefits may interfere with the impartiality of my remarks; for a man is as apt to be prepossessed by particular favours as to be prejudiced by private motives of disgust. If I am partial, there is, at least, some merit in my conversion from illiberal prejudices which had grown up with my constitution.

The first impressions which an Englishman receives in this country, will not contribute to the removal of his prejudices; because he refers every thing he sees to a comparison with the same articles in his own country; and this comparison is unfavourable to Scotland in all its exteriors, such as the face of the country in respect to cultivation, the appearance of the bulk of the people, and the language of conversation in general.—I am not so far convinced by Mr. Lismahago's arguments, but that I think the Scots would do well, for their own sakes, to adopt the English idioms and pronunciation; those of them especially, who are resolved to push their fortunes in South-Britain.——I know, by experience, how easily an Englishman is influenced by the ear, and how apt he is to laugh, when he hears his own language spoken with a foreign or provincial accent.—I have known a member of the house of commons speak with great energy and precision, without being able to engage attention, because his observations were made in the Scotch dialect, which (no offence to lieutenant Lismahago) certainly gives a clownish air even to sentiments of the greatest dignity and decorum.—I have declared my opinion on this head to some of the most sensible men of this country, observing, at the same time, that if they would employ a few natives of England to teach the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue, in twenty years there would be no difference, in point of dialect, between the youth of Edinburgh and of London.

The civil regulations of this kingdom and metropolis are taken from very different models from those of England, except in a few particular establishments, the necessary consequences of the union.[1]—Their college of justice[2] is a bench of great dignity, filled with judges of character and ability.—I have heard some causes tried before this venerable tribunal; and was very much pleased with the pleadings of their advocates, who are by no means deficient either in argument or elocution. The Scottish legislation is founded, in a great measure, on the civil law;[3] consequently, their proceedings vary from those of the English tribunals; but, I think, they have the advantage of us in their method of examining witnesses apart,[4] and in the constitution of their jury,[5] by which they certainly avoid the evil which I mentioned in my last from Lismahago's observation.

The university of Edinburgh[6] is supplied with excellent professors in all the sciences; and the medical school, in particular, is famous all over Europe.—The students of this art have the best opportunity of learning it to perfection, in all its branches, as there are different courses for the *theory of medicine*, and the *practice of medicine;* for *anatomy*, *chemistry*, *botany*, and the *materia medica*, over and above those of *mathematics* and *experimental philosophy;* and all these are given by men of distinguished talents. What renders this part of education still more complete, is the advantage of attending the infirmary,[7] which is the best instituted charitable foundation that I ever knew. Now we are talking of charities, here are several hospitals,[8] exceedingly well endowed, and maintained under admirable regulations; and these are not only useful, but ornamental to the city. Among these, I shall only mention the general work-house,[9] in which all the poor, not otherwise provided for, are employed, according to their different abilities, with such judgment and effect, that they nearly maintain themselves by their labour, and there is not a beggar to be seen within the precincts of this metropolis. It was Glasgow that set the example of this establishment, about thirty years ago.—Even the kirk of Scotland, so long reproached with fanatacism and canting, abounds at present with ministers celebrated for their learning, and respectable for their moderation.[10]—I have heard their sermons with equal astonishment and pleasure.—The good people of Edinburgh no longer think dirt and cobwebs essential to the house of God.—Some of their churches have admitted such ornaments as would have excited sedition, even in England, a little more than a century ago; and psalmody is here practised and taught by a professor from the cathedral of Durham:[11]—I should not be surprised, in a few years, to hear it accompanied with an organ.

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius.——I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction; such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguson, Wilkie,[12] &c. and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr. Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest upon paper.[13] The magistracy of Edinburgh is changed every year by election, and seems to be very well adapted both for state and authority.—The *lord provost* is equal in dignity to the *lord mayor of London;* and the *four bailies* are equivalent to the rank of aldermen.—There is a *dean of guild*, who takes cognizance of mercantile affairs; a treasurer; a town-clerk; and the council is composed of deacons, one of whom is returned every year, in rotation, as representative of every company of artificers or handicraftsmen. Though this city, from the nature of its situation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has, nevertheless, an air of magnificence that commands respect.—The castle is an instance of the sublime in scite and architecture.—Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garrison of regular soldiers, which is relieved every year; but it is incapable of sustaining a siege carried on according to the modern operations of war.——The castle hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the high-street, is used as a public walk for the citizens, and commands a prospect, equally extensive and delightful, over the county of Fife, on the other side of the Frith, and all along the sea-coast, which is covered with a succession of towns that would seem to indicate a considerable share of commerce; but, if the truth must be told, these towns have been falling to decay ever since the union, by which the Scots were in a great measure deprived of their trade with France.—The palace of Holyrood-house is a jewel in architecture, thrust into a hollow where it cannot be seen; a situation which was certainly not chosen by the ingenious architect, who must have been confined to the scite of the old palace, which was a convent. Edinburgh is considerably extended on the south side, where there are divers little elegant squares built in the English manner; and the citizens have planned some improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The sea-port is Leith, a flourishing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have seen above one hundred ships lying all together. You must know, I had the curiosity to cross the Frith in a passage-boat, and stayed two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a surprising number of fine seats, elegantly built, and magnificently furnished. There is an incredible number of noble houses in every part of Scotland that I have seen.—Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yester, and lord Hopton's,[14] all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a sovereign might reside at his ease.—I suppose the Scots affect these monuments of grandeur.—If I may be allowed to mingle censure with my remarks upon a people I revere, I must observe, that their weak side seems to be vanity.—I am afraid that even their hospitality is not quite free of ostentation.—I think I have discovered among them uncommon pains taken to display their fine linen, of which, indeed, they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, housekeeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it must be owned, they are profuse, if not prodigal.—A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London, who has ten times his fortune, must excel him in the expence as well as elegance of his entertainments.

Though the villas of the Scotch nobility and gentry have generally an air of grandeur and state, I think their gardens and parks are not comparable to those of England; a circumstance the more remarkable, as I was told by the ingenious Mr. Philip Miller of Chelsea,[15] that almost all the gardeners of South-Britain were natives of Scotland. The verdure of this country is not equal to that of England.—The pleasure-grounds are, in my opinion, not so well laid out according to the *genius loci;* nor are the lawns, and walks, and hedges kept in such delicate order.—The trees are planted in prudish[16] rows, which have not such an agreeable natural effect, as when they are thrown into irregular groupes, with intervening glades; and the firs, which they generally raise around their houses, look dull and funereal in the summer season.——I must confess, indeed, that they yield serviceable timber, and good shelter against the northern blasts; that they grow and thrive in the most barren soil, and continually perspire a fine balsam of turpentine, which must render the air very salutary and sanative to lungs of a tender texture.

Tabby and I have been both frightened in our return by sea from the coast of Fife.——She was afraid of drowning, and I of catching cold, in consequence of being drenched with sea-water; but my fears, as well as her's, have been happily disappointed.——She is now in perfect health; I wish I could say the same of Liddy.——Something uncommon is the matter with that poor child; her colour fades, her appetite fails, and her spirits flag.——She is become moping and melancholy, and is often found in tears.——Her brother suspects internal uneasiness on account of Wilson, and denounces vengeance against that adventurer.——She was, it seems, strongly affected at the ball by the sudden appearance of one Mr. Gordon, who strongly resembles the said Wilson; but I am rather suspicious that she caught cold by being overheated with dancing.—I have consulted Dr. Gregory,[17] an eminent physician of an amiable character, who advises the highland air, and the use of goat-milk whey, which, surely, cannot have a bad effect upon a patient who was born and bred among the mountains of Wales.—The doctor's opinion is the more agreeable, as we shall find those remedies in the very place which I proposed as the utmost extent of our expedition—I mean the borders of Argyle.

Mr. Smollett,[18] one of the judges of the commissary court, which is now sitting, has very kindly insisted upon our lodging at his country-house, on the banks of Lough-Lomond, about fourteen miles beyond Glasgow. For this last city we shall set out in two days, and take Stirling in our way, well provided with recommendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I protest, I shall leave with much regret. I am so far from thinking it any hardship to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town life, Edinburgh would certainly be the head-quarters of

Yours always,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Edr. August 8.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I am now little short of the *Ultima Thule*,[1] if this appellation properly belongs to the Orkneys or Hebrides. These last are now lying before me, to the amount of some hundreds, scattered up and down the Deucalidonian sea,[2] affording the most picturesque and romantic prospect I ever beheld——I write this letter in a gentleman's house,[3] near the town of Inverary, which may be deemed the capital of the West Highlands, famous for nothing so much as for the stately castle begun, and actually covered in by the late duke of Argyle, at a prodigious expence—Whether it will ever be completely finished is a question[4]——

But, to take things in order.——We left Edinburgh ten days ago; and the further North we proceed, we find Mrs. Tabitha the less manageable; so that her inclinations are not of the nature of the loadstone; they point not towards the pole. What made her leave Edinburgh with reluctance at last, if we may believe her own assertions, was a dispute which she left unfinished with Mr. Moffat, touching the eternity of hell torments. That gentleman, as he advanced in years, began to be sceptical on this head, till, at length, he declared open war against the common acceptation of the word *eternal.* He is now persuaded, that *eternal* signifies no more than an indefinite number of years; and that the most enormous sinner may be quit for *nine millions, nine hundred thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine years of hell-fire;* which term or period, as he very well observes, forms but an inconsiderable drop, as it were, in the ocean of eternity—For this mitigation he contends, as a system agreeable to the ideas of goodness and mercy, which we annex to the supreme Being—Our aunt seemed willing to adopt this doctrine in favour of the wicked; but he hinted, that no person whatever was so righteous as to be exempted entirely from punishment in a future state; and that the most pious Christian upon earth might think himself very happy to get off for a fast of seven or eight thousand years in the midst of fire and brimstone. Mrs. Tabitha revolted at this dogma, which filled her at once with horror and indignation—She had recourse to the opinion of Humphry Clinker, who roundly declared it was the popish doctrine of purgatory, and quoted scripture in defence of the *fire everlasting, prepared for the devil and his angels*[5]—The reverend mester Mackcorkendale, and all the theologists and saints of that persuasion were consulted, and some of them had doubts about the matter; which doubts and scruples had begun to infect our aunt, when we took our departure from Edinburgh.

We passed through Linlithgow, where there was an elegant royal palace,[6] which is now gone to decay, as well as the town itself—This too is pretty much the case with Stirling, though it still boasts of a fine old castle,[7] in which the kings of Scotland were wont to reside in their minority—But Glasgow is the pride of Scotland,[8] and, indeed, it might very well pass for an elegant and flourishing city in any part of Christendom. There we had the good fortune to be received into the house of Mr. Moore,[9] an eminent surgeon, to whom we were recommended by one of our friends at Edinburgh; and, truly, he could not have done us more essential service—Mr. Moore is a merry facetious companion, sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour; and his wife an agreeable woman, well bred, kind, and obliging—Kindness, which I take to be the essence of good-nature and humanity, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Scotch ladies in their own country—Our landlord shewed us every thing, and introduced us to all the world at

Glasgow; where, through his recommendation, we were complimented with the freedom of the town. Considering the trade and opulence of this place, it cannot but abound with gaiety and diversions——Here is a great number of young fellows that rival the youth of the capital in spirit and expence; and I was soon convinced, that all the female beauties of Scotland were not assembled at the hunters ball in Edinburgh——The town of Glasgow flourishes in learning, as well as in commerce—Here is an university,[10] with professors in all the different branches of science, liberally endowed, and judiciously chosen—It was vacation time when I passed, so that I could not entirely satisfy my curiosity; but their mode of education is certainly preferable to ours in some respects—The students are not left to the private instruction of tutors; but taught in public schools or classes, each science by its particular professor or regent.

My uncle is in raptures with Glasgow—He not only visited all the manufactures of the place, but made excursions all round, to Hamilton, Paisley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was any thing remarkable to be seen in art or nature. I believe the exercise, occasioned by these jaunts, was of service to my sister Liddy, whose appetite and spirits begin to revive—Mrs. Tabitha displayed her attractions as usual, and actually believed she had entangled one Mr. Maclellan, a rich inkle-manufacturer,[11] in her snares; but when matters came to an explanation, it appeared that his attachment was altogether spiritual, founded upon an intercourse of devotion, at the meeting of Mr. John Wesley;[12] who, in the course of his evangelical mission, had come hither in person—At length, we set out for the banks of Lough-Lomond, passing through the little borough of Dumbarton, or (as my uncle will have it) Dunbritton, where there is a castle,[13] more curious than any thing of the kind I had ever seen—It is honoured with a particular description by the elegant Buchannan,[14] as an *arx inexpugnabilis*,[15] and, indeed, it must have been impregnable by the antient manner of besieging. It is a rock of considerable extent, rising with a double top, in an angle formed by the confluence of two rivers, the Clyde and the Leven; perpendicular and inaccessible on all sides, except in one place where the entrance is fortified; and there is no rising-ground in the neighbourhood from whence it could be damaged by any kind of battery.

From Dumbarton, the West Highlands appear in the form of huge, dusky mountains, piled one over another; but this prospect is not at all surprising to a native of Glamorgan—We have fixed our head-quarters at Cameron, a very neat country-house belonging to commissary Smollett, where we found every sort of accommodation we could desire—It is situated like a Druid's temple, in a grove of oak, close by the side of Lough-Lomond, which is a surprising body of pure transparent water, unfathomably deep in many places, six or seven miles broad, four and twenty miles in length, displaying above twenty green islands, covered with wood; some of them cultivated for corn, and many of them stocked with red deer—They belong to different gentlemen, whose seats are scattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic beyond all conception. My uncle and I have left the women at Cameron, as Mrs. Tabitha would by no means trust herself again upon the water, and to come hither it was necessary to cross a small inlet of the sea, in an open ferry-boat——This country appears more and more wild and savage the further we advance; and the people are as different from the Low-land Scots, in their looks, garb, and language, as the mountaineers of Brecknock are from the inhabitants of Herefordshire.

When the Lowlanders want to drink a chearupping-cup, they go to the public house, called the Change-house, and call for a chopine of two-penny,[16] which is a thin, yeasty beverage, made of malt; not quite so strong as the table-beer of England[17]—This is brought in a pewter stoop, shaped like a skittle, from whence it is emptied into a quaff; that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, such as box and ebony, cut into little staves, joined alternately, and secured with delicate hoops, having two ears or handles—It holds about a gill, is sometimes tipt round the mouth with silver, and has a plate of the same metal at bottom, with the landlord's cypher engraved—The Highlanders, on the contrary, despise this liquor, and regale themselves with whisky;[18] a malt spirit, as strong as geneva,[19] which they swallow in great quantities, without any signs of inebriation. They are used to it from the cradle, and find it an excellent preservative against the winter cold, which must be extreme on these mountains—I am told that it is given with great success to infants, as a cordial in the confluent small-pox,[20] when the erruption seems to flag, and the symptoms grow unfavourable—The Highlanders are used to eat much more animal food than falls to the share of their neighbours in the Low-country—They delight in hunting; have plenty of deer and other game, with a great number of sheep, goats, and black-cattle running wild, which they scruple not to kill as venison, without being at much pains to ascertain the property.

Inverary is but a poor town, though it stands immediately under the protection of the duke of Argyle,[21] who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland. The peasants live in wretched cabins, and seem very poor; but the gentlemen are tolerably well lodged, and so loving to strangers, that a man runs some risque of his life from their hospitality—It must be observed that the poor

Highlanders are now seen to disadvantage—They have been not only disarmed by act of parliament;[22] but also deprived of their antient garb, which was both graceful and convenient; and what is a greater hardship still, they are compelled to wear breeches; a restraint which they cannot bear with any degree of patience: indeed, the majority wear them, not in the proper place, but on poles or long staves over their shoulders——They are even debared the use of their striped stuff, called Tartane, which was their own manufacture, prized by them above all the velvets, brocards, and tissues of Europe and Asia. They now lounge along in loose great coats, of coarse russet, equally mean and cumbersome, and betray manifest marks of dejection—Certain it is, the government could not have taken a more effectual method to break their national spirit.

We have had princely sport in hunting the stag on these mountains—These are the lonely hills of Morven, where Fingal and his heroes enjoyed the same pastime: I feel an enthusiastic pleasure when I survey the brown heath that Ossian wont to tread; and hear the wind whistle through the bending grass——When I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the suspended harp of that divine bard, and listen in hopes of hearing the aerial sound of his respected spirit—The Poems of Ossian[23] are in every mouth—A famous antiquarian of this country, the laird of Mackfarlane,[24] at whose house we dined a few days ago, can repeat them all in the original Gaelick, which has a great affinity to the Welch, not only in the general sound, but also in a great number of radical words; and I make no doubt but that they are both sprung from the same origin. I was not a little surprised, when asking a Highlander one day, if he knew where we should find any game? he replied, "*hu niel Sassenagh*," which signifies *no English:* the very same answer I should have received from a Welchman, and almost in the same words. The Highlanders have no other name for the people of the Low-country, but Sassenagh, or Saxons;[25] a strong presumption, that the Lowland Scots and the English are derived from the same stock——The peasants of these hills strongly resemble those of Wales in their looks, their manners, and habitations; every thing I see, and hear, and feel, seems Welch——The mountains, vales, and streams; the air and climate; the beef, mutton, and game, are all Welch—It must be owned, however, that this people are better provided than we in some articles—They have plenty of red deer and roebuck, which are fat and delicious at this season of the year—Their sea teems with amazing quantities of the finest fish in the world; and they find means to procure very good claret at a very small expence.

Our landlord is a man of consequence in this part of the country; a cadet from the family of Argyle, and hereditary captain of one of his castles[26]—His name, in plain English, is Dougal Campbell; but as there is a great number of the same appellation, they are distinguished (like the Welch) by patronimics; and as I have known an antient Briton called Madoc ap-Morgan, ap-Jenkin, ap-Jones, our Highland chief designs himself Dou'l Mac-amish mac-'oul ich-ian, signifying Dougal, the son of James, the son of Dougal, the son of John—He has traveled in the course of his education, and is disposed to make certain alterations in his domestic œconomy; but he finds it impossible to abolish the antient customs of the family; some of which are ludicrous enough—His piper,[27] for example, who is an hereditary officer of the household, will not part with the least particle of his privileges——He has a right to wear the kilt, or antient Highland dress, with the purse, pistol, and durk—a broad yellow ribbon, fixed to the chanter-pipe, is thrown over his shoulder, and trails along the ground, while he performs the function of his minstrelsy; and this, I suppose, is analogous to the pennon or flag which was formerly carried before every knight in battle——He plays before the laird every Sunday in his way to the kirk, which he circles three times, performing the family march, which implies defiance to all the enemies of the clan; and every morning he plays a full hour by the clock, in the great hall, marching backwards and forwards all the time, with a solemn pace, attended by the laird's kinsmen, who seem much delighted with the music—In this exercise, he indulges them with a variety of pibrachs or airs, suited to the different passions, which he would either excite or assuage.

Mr. Campbell himself, who performs very well on the violin, has an invincible antipathy to the sound of the Highland bag-pipe, which sings in the nose with a most alarming twang, and, indeed, is quite intolerable to ears of common sensibility, when aggravated by the echo of a vaulted hall—He therefore begged the piper would have some mercy upon him, and dispense with this part of the morning service——A consultation of the clan being held on this occasion, it was unanimously agreed, that the laird's request could not be granted without a dangerous encroachment upon the customs of the family—The piper declared, he could not give up for a moment the privilege he derived from his ancestors; nor would the laird's relations forego an entertainment which they valued above all others—There was no remedy; Mr. Campbell, being obliged to acquiesce, is fain to stop his ears with cotton; to fortify his head with three or four night-caps, and every morning retire into the penetralia of his habitation, in order to avoid this diurnal annoyance. When the music ceases, he produces himself at an open window that looks into the court-yard, which is by this time filled with a crowd of his vassals and dependents, who worship his first appearance, by uncovering their heads, and bowing to the earth with the most humble prostration. As all these people have something to communicate in the way of proposal, complaint, or petition, they wait patiently till the laird comes forth, and, following him in his walks, are favoured each with a short audience in his turn. Two days ago, he dispatched above an hundred different sollicitors, in walking with us to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, where we dined by invitation. Our landlord's house-keeping is equally rough and hospitable, and savours much of the simplicity of ancient times: the great hall, paved with flat stones, is about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and serves not only for a dining-room, but also for a bed-chamber to gentlemen-dependents and hangers-on of the family. At night, half a dozen occasional beds are ranged on each side along the wall. These are made of fresh heath, pulled up by the roots, and disposed in such a manner as to make a very agreeable couch, where they lie, without any other covering than the plaid—My uncle and I were indulged with separate chambers and down beds, which we begged to exchange for a layer of heath; and indeed I never slept so much to my satisfaction. It was not only soft and elastic, but the plant, being in flower, diffused an agreeable fragrance, which is wonderfully refreshing and restorative.

Yesterday we were invited to the funeral of an old lady, the grand-mother of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and found ourselves in the midst of fifty people, who were regaled with a sumptuous feast, accompanied by the music of a dozen pipers. In short, this meeting had all the air of a grand festival; and the guests did such honour to the entertainment, that many of them could not stand when we were reminded of the business on which we had met. The company forthwith taking horse, rode in a very irregular cavalcade to the place of interment, a church, at the distance of two long miles from the castle. On our arrival, however, we found we had committed a small oversight, in leaving the corpse behind;[28] so that we were obliged to wheel about, and met the old gentlewoman half way, carried upon poles by the nearest relations of her family, and attended by the *coronach*,[29] composed of a multitude of old hags, who tore their hair, beat their breasts, and howled most hideously. At the grave, the orator, or *senachie*, pronounced the panegyric of the defunct, every period being confirmed by a yell of the *coronach*. The body was committed to the earth, the pipers playing a pibroch all the time; and all the company standing uncovered. The ceremony was closed with a discharge of pistols; then we returned to the castle, resumed the bottle, and by midnight there was not a sober person in the family, the females excepted. The 'squire and I were, with some difficulty, permitted to retire with our landlord in the evening; but our entertainer was a little chagrined at our retreat; and afterwards seemed to think it a disparagement to his family, that not above a hundred gallons of whisky had been drank upon such a solemn occasion. This morning we got up by four, to hunt the roebuck, and, in an half an hour, found breakfast ready served in the hall. The hunters consisted of Sir George Colquhoun[30] and me, as strangers, (my uncle not chusing to be of the party) of the *laird in person*, *the laird's brother*, *the laird's brother's son*, *the laird's sister's son*, *the laird's father's brother's son*, and all their *foster brothers*, who are counted parcel of the family: but we were attended by an infinite number of *Gaellys*,[31] or ragged Highlanders, without shoes or stockings.

The following articles formed our morning's repast: one kit of boiled eggs; a second, full of butter; a third, full of cream; an entire cheese, made of goat's milk; a large earthen pot full of honey; the best part of a ham; a cold venison pasty; a bushel of oat meal, made in thin cakes and bannocks,[32] with a small wheaten loaf in the middle for the strangers; a large stone bottle full of whisky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale.[33] There was a laddle chained to the cream kit, with curious wooden bickers[34] to be filled from this reservoir. The spirits were drank out of a silver quaff, and the ale out of horns: great justice was done to the collation by the guests in general; one of them in particular ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board. Finally, a large roll of tobacco was presented by way of desert, and every individual took a comfortable quid, to prevent the bad effects of the morning air. We had a fine chace over the mountains, after a roebuck, which we killed, and I got home time enough to drink tea with Mrs. Campbell and our 'squire. To-morrow we shall set out on our return for Cameron. We propose to cross the Frith of Clyde, and take the towns of Greenock and Port-Glasgow in our way. This circuit being finished, we shall turn our faces to the south, and follow the sun with augmented velocity, in order to enjoy the rest of the autumn in England, where Boreas is not quite so biting as he begins already to be on the tops of these northern hills. But our progress from place to place shall continue to be specified in these detached journals of,

yours always,
J. MELFORD.

Argyleshire, Septr. 3.

To Dr. Lewis.

DEAR DICK,

About a fortnight is now elapsed, since we left the capital of Scotland, directing our course towards Stirling, where we lay—The castle of this place is such another as that of Edinburgh, and affords a surprising prospect of the windings of the river Forth, which are so extraordinary, that the distance from hence to Alloa[1] by land, is but four miles, and by water it is twenty-four. Alloa is a neat thriving town, that depends in a great measure on the commerce of Glasgow, the merchants of which send hither tobacco and other articles, to be deposited in warehouses for exportation from the Frith of Forth. In our way hither we visited a flourishing iron-work,[2] where, instead of burning wood, they use coal, which they have the art of clearing in such a manner as frees it from the sulphur, that would otherwise render the metal too brittle for working. Excellent coal is found in almost every part of Scotland.

The soil of this district produces scarce any other grain but oats and barley; perhaps because it is poorly cultivated, and almost altogether uninclosed. The few inclosures they have consist of paultry walls of loose stones gathered from the fields, which indeed they cover, as if they had been scattered on purpose. When I expressed my surprize that the peasants did not disencumber their grounds of these stones; a gentleman, well aquainted with the theory as well as practice of farming, assured me that the stones, far from being prejudicial, were serviceable to the crop.[3] This philosopher had ordered a field of his own to be cleared, manured and sown with barley, and the produce was more scanty than before. He caused the stones to be replaced, and next year the crop was as good as ever. The stones were removed a second time, and the harvest failed; they were again brought back, and the ground retrieved its fertility. The same experiment has been tried in different parts of Scotland with the same success—Astonished at this information, I desired to know in what manner he accounted for this strange phenomenon; and he said there were three ways in which the stones might be serviceable. They might possibly restrain an excess in the perspiration of the earth, analogous to colliquative sweats,[4] by which the human body is sometimes wasted and consumed. They might act as so many fences to protect the tender blade from the piercing winds of the spring; or, by multiplying the reflexion of the sun, they might increase the warmth, so as to mitigate the natural chilness of the soil and climate—But, surely this excessive perspiration might be more effectually checked by different kinds of manure, such as ashes, lime, chalk, or marl,[5] of which last it seems there are many pits in this kingdom: as for the warmth, it would be much more equally obtained by inclosures; one half of the ground which is now covered, would be retrieved; the cultivation would require less labour; and the ploughs, harrows, and horses, would not suffer half the damage which they now sustain.

These north-western parts are by no means fertile in corn. The ground is naturally barren and moorish. The peasants are poorly lodged, meagre in their looks, mean in their apparel, and remarkably dirty. This last reproach they might easily wash off, by means of those lakes, rivers, and rivulets of pure water, with which they are so liberally supplied by nature. Agriculture cannot be expected to flourish where the farms are small, the leases short, and the husbandman begins upon a rack rent,[6] without a sufficient stock to answer the purposes of improvement. The granaries of Scotland are the banks of the Tweed, the counties of East and Mid-Lothian, the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire, equal in fertility to any part of England, and some tracts in Aberdeenshire and Murray, where I am told the harvest is more early than in Northumberland, although they lie above two degrees farther north. I have a strong curiosity to visit many places beyond the Forth and the Tay, such as Perth, Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen, which are towns equally elegant and thriving; but the season is too far advanced, to admit of this addition to my original plan.

I am so far happy as to have seen Glasgow, which, to the best of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettiest towns in Europe; and, without all doubt, it is one of the most flourishing in Great Britain. In short, it is a perfect bee-hive in point of industry. It stands partly on a gentle declivity; but the greatest part of it is in a plain, watered by the river Clyde. The streets are straight, open, airy, and well paved; and the houses lofty and well built of hewn stone. At the upper end of the town, there is a venerable cathedral,[7] that may be compared with York minster or Westminster; and, about the middle of the descent from this to the Cross,[8] is the college, a respectable pile of building, with all manner of accommodation for the professors and students, including an elegant library, and an observatory well provided with astronomical instruments. The number of inhabitants is said to amount to thirty thousand; and marks of opulence and independency appear in every quarter of this commercial city, which, however, is not without its inconveniences and defects. The water of their public pumps is generally hard and brackish, an imperfection the less excusable, as the river Clyde runs by their doors, in the lower part of the town; and there are rivulets and springs above the cathedral, sufficient to fill a large reservoir with excellent water, which might be thence distributed to all the different parts of the city. It is of more consequence to consult the health of the inhabitants in this article, than to employ so much attention in beautifying their town with new streets, squares, and churches. Another defect, not so easily remedied, is the shallowness of the river, which will not float vessels of any burthen within ten or twelve miles of the city; so that the merchants are obliged to load and unload their ships at Greenock and Port-Glasgow,[9] situated about fourteen miles nearer the mouth of the Frith, where it is about two miles broad.

The people of Glasgow have a noble spirit of enterprise—Mr. Moore,[10] a surgeon, to whom I was recommended from Edinburgh, introduced me to all the principal merchants of the place. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Cochran,[11] who may be stiled one of the sages of this kingdom. He was first magistrate at the time of the last rebellion. I sat as member when he was examined in the house of commons; upon which occasion Mr. P—— [12] observed he had never heard such a sensible evidence given at that bar—I was also introduced to Dr. John Gordon,[13] patriot of a truly Roman spirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary,[14] and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expence. I moreover conversed with one Mr. G——ssf——d,[15] whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had at one time five and twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow—The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken——You must know I have a sort of national attachment to this part of Scotland—The great church dedicated to St. Mongah, the river Clyde, and other particulars that smack of our Welch language and customs, contribute to flatter me with the notion, that these people are the descendants of the Britons, who once possessed this country. Without all question, this was a Cumbrian kingdom: its capital was Dumbarton (a corruption of Dumbritton)[16] which still exists as a royal borough, at the influx of the Clyde and Leven, ten miles below Glasgow. The same neighbourhood gave birth to St. Patrick,[17] the apostle of Ireland, at a place where there is still a church and village, which retain his name. Hard by are some vestiges of the famous Roman wall, built in the reign of Antonine,[18] from the Clyde to the Forth, and fortified with castles, to restrain the incursions of the Scots or Caledonians, who inhabited the West-Highlands. In a line parallel to this wall, the merchants of Glasgow have determined to make a navigable canal betwixt the two Friths,[19] which will be of incredible advantage to their commerce, in transporting merchandize from one side of the island to the other.

From Glasgow we travelled along the Clyde, which is a delightful stream, adorned on both sides with villas, towns, and villages. Here is no want of groves, and meadows, and corn-fields interspersed; but on this side of Glasgow, there is little other grain than oats and barley; the first are much better, the last much worse, than those of the same species in England. I wonder, there is so little rye, which is a grain that will thrive in almost any soil; and it is still more surprising, that the cultivation of potatoes should be so much neglected in the Highlands, where the poor people have not meal enough to supply them with bread through the winter. On the other side of the river are the towns of Paisley and Renfrew.[20] The first, from an inconsiderable village, is become one of the most flourishing places of the kingdom, enriched by the linen, cambrick, flowered lawn,[21] and silk manufactures. It was formerly noted for a rich monastery of the monks of Clugny, who wrote the famous *Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The Black Book of Paisley*.[22] The old abbey still remains, converted into a dwelling-house, belonging to the earl of Dundonald.[23] Renfrew is a pretty town, on the banks of Clyde, capital of the shire, which was heretofore the patrimony of the Stuart family, and gave the title of baron to the king's eldest son, which is still assumed by the prince of Wales.

The Clyde we left a little on our left-hand at Dunbritton, where it widens into an æstuary or frith, being augmented by the influx of the Leven. On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, washed by these two rivers on all sides, except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed. The whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as well as from the nature of its situation.—We now crossed the water of Leven, which, though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Lough-Lomond, and through a tract of four miles pursues its winding course, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Frith at Dunbritton. A very little above its source, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett, so embosomed in an oak wood, that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Garda, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva,[24] and, upon my honour, I prefer Lough-Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most inchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn-field, and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains covered with heath, which being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly stiled the Arcadia of Scotland; and I don't doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate.—I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water.—What say you to a natural bason of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in some places seven miles broad, and in many above a hundred fathom deep, having four and twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood; containing immense quantities of delicious fish, salmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the last a delicate kind of fresh-water herring peculiar to this lake; and finally communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species (except the powan) make their exit and entrance occasionally?

Inclosed I send you the copy of a little ode to this river, by Dr. Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing.—It is at least picturesque and accurately descriptive, if it has no other merit.—There is an idea of truth in an agreeable landscape taken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display.

I have other remarks to make; but as my paper is full, I must reserve them till the next occasion. I shall only observe at present, that I am determined to penetrate at least forty miles into the Highlands, which now appear like a vast fantastic vision in the clouds, inviting the approach of

Yours always,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Cameron, Aug. 28.

Ode to Leven-Water[25]

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and motled par.[†]

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flow'r'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gayly green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherd's piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

To Dr. Lewis.

DEAR DOCTOR,

If I was disposed to be critical, I should say this house of Cameron is too near the lake, which approaches, on one side, to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher site, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family-house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantation, that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen or clift of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven; so that the scene is quite enchanting. A captain of a man of war, who had made the circuit of the globe with Mr. Anson, being conducted to this glen, exclaimed, "Juan Fernandez, by God!"[1]

[†] The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

Indeed, this country would be a perfect paradise, if it was not, like Wales, cursed with a weeping climate, owing to the same causes in both, the neighbourhood of high mountains, and a westerly situation, exposed to the vapours of the Atlantic ocean. This air, however, notwithstanding its humidity, is so healthy, that the natives are scarce ever visited by any other disease than the small-pox, and certain cutaneous evils, which are the effects of dirty living, the great and general reproach of the commonalty of this kingdom. Here are a great many living monuments of longævity; and among the rest a person, whom I treat with singular respect, as a venerable druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or sickness, among oaks of his own planting.[2]—He was once proprietor of these lands; but being of a projecting spirit, some of his schemes miscarried, and he was obliged to part with his possession, which hath shifted hands two or three times since that period; but every succeeding proprietor hath done every thing in his power, to make his old age easy and comfortable. He has a sufficiency to procure the necessaries of life; and he and his old woman reside in a small convenient farm-house, having a little garden which he cultivates with his own hands. This ancient couple live in great health, peace, and harmony, and, knowing no wants, enjoy the perfection of content. Mr. Smollett calls him the admiral, because he insists upon steering his pleasure-boat upon the lake; and he spends most of his time in ranging through the woods, which he declares he enjoys as much as if they were still his own property—I asked him the other day, if he was never sick, and he answered, Yes; he had a slight fever the year before the union. If he was not deaf, I should take much pleasure in his conversation; for he is very intelligent, and his memory is surprisingly retentive—These are the happy effects of temperance, exercise, and good nature—Notwithstanding all his innocence, however, he was the cause of great perturbation to my man Clinker, whose natural superstition has been much injured, by the histories of witches, fairies, ghosts, and goblins, which he has heard in this country—On the evening after our arrival, Humphry strolled into the wood, in the course of his meditation, and all at once the admiral stood before him, under the shadow of a spreading oak. Though the fellow is far from being timorous in cases that are not supposed preternatural, he could not stand the sight of this apparition, but ran into the kitchen, with his hair standing on end, staring wildly, and deprived of utterance. Mrs. Jenkins, seeing him in this condition, screamed aloud, "Lord have mercy upon us, he has seen something!" Mrs. Tabitha was alarmed, and the whole house in confusion. When he was recruited with a dram, I desired him to explain the meaning of all this agitation; and, with some reluctance, he owned he had seen a spirit, in the shape of an old man with a white beard, a black cap, and a plaid night gown. He was undeceived by the admiral in person, who, coming in at this juncture, appeared to be a creature of real flesh and blood.

Do you know how we fare in this Scottish paradise? We make free with our landlord's mutton, which is excellent, his poultry-yard, his garden, his dairy, and his cellar, which are all well stored. We have delicious salmon, pike, trout, perch, par, &c. at the door, for the taking. The Frith of Clyde, on the other side of the hill, supplies us with mullet, red and grey, cod, mackarel, whiting, and a variety of sea-fish, including the finest fresh herrings I ever tasted. We have sweet, juicy beef, and tolerable veal, with delicate bread from the little town of Dunbritton; and plenty of partridge, growse, heath-cock, and other game in presents.

We have been visited by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they have entertained us at their houses, not barely with hospitality, but with such marks of cordial affection, as one would wish to find among near relations, after an absence of many years.

I told you, in my last, I had projected an excursion to the Highlands, which project I have now happily executed, under the auspices of Sir George Colquhoun, a colonel in the Dutch service, who offered himself as our conductor on this occasion. Leaving our women at Cameron, to the care and inspection of Lady H—— C——,[3] we set out on horseback for Inverary, the county town of Argyle, and dined on the road with the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest genealogist I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted with all the antiquities of Scotland.

The Duke of Argyle has an old castle at Inverary, where he resides when he is in Scotland; and hard by is the shell of a noble Gothic palace, built by the last duke, which, when finished, will be a great ornament to this part of the Highlands. As for Inverary, it is a place of very little importance.

This country is amazingly wild, especially towards the mountains, which are heaped upon the backs of one another, making a most stupendous appearance of savage nature, with hardly any signs of cultivation, or even of population. All is sublimity, silence, and solitude. The people live together in glens or bottoms, where they are sheltered from the cold and storms of winter: but there is a margin of plain ground spread along the sea side, which is well inhabited and improved by the arts of husbandry; and this I take to be one of the most agreeable tracts of the whole island; the sea not only keeps it warm, and supplies it with fish, but affords one of the most ravishing prospects in the whole world; I mean the appearance of the Hebrides, or Western Islands, to the number of three hundred, scattered as far as the eye can reach, in the most agreeable confusion. As the soil and climate of the Highlands are but ill adapted to the cultivation of corn, the people apply themselves chiefly to the breeding and feeding of black cattle, which turn to good account. Those animals run wild all the winter, without any shelter or subsistence, but what they can find among the heath. When the snow lies so deep and hard, that they cannot penetrate to the roots of the grass, they make a diurnal progress, guided by a sure instinct, to the sea-side at low water, where they feed on the *alga marina*, and other plants that grow upon the beach.

Perhaps this branch of husbandry, which requires very little attendance and labour, is one of the principal causes of that idleness and want of industry, which distinguishes these mountaineers in their own country—When they come forth into the world, they become as diligent and alert as any people upon earth. They are undoubtedly a very distinct species from their fellow-subjects of the Lowlands, against whom they indulge an ancient spirit of animosity; and this difference is very discernible even among persons of family and education. The Lowlanders are generally cool and circumspect, the Highlanders fiery and ferocious: but this violence of their passions serves only to inflame the zeal of their devotion to strangers, which is truly enthusiastic.

We proceeded about twenty miles beyond Inverary, to the house of a gentleman, a friend of our conductor, where we stayed a few days, and were feasted in such a manner, that I began to dread the consequence to my constitution.

Notwithstanding the solitude that prevails among these mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed that the duke of Argyle can assemble five thousand men in arms, of his own clan and surname, which is Campbell; and there is besides a tribe of the same appellation, whose chief is the Earl of Breadalbine.[4] The Macdonalds are as numerous, and remarkably warlike: the Camerons, M'Leods, Frasers, Grants, M'Kenzies, M'Kays, M'Phersons, M'Intoshes, are powerful clans; so that if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the Isles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thousand fighting men, capable of undertaking the most dangerous enterprize. We have lived to see four thousand of them, without discipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great Britain into confusion. They attacked and defeated two armies of regular troops, accustomed to service.[5] They penetrated into the centre of England; and afterwards marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe, who, without the use or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces sword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle. When disciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent soldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved upon springs. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exercises that require agility; they are incredibly abstemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue; so steeled against the weather, that in travelling, even when the ground is covered with snow, they never look for a house, or any other shelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themselves up, and go to sleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of soldiers, must be invincible, when the business is to perform quick marches in a difficult country, to strike sudden strokes, beat up the enemy's quarters, harrass their cavalry, and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage, and artillery. The chieftainship of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence operating at the extremity of the island, where the eyes and hands of government cannot be supposed to see and act with precision and vigour. In order to break the force of clanship, administration has always practised the political maxim, *Divide et impera.* The legislature hath not only disarmed these mountaineers,[6] but also deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great measure to keep up their military spirit; and their slavish tenures are all dissolved by act of parliament; so that they are at present as free and independent of their chiefs, as the law can make them: but the original attachment still remains, and is founded on something prior to the *feudal system,* about which the writers of this age have made such a pother, as if it was a new discovery, like the *Copernican system.* Every peculiarity of policy, custom, and even temperament, is affectedly traced to this origin, as if the feudal constitution had not been common to almost all the natives of Europe. For my part, I expect to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale ascribed to the influence of the *feudal system.* The connection between the clans and their chiefs is, without all doubt, *patriarchal.*[7] It is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cherished through a long succession of ages. The clan consider the chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themselves descended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration; while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, commanding, chastising, rewarding, protecting, and maintaining them as his own children. If the legislature would entirely destroy this connection, it must compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without success—In the reign of James VI. a battle was fought within a few short miles of this place, between two clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns,[8] in which the latter were defeated: the Laird of M'Gregor made such a barbarous use of his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by act of parliament: his lands were given to the family of Montrose, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed so far, as to call themselves severally Campbell, Graham, or Drummond, the surnames of the families of Argyle, Montrose, and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of those houses; but they still added M'Gregor to their new appellation; and as their chief was deprived of his estate, they robbed and plundered for his subsistence.—Mr. Cameron of Lochiel,[9] the chief of that clan, whose father was attainted for having been concerned in the last rebellion, returning from France in obedience to a proclamation and act of parliament, passed at the beginning of the late war,[10] payed a visit to his own country, and hired a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's house, which had been burnt to the ground. The clan, though ruined and scattered, no sooner heard of his arrival than they flocked to him from all quarters, to welcome his return, and in a few days stocked his farm with seven hundred black cattle, which they had saved in the general wreck of their affairs: but their beloved chief, who was a promising youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment.

The most effectual method I know to weaken, and at length destroy this influence, is to employ the commonalty in such a manner as to give them a taste of property and independence—In vain the government grants them advantageous leases on the forfeited estates, if they have no property to prosecute the means of improvement—The sea is an inexhaustible fund of riches; but the fishery cannot be carried on without vessels, casks, salt, lines, nets, and other tackle. I conversed with a sensible man of this country, who, from a real spirit of patriotism, had set up a fishery on the coast, and a manufacture of coarse linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in such plenty, that he told me he had seen seven hundred taken on one line, at one hawl—It must be observed, however, that the line was of immense length, and had two thousand hooks, baited with muscles; but the fish was so superior to the cod caught on the banks of Newfoundland, that his correspondent at Lisbon sold them immediately at his own price, although Lent was just over when they arrived, and the people might be supposed quite cloyed with this kind of diet—His linen manufacture was likewise in a prosperous way, when the late war intervening, all his best hands were pressed into the service.

It cannot be expected, that the gentlemen of this country should execute commercial schemes to render their vassals independent; nor, indeed, are such schemes suited to their way of life and inclination; but a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fishery established in this part of Scotland——Our people have a strange itch to colonize America, when the uncultivated parts of our own island might be settled to greater advantage.

After having rambled through the mountains and glens of Argyle, we visited the adjacent islands of Ila, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill.[11] In the first, we saw the remains of a castle, built in a lake, where Macdonald, lord or king of the isles, formerly resided.[12] Jura is famous for having given birth to one Mackcrain,[13] who lived one hundred and eighty years in one house, and died in the reign of Charles the Second. Mull affords several bays, where there is safe anchorage; in one of which, the Florida, a ship of the Spanish armada, was blown up by one of Mr. Smollett's ancestors—About forty years ago, John duke of Argyle[14] is said to have consulted the Spanish registers, by which it appeared, that this ship had the military chest on board—He employed experienced divers to examine the wreck; and they found the hull of the vessel still entire, but so covered with sand, that they could not make their way between decks; however, they picked up several pieces of plate, that were scattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine brass cannon.

Icolmkill, or Iona, is a small island which St. Columba chose for his habitation[15]—It was respected for its sanctity, and college or seminary of ecclesiastics—Part of its church is still standing, with the tombs of several Scottish, Irish, and Danish sovereigns, who were here interred—These islanders are very bold and dexterous watermen, consequently the better adapted to the fishery: in their manners they are less savage and impetuous than their countrymen on the continent; and they speak the Erse or Gaelick in its greatest purity.

Having sent round our horses by land, we embarked in the district of Cowal, for Greenock,[16] which is a neat little town, on the other side of the Frith, with a curious harbour, formed by three stone jetties, carried out a good way into the sea——Newport-Glasgow[17] is such another place, about two miles higher up—Both have a face of business and plenty, and are supported entirely by the shipping of Glasgow, of which I counted sixty large vessels in these harbours—Taking boat again at Newport, we were in less than an hour landed on the other side, within two short miles of our head-quarters, where we found our women in good health and spirits—They had been two days before joined by Mr. Smollett and his lady, to whom we have such obligations as I cannot mention, even to you, without blushing.

To-morrow we shall bid adieu to the Scotch Arcadia, and begin our progress to the southward, taking our way by Lanerk and Nithsdale, to the west borders of England. I have received so much advantage and satisfaction from this tour, that if my health suffers no revolution in the winter, I believe I shall be tempted to undertake another expedition to the Northern extremity of Caithness,[18] unencumbered by those impediments which now clog the heels of,

yours,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Cameron, Sept. 6.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAREST LETTY,

Never did poor prisoner long for deliverance, more than I have longed for an opportunity to disburthen my cares into your friendly bosom; and the occasion which now presents itself, is little less than miraculous—Honest Saunders Macawly, the travelling Scotchman, who goes every year to Wales, is now at Glasgow, buying goods, and coming to pay his respects to our family, has undertaken to deliver this letter into your own hand—We have been six weeks in Scotland, and seen the principal towns of the kingdom, where we have been treated with great civility—The people are very courteous; and the country being exceedingly romantic, suits my turn and inclinations—I contracted some friendships at Edinburgh, which is a large and lofty city, full of gay company; and, in particular, commenced an intimate correspondence with one miss R——t—n,[1] an amiable young lady of my own age, whose charms seemed to soften, and even to subdue the stubborn heart of my brother Jery; but he no sooner left the place than he relapsed into his former insensibility——I feel, however, that this indifference is not the family-constitution—I never admitted but one idea of love, and that has taken such root in my heart, as to be equally proof against all the pulls of discretion, and the frosts of neglect.

Dear Letty! I had an alarming adventure at the hunters ball in Edinburgh—While I sat discoursing with a friend in a corner, all at once the very image of Wilson stood before me, dressed exactly as he was in the character of Aimwell![2] It was one Mr. Gordon, whom I had not seen before—Shocked at the sudden apparition, I fainted away, and threw the whole assembly in confusion——However, the cause of my disorder remained a secret to every body but my brother, who was likewise struck with the resemblance, and scolded after we came home—I am very sensible of Jery's affection, and know he spoke as well with a view to my own interest and happiness, as in regard to the honour of the family; but I cannot bear to have my wounds probed severely—I was not so much affected by the censure he passed upon my own indiscretion, as with the reflection he made on the conduct of Wilson—He observed, that if he was really the gentleman he pretended to be, and harboured nothing but honourable designs, he would have vindicated his pretensions in the face of day—This remark made a deep impression upon my mind——I endeavoured to conceal my thoughts; and this endeavour had a bad effect upon my health and spirits; so it was thought necessary that I should go to the Highlands, and drink the goat-milk-whey.

We went accordingly to Lough-Lomond, one of the most enchanting spots in the whole world; and what with this remedy, which I had every morning fresh from the mountains, and the pure air, and chearful company, I have recovered my flesh and appetite; though there is something still at bottom, which it is not in the power of air, exercise, company, or medicine to remove——These incidents would not touch me so nearly, if I had a sensible confidant to sympathize with my affliction, and comfort me with wholesome advice—I have nothing of this kind, except Win Jenkins, who is really a good body in the main, but very ill qualified for such an office—The poor creature is weak in her nerves, as well as in her understanding; otherwise I might have known the true name and character of that unfortunate youth—But why do I call him *unfortunate*? perhaps the epithet is more applicable to me for having listened to the false professions of ——But, hold! I have as yet no right, and sure I have no inclination to believe any thing to the prejudice of his honour—In that reflection I shall still exert my patience—As for Mrs. Jenkins, she herself is really an object of compassion—Between vanity, methodism, and love, her head is almost turned. I should have more regard for her, however, if she had been more constant in the object of her affection; but, truly, she aimed at conquest, and flirted at the same time with my uncle's footman, Humphry Clinker, who is really a deserving young man, and one Dutton, my brother's valet de chambre, a debauched fellow; who, leaving Win in the lurch, ran away with another man's bride at Berwick.

My dear Willis, I am truly ashamed of my own sex——We complain of advantages which the men take of our youth, inexperience, sensibility, and all that; but I have seen enough to believe, that our sex in general make it their business to ensnare the other; and for this purpose, employ arts which are by no means to be justified——In point of constancy, they certainly have nothing to reproach the male part of the creation—My poor aunt, without any regard to her years and imperfections, has gone to market with her charms in every place where she thought she had the least chance to dispose of her person, which, however, hangs still heavy on her hands—I am afraid she has used even religion as a decoy, though it has not answered her expectation—She has been praying, preaching, and catechising among the methodists, with whom this country abounds; and pretends to have such manifestations and revelations, as even Clinker himself can hardly believe, though the poor fellow is half crazy with enthusiasm. As for Jenkins, she affects to take all her mistress's reveries for gospel—She has also her heart-heavings and motions of the spirit; and God forgive me if I think uncharitably, but all this seems to me to be downright hypocrisy and deceit—Perhaps, indeed, the poor girl imposes on herself—She is generally in a flutter, and is much subject to vapours—Since we came to Scotland, she has seen apparitions, and pretends to prophesy——If I could put faith in all these supernatural visitations, I should think myself abandoned of grace; for I have neither seen, heard, nor felt any thing of this nature, although I endeavour to discharge the duties of religion with all the sincerity, zeal, and devotion, that is in the power of,

Dear Letty,
your ever affectionate,
LYDIA MELFORD.

Glasgow, Sept. 7.

We are so far on our return to Brambleton-hall; and I would fain hope we shall take Gloucester in our way, in which case I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing my dear Willis—Pray remember me to my worthy governess.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MARY,

Sunders Macully, the Scotchman, who pushes directly for Vails, has promised to give it you into your own hand, and therefore I would not miss the oportunity to let you now as I am still in the land of the living;[1] and yet

I have been on the brink of the other world since I sent you my last letter.—We went by sea to another kingdom called Fife, and coming back, had like to have gone to pot[2] in a storm.—What between the frite and sickness, I thought I should have brought my heart up; even Mr. Clinker was not his own man for eight and forty hours after we got ashore.—It was well for some folks that we scaped drownding; for mistress was very frexious, and seemed but indifferently prepared for a change; but, thank God, she was soon put in a better frame by the private exaltations of the reverend Mr. Macrocodile.—We afterwards churned to Starling and Grascow, which are a kiple of handsome towns; and then we went to a gentleman's house at Loff-Loming, which is a wonderful sea of fresh water, with a power of hylands in the midst on't.—They say as how it has got n'er a bottom,[3] and was made by a musician;[4] and, truly, I believe it; for it is not in the coarse of nature.—It has got *waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating hyland;*[5] and one of them is a crutch-yard, where the dead are buried; and always before the person dies, a bell rings of itself to give warning.

O Mary! this is the land of congyration—The bell knolled when we were there—I saw lights, and heard lamentations.—The gentleman, our landlord, has got another house, which he was fain to quit, on account of a mischievious ghost, that would not suffer people to lie in their beds.—The fairies dwell in a hole of Kairmann,[6] a mounting hard by; and they steal away the good women that are in the straw, if so be as how there a'n't a horshoe nailed to the door: and I was shewn an ould vitch, called Elspath Ringavey, with a red petticoat, bleared eyes, and a mould of grey bristles on her sin.—That she mought do me no harm, I crossed her hand with a taster,[7] and bid her tell my fortune; and she told me such things—descriving Mr. Clinker to a hair—but it shall ne'er be said, that I minchioned a word of the matter.—As I was troubled with fits, she advised me to bathe in the loff, which was holy water; and so I went in the morning to a private place along with the house-maid, and we bathed in our birth-day soot,[8] after the fashion of the country; and behold, whilst we dabbled in the loff, sir Gorge Coon started up with a gun; but we clapt our hands to our faces, and passed by him to the place where we had left our smocks—A civil gentleman would have turned his head another way.—My comfit is, he new not which was which; and, as the saying is, *all cats in the dark are grey.*[9]——Whilst we stayed at Loff-Loming, he and our two squires went three or four days churning among the wild men of the mountings; a parcel of selvidges that lie in caves among the rocks, devour young children, speak Velch, but the vords are different. Our ladies would not part with Mr. Clinker, because he is so stout, and so pyehouse, that he fears neither man nor devils, if so be as they don't take him by surprise.—Indeed, he was once so flurried by an operition, that he had like to have sounded.[10]—He made believe as if it had been the ould edmiral; but the ould edmiral could not have made his air to stand on end, and his teeth to shatter; but he said so in prudence, that the ladies mought not be affear'd. Miss Liddy has been puny, and like to go into a decline—I doubt her pore art is too tinder—but the got's-fey has sat her on her legs again.—You nows got's-fey is mother's milk to a Velchvoman. As for mistress, blessed be God, she ails nothing.—Her stomick is good, and she improves in grease and godliness; but, for all that, she may have infections like other people, and I believe, she wouldn't be sorry to be called *your ladyship*, whenever sir George thinks proper to ax the question.—But, for my part, whatever I may see or hear, not a praticle shall ever pass the lips of,

Dear Molly,
Your loving friend,
WIN. JENKINS.

Grasco, Sept. 7.

Remember me, as usual, to Sall.—We are now coming home, though not the nearest road.——I do suppose, I shall find the kitten a fine boar at my return.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

Once more I tread upon English ground, which I like not the worse for the six weeks' ramble I have made among the woods and mountains of Caledonia; no offence to the *land of cakes, where bannocks grow upon straw.*[1] I never saw my uncle in such health and spirits as he now enjoys. Liddy is perfectly recovered; and Mrs. Tabitha has no reason to complain. Nevertheless, I believe, she was, till yesterday, inclined to give the whole Scotch nation to the devil, as a pack of insensible brutes, upon whom her accomplishments had been displayed in vain.—At every place where we halted, did she mount the stage, and flourished her rusty arms, without being able to make one conquest. One of her last essays was against the heart of sir George Colquhoun, with whom she fought all the weapons more than twice over.—She was grave and gay by turns—she moralized and methodized—she laughed, and romped, and danced, and sung, and sighed, and ogled, and lisped, and fluttered, and flattered—but all was preaching to the desart—The baronet, being a well-bred man, carried his civilities as far as she could in conscience expect, and, if evil tongues are to be believed, some degrees farther; but he was too much a veteran in gallantry, as well as in war, to fall into any ambuscade that she could lay for his affection.—While we were absent in the Highlands, she practised also upon the laird of Ladrishmore,[2] and even gave him the rendezvous in the wood of Drumscailloch;[3] but the laird had such a reverend care of his own reputation, that he came attended with the parson of the parish, and nothing passed but spiritual communication.——After all these miscarriages, our aunt suddenly recollected lieutenant Lismahago, whom, ever since our first arrival at Edinburgh, she seemed to have utterly forgot; but now she expressed her hopes of seeing him at Dumfries, according to his promise.

We set out from Glasgow by the way of Lanerk,[4] the county-town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which, the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade.[5] Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired;[6] and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble.—As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly, tho' plainly, dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head.—Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words: "This is hard work for such an old man as you."—So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement.—After a few strokes, "Have you never a son (said he) to ease you of this labour?" "Yes, an please your honour, (replied the senior) I have three hopeful lads, but, at present, they are out of the way." "Honour not me (cried the stranger); it more becomes me to honour your grey hairs.—Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient paviour said, his eldest son was a captain in the East-Indies; and the youngest had lately inlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned, he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail, then turning short, "Tell me, (said he) has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?" "Call him not unnatural (replied the other); God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money; but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stript of all I had in the world besides." At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he!" "I am!—I am!—(cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears)—I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?"—The captain no sooner beheld her, than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard every thing that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition.—He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time, the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door.—Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed thro' the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain, (said he) I beg the favour of your acquaintance—I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy, if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but, in the mean time, he could not think of eating or drinking, while his poor brother was in trouble.—He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without farther process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown,[7] told my uncle, that he had been bred a weaver, and, about eighteen years ago, had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East-India company; that, in the course of duty, he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of lord Clive,[8] who preferred him from one step to another, till he attained the rank of captain and pay-master to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and, at the peace, resigned his commission.—He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman of Scotland, who died before it arrived; so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release.—He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by their other two sons after their decease.—He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intended to set up, to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower, to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances.—Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner.—He said, he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude.—For my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciously to him until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweet-heart while he worked as a journeyman weaver.—Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double proportion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that Fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.

On the day that succeeded this adventure, we went some miles out of our road to see Drumlanrig, a seat belonging to the duke of Queensberry,[9] which appears like a magnificent palace erected by magic, in the midst of a wilderness.—It is indeed a princely mansion, with suitable parks and plantations, rendered still more striking by the nakedness of the surrounding country, which is one of the wildest tracts in all Scotland.—This wildness, however, is different from that of the Highlands; for here the mountains, instead of heath, are covered with a fine green swarth, affording pasture to innumerable flocks of sheep. But the fleeces of this country, called Nithsdale, are not comparable to the wool of Galloway,[10] which is said to equal that of Salisbury plain. Having passed the night at the castle of Drumlanrig, by invitation from the duke himself, who is one of the best men that ever breathed, we prosecuted our journey to Dumfries,[11] a very elegant trading town near the borders of England, where we found plenty of good provision and excellent wine, at very reasonable prices, and the accommodation as good in all respects as in any part of South-Britain.—If I was confined to Scotland for life, I would chuse Dumfries as the place of my residence. Here we made enquiries about captain Lismahago, of whom hearing no tidings, we proceeded, by the Solway Frith, to Carlisle.[12] You must know, that the Solway sands, upon which travellers pass at low water, are exceedingly dangerous, because, as the tide makes, they become quick in different places, and the flood rushes in so impetuously, that passengers are often overtaken by the sea, and perish.

In crossing these treacherous Syrtes[13] with a guide, we perceived a drowned horse, which Humphry Clinker, after due inspection, declared to be the very identical beast which Mr. Lismahago rode when he parted with us at Felton-bridge in Northumberland. This information, which seemed to intimate that our friend the lieutenant had shared the fate of his horse, affected us all, and above all our aunt Tabitha, who shed salt tears, and obliged Clinker to pull a few hairs out of the dead horse's tail, to be worn in a ring as a remembrance of his master:[14] but her grief and ours was not of long duration; for one of the first persons we saw in Carlisle, was the lieutenant *in propria persona*, bargaining with a horse-dealer for another steed, in the yard of the inn where we alighted.—Mrs. Bramble was the first that perceived him, and screamed as if she had seen a ghost; and, truly, at a proper time and place, he might very well have passed for an inhabitant of another world; for he was more meagre and grim than before.—We received him the more cordially for having supposed he had been drowned; and he was not deficient in expressions of satisfaction at this meeting.—He told us, he had enquired for us at Dumfries, and been informed by a travelling merchant from Glasgow, that we had resolved to return by the way of Coldstream.—He said, that in passing the sands without a guide, his horse had knocked up; and he himself must have perished, if he had not been providentially relieved by a return post-chaise.—He moreover gave us to understand, that his scheme of settling in his own country having miscarried, he was so far on his way to London, with a view to embark for North-America, where he intended to pass the rest of his days among his old friends the Miamis, and amuse himself in finishing the education of the son he had by his beloved Squinkinacoosta.

This project was by no means agreeable to our good aunt, who expatiated upon the fatigues and dangers that would attend such a long voyage by sea, and afterwards such a tedious journey by land—She enlarged particularly on the risque he would run, with respect to the concerns of his precious soul, among savages who had not yet received the glad tidings of salvation; and she hinted that his abandoning Great-Britain might, perhaps, prove fatal to the inclinations of some deserving person, whom he was qualified to make happy for life. My uncle, who is really a Don Quixote in generosity, understanding that Lismahago's real reason for leaving Scotland was the impossibility of subsisting in it with any decency upon the wretched provision of a subaltern's half-pay,[15] began to be warmly interested on the side of compassion.—He thought it very hard, that a gentleman who had served his country with honour, should be driven by necessity to spend his old age, among the refuse of mankind, in such a remote part of the world.—He discoursed with me upon the subject; observing, that he would willingly offer the lieutenant an asylum at Brambleton-hall, if he did not foresee that his singularities and humour of contradiction would render him an intolerable house-mate, though his conversation at some times might be both instructive and entertaining: but, as there seemed to be something particular in his attention to Mrs. Tabitha, he and I agreed in opinion, that this intercourse should be encouraged, and improved, if possible, into a matrimonial union; in which case there would be a comfortable provision for both; and they might be settled in a house of their own, so that Mr. Bramble should have no more of their company than he desired.

In pursuance of this design, Lismahago has been invited to pass the winter at Brambleton-hall, as it will be time enough to execute his American project in the spring.—He has taken time to consider of this proposal; mean while, he will keep us company as far as we travel in the road to Bristol, where he has hopes of getting a passage for America. I make no doubt but that he will postpone his voyage, and prosecute his addresses to a happy consummation; and sure, if it produces any fruit, it must be of a very peculiar flavour. As the weather continues favourable, I believe, we shall take the Peak of Derbyshire and Buxton Wells[16] in our way.—At any rate, from the first place where we make any stay, you shall hear again from

Yours always,
J. MELFORD.

Carlisle, Sept. 12.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

The peasantry of Scotland are certainly on a poor footing all over the kingdom; and yet they look better, and are better cloathed than those of the same rank in Burgundy, and many other places of France and Italy;

nay, I will venture to say they are better fed, notwithstanding the boasted wine of these foreign countries. The country people of North-Britain live chiefly on oat-meal, and milk, cheese, butter, and some garden-stuff, with now and then a pickled-herring, by way of delicacy; but flesh-meat they seldom or never taste; nor any kind of strong liquor, except two-penny, at times of uncommon festivity—Their breakfast is a kind of hasty-pudding, of oat-meal or pease-meal, eaten with milk. They have commonly pottage to dinner, composed of cale or cole,[1] leeks, barley or big,[2] and butter; and this is reinforced with bread and cheese, made of skimmed-milk—At night they sup on sowens or flummery of oat-meal[3]—In a scarcity of oats, they use the meal of barley and pease, which is both nourishing and palatable. Some of them have potatoes; and you find parsnips in every peasant's garden—They are cloathed with a coarse kind of russet of their own making, which is both decent and warm—They dwell in poor huts, built of loose stones and turf, without any mortar, having a fire-place or hearth in the middle, generally made of an old mill-stone, and a hole at top to let out the smoke.

These people, however, are content, and wonderfully sagacious—All of them read the Bible, and are even qualified to dispute upon the articles of their faith; which, in those parts I have seen, is entirely Presbyterian. I am told, that the inhabitants of Aberdeenshire are still more acute. I once knew a Scotch gentleman at London, who had declared war against this part of his countrymen; and swore that the impudence and knavery of the Scots, in that quarter, had brought a reproach upon the whole nation.

The river Clyde, above Glasgow, is quite pastoral; and the banks of it are every where adorned with fine villas. From the sea to its source, we may reckon the seats of many families of the first rank, such as the duke of Argyle at Roseneath, the earl of Bute in the isle of that name, the earl of Glencairn at Finlayston, lord Blantyre at Areskine, the dutchess of Douglas at Bothwell, duke Hamilton at Hamilton, the duke of Douglas at Douglas, and the earl of Hyndford at Carmichael.[4] Hamilton is a noble palace, magnificently furnished; and hard by is the village of that name, one of the neatest little towns I have seen in any country. The old castle of Douglas being burned to the ground by accident, the late duke resolved, as head of the first family in Scotland, to have the largest house in the kingdom, and ordered a plan for this purpose; but there was only one wing of it finished when he died. It is to be hoped that his nephew, who is now in possession of his great fortune,[5] will complete the design of his predecessor—Clydesdale is in general populous and rich, containing a great number of gentlemen, who are independent in their fortune; but it produces more cattle than corn—This is also the case with Tweedale, through part of which we passed, and Nidsdale, which is generally rough, wild, and mountainous—These hills are covered with sheep; and this is the small delicious mutton, so much preferable to that of the London-market. As their feeding costs so little, the sheep are not killed till five years old, when their flesh, juices, and flavour, are in perfection; but their fleeces are much damaged by the tar, with which they are smeared to preserve them from the rot in winter, during which they run wild night and day, and thousands are lost under huge wreaths of snow—'Tis pity the farmers cannot contrive some means to shelter this useful animal from the inclemencies of a rigorous climate, especially from the perpetual rains, which are more prejudicial than the greatest extremity of cold weather.

On the little river Nid, is situated the castle of Drumlanrig, one of the noblest seats in Great-Britain, belonging to the duke of Queensberry; one of those few noblemen whose goodness of heart does honour to human-nature—I shall not pretend to enter into a description of this palace, which is really an instance of the sublime in magnificence, as well as in situation, and puts one in mind of the beautiful city of Palmyra, rising like a vision in the midst of the wilderness. His grace keeps open house, and lives with great splendour—He did us the honour to receive us with great courtesy, and detain us all night, together with above twenty other guests, with all their servants and horses, to a very considerable number—The dutchess[6] was equally gracious, and took our ladies under her immediate protection. The longer I live, I see more reason to believe that prejudices of education are never wholly eradicated, even when they are discovered to be erroneous and absurd. Such habits of thinking as interest the grand passions, cleave to the human heart in such a manner, that though an effort of reason may force them from their hold for a moment, this violence no sooner ceases, than they resume their grasp with an encreased elasticity and adhesion.

I am led into this reflection, by what passed at the duke's table after supper. The conversation turned upon the vulgar notions of spirits and omens,[7] that prevail among the commonalty of North-Britain, and all the company agreed, that nothing could be more ridiculous. One gentleman, however, told a remarkable story of himself, by way of speculation—"Being on a party of hunting in the North, (said he) I resolved to visit an old friend, whom I had not seen for twenty years—So long he had been retired and sequestered from all his acquaintance, and lived in a moping melancholy way, much afflicted with lowness of spirits, occasioned by the death of his wife, whom he had loved with uncommon affection. As he resided in a remote part of the country, and we were five gentlemen with as many servants, we carried some provision with us from the next market town, lest we should find him unprepared for our reception. The roads being bad, we did not arrive at the house till two o'clock in the afternoon; and were agreeably surprised to find a very good dinner ready in the kitchen, and the cloth laid with six covers. My friend himself appeared in his best apparel at the gate, and received us with open arms, telling me he had been expecting us these two hours—Astonished at this declaration, I asked who had given him intelligence of our coming? and he smiled without making any other reply—However, presuming upon our former intimacy, I afterwards insisted upon knowing; and he told me, very gravely, he had seen me in a vision of the second sight—Nay, he called in the evidence of his steward, who solemnly declared, that his master had the day before apprised him of my coming, with four other strangers, and ordered him to provide accordingly; in consequence of which intimation, he had prepared the dinner which we were now eating; and laid the covers according to the number foretold." The incident we all owned to be remarkable, and I endeavoured to account for it by natural means. I observed, that as the gentleman was of a visionary turn, the casual idea, or remembrance of his old friend, might suggest those circumstances, which accident had for once realized; but that in all probability he had seen many visions of the same kind, which were never verified. None of the company directly dissented from my opinion; but from the objections that were hinted, I could plainly perceive, that the majority were persuaded there was something more extraordinary in the case.

Another gentleman of the company, addressing himself to me, "Without all doubt, (said he) a diseased imagination is very apt to produce visions; but we must find some other method to account for something of this kind, that happened within these eight days in my neighbourhood—A gentleman of a good family, who cannot be deemed a visionary in any sense of the word, was near his own gate, in the twilight, visited by his grandfather, who has been dead these fifteen years—The spectre was mounted seemingly on the very horse he used to ride, with an angry and terrible countenance, and said something, which his grandson, in the confusion of his fear, could not understand. But this was not all—He lifted up a huge horse-whip, and applied it with great violence to his back and shoulders, on which I saw the impression with my own eyes. The apparition was afterwards seen by the sexton of the parish, hovering about the tomb where his body lies interred; as the man declared to several persons in the village, before he knew what had happened to the gentleman—Nay, he actually came to me as a justice of the peace, in order to make oath of these particulars, which, however, I declined administering. As for the grandson of the defunct, he is a sober, sensible, worldly-minded fellow, too intent upon schemes of interest to give into reveries. He would have willingly concealed the affair; but he bawled out in the first transport of his fear, and, running into the house, exposed his back and his sconce to the whole family; so that there was no denying it in the sequel. It is now the common discourse of the country, that this appearance and behaviour of the old man's spirit, portends some great calamity to the family, and the good-woman has actually taken to her bed in this apprehension."

Though I did not pretend to explain this mystery, I said, I did not at all doubt, but it would one day appear to be a deception; and, in all probability, a scheme executed by some enemy of the person who had sustained the assault; but still the gentleman insisted upon the clearness of the evidence, and the concurrence of testimony, by which two creditable witnesses, without any communication one with another, affirmed the appearance of the same man, with whose person they were both well acquainted—From Drumlanrig we pursued the course of the Nid to Dumfries, which stands several miles above the place where the river falls into the sea; and is, after Glasgow, the handsomest town I have seen in Scotland—The inhabitants, indeed, seem to have proposed that city as their model; not only in beautifying their town and regulating its police, but also in prosecuting their schemes of commerce and manufacture, by which they are grown rich and opulent.

We re-entered England, by the way of Carlisle, where we accidentally met with our friend Lismahago, whom we had in vain inquired after at Dumfries and other places—It would seem that the captain, like the prophets of old, is but little honoured in his own country,[8] which he has now renounced for ever—He gave me the following particulars of his visit to his native soil—In his way to the place of his nativity, he learned that his nephew had married the daughter of a burgeois, who directed a weaving manufacture, and had gone into partnership with his father-in-law: chagrined with this information, he had arrived at the gate in the twilight, where he heard the sound of treddles in the great hall, which had exasperated him to such a degree, that he had like to have lost his senses: while he was thus transported with indignation, his nephew chanced to come forth, when, being no longer master of his passion, he cried, "Degenerate rascal! you have made my father's house a den of thieves;"[9] and at the same time chastised him with his horse-whip; then, riding round the adjoining village, he had visited the burying-ground of his ancestors by moon-light; and, having paid his respects to their *manes*,[10] travelled all night to another part of the country——Finding the head of his family in such a disgraceful situation, all his own friends dead or removed from the places of their former residence, and the expence of living encreased to double of what it had been, when he first left his native country, he had bid it an eternal adieu, and was determined to seek for repose among the forests of America.

I was no longer at a loss to account for the apparition, which had been described at Drumlanrig; and when I repeated the story to the lieutenant, he was much pleased to think his resentment had been so much more effectual than he intended; and he owned, he might at such an hour, and in such an equipage, very well pass for the ghost of his father, whom he was said greatly to resemble——Between friends, I fancy Lismahago will find a retreat without going so far as the wigwams of the Miamis. My sister Tabby is making continual advances to him, in the way of affection; and, if I may trust to appearances, the captain is disposed to take opportunity by the forelock.[11] For my part, I intend to encourage this correspondence, and shall be glad to see them united—In that case, we shall find a way to settle them comfortably in our own neighbourhood. I, and my servants, will get rid of a very troublesome and tyrannic gouvernante; and I shall have the benefit of Lismahago's conversation, without being obliged to take more of his company than I desire; for though an olla[12] is a high-flavoured dish, I could not bear to dine upon it every day of my life.

I am much pleased with Manchester,[13] which is one of the most agreeable and flourishing towns in Great-Britain; and I perceive that this is the place which hath animated the spirit, and suggested the chief manufactures of Glasgow. We propose to visit Chatsworth, the Peak, and Buxton,[14] from which last place we shall proceed directly homewards, though by easy journies. If the season has been as favourable in Wales as in the North, your harvest is happily finished; and we have nothing left to think of but our October, of which let Barns be properly reminded. You will find me much better in flesh than I was at our parting; and this short separation has given a new edge to those sentiments of friendship with which I always have been, and ever shall be,

yours,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Manchester, Sept. 15.

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, house-keeper at Brambleton-hall.

MRS. GWILLIM,

It has pleased Providence to bring us safe back to England, and partake us in many pearls by land and water, in particular the *Devil's Harse a-pike*, and *Hoyden's Hole*,[1] which hath got no bottom; and, as we are drawing huomwards, it may be proper to uprise you, that Brambleton-hall may be in a condition to receive us, after this long gurney to the islands of Scotland. By the first of next month you may begin to make constant fires in my brother's chamber and mine; and burn a fagget every day in the yellow damask room: have the tester and curtains dusted, and the fatherbed and matrosses well haired, because, perhaps, with the blissing of haven, they may be yoosed on some occasion. Let the ould hogsheads be well skewred and seasoned for bear, as Mat is resolved to have his seller choak fool.

If the house was mine, I would turn over a new leaf——I don't see why the sarvants of Wales should'n't drink fair water, and eat hot cakes and barley cale, as they do in Scotland, without troubling the botcher above once a quarter—I hope you keep accunt of Roger's purseeding in reverence to the butter-milk. I expect my dew when I come huom, without baiting an ass,[2] I'll assure you.—As you must have layed a great many more eggs than would be eaten, I do suppose there is a power of turks, chickings, and guzzling about the house; and a brave kergo of cheese ready for market; and that the owl has been sent to Crickhowel, saving what the maids spun in the family.

Pray let the whole house and furniture have a thorough cleaning from top to bottom, for the honour of Wales; and let Roger search into, and make a general clearance of the slit holes which the maids have in secret; for I know they are much given to sloth and uncleanness. I hope you have worked a reformation among them, as I exhorted you in my last, and set their hearts upon better things than they can find in junkitting and caterwauling with the fellows of the country.

As for Win Jenkins, she has undergone a perfect metamurphysis, and is become a new creeter from the ammunition of Humphrey Clinker, our new footman, a pious young man, who has laboured exceedingly, that she may bring forth fruits of repentance.[3] I make no doubt but he will take the same pains with that pert hussey Mary Jones, and all of you; and that he may have power given to penetrate and instill his goodness, even into your most inward parts, is the fervent prayer of

your friend in the spirit,
TAB. BRAMBLE.

Septr. 18.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

Lismahago is more paradoxical than ever.—The late gulp he had of his native air, seems to have blown fresh spirit into all his polemical faculties. I congratulated him the other day on the present flourishing state of his country, observing that the Scots were now in a fair way to wipe off the national reproach of poverty, and expressing my satisfaction at the happy effects of the union, so conspicuous in the improvement of their agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and manners—The lieutenant, screwing up his features into a look of dissent and disgust, commented on my remarks to this effect—"Those who reproach a nation for its poverty, when it is not owing to the profligacy or vice of the people, deserve no answer. The Lacedæmonians were poorer than the Scots, when they took the lead among all the free states of Greece, and were esteemed above them all for their valour and their virtue. The most respectable heroes of ancient Rome, such as Fabricius, Cincinnatus, and Regulus,[1] were poorer than the poorest freeholder in Scotland; and there are at this day individuals in North-Britain, one of whom can produce more gold and silver than the whole republic of Rome could raise at those times when her public virtue shone with unrivalled lustre; and poverty was so far from being a reproach, that it added fresh laurels to her fame, because it indicated a noble contempt of wealth, which was proof against all the arts of corruption—If poverty be a subject for reproach, it follows that wealth is the object of esteem and veneration—In that case, there are Jews and others in Amsterdam and London, enriched by usury, peculation, and different species of fraud and extortion, who are more estimable than the most virtuous and illustrious members of the community. An absurdity which no man in his senses will offer to maintain.—Riches are certainly no proof of merit: nay they are often (if not most commonly) acquired by persons of sordid minds and mean talents: nor do they give any intrinsic worth to the possessor; but, on the contrary, tend to pervert his understanding, and render his morals more depraved. But, granting that poverty were really matter of reproach, it cannot be justly imputed to Scotland. No country is poor that can supply its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and even afford articles for exportation. Scotland is rich in natural advantages: it produces every species of provision in abundance, vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, with a great number of horses; prodigious quantities of wool and flax, with plenty of copse wood, and in some parts large forests of timber. The earth is still more rich below than above the surface. It yields inexhaustible stores of coal, free-stone, marble, lead, iron, copper, and silver, with some gold. The sea abounds with excellent fish, and salt to cure them for exportation; and there are creeks and harbours round the whole kingdom, for the convenience and security of navigation. The face of the country displays a surprising number of cities, towns, villas, and villages, swarming with people; and there seems to be no want of art, industry, government, and police: such a kingdom can never be called poor, in any sense of the word, though there may be many others more powerful and opulent. But the proper use of those advantages, and the present prosperity of the Scots, you seem to derive from the union of the two kingdoms!"

I said, I supposed he would not deny that the appearance of the country was much mended; that the people lived better, had more trade, and a greater quantity of money circulating since the union, than before. "I may safely admit these premises, (answered the lieutenant) without subscribing to your inference. The difference you mention, I should take to be the natural progress of improvement—Since that period, other nations, such as the Swedes, the Danes, and in particular the French, have greatly increased in commerce, without any such cause assigned. Before the union, there was a remarkable spirit of trade among the Scots, as appeared in the case of their Darien company,[2] in which they had embarked no less than four hundred thousand pounds sterling; and in the flourishing state of the maritime towns in Fife, and on the eastern coast, enriched by their trade with France, which failed in consequence of the union. The only solid commercial advantage reaped from that measure, was the privilege of trading to the English plantations; yet, excepting Glasgow and Dumfries, I don't know any other Scotch towns concerned in that traffick. In other respects, I conceive the Scots were losers by the union.[3]—They lost the independency of their state, the greatest prop of national spirit; they lost their parliament, and their courts of justice were subjected to the revision and supremacy of an English tribunal."

"Softly, captain, (cried I) you cannot be said to have lost your own parliament, while you are represented in that of Great-Britain." "True, (said he, with a sarcastic grin) in debates of national competition, the sixteen peers and forty-five commoners of Scotland, must make a formidable figure in the scale, against the whole English legislature." "Be that as it may, (I observed) while I had the honour to sit in the lower house, the Scotch members had always the majority on their side." "I understand you, Sir, (said he) they generally side with the majority; so much the worse for their constituents. But even this evil is not the worst they have sustained by the union. Their trade has been saddled with grievous impositions, and every article of living severely taxed, to pay the interest of enormous debts, contracted by the English, in support of measures and connections in which the Scots had no interest nor concern." I begged he would at least allow, that by the union the Scots were admitted to all the privileges and immunities of English subjects; by which means multitudes of them were provided for in the army and navy, and got fortunes in different parts of England, and its dominions. "All these, (said he) become English subjects to all intents and purposes, and are in a great measure lost to their mother-country. The spirit of rambling and adventure has been always peculiar to the natives of Scotland. If they had not met with encouragement in England, they would have served and settled, as formerly, in other countries, such as Muscovy, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Germany, France, Piedmont, and Italy, in all which nations their descendents continue to flourish even at this day."

By this time my patience began to fail, and I exclaimed, "For God's sake, what has England got by this union which, you say, has been so productive of misfortune to the Scots." "Great and manifold are the advantages which England derives from the union (said Lismahago, in a solemn tone). First and foremost, the settlement of the protestant succession, a point which the English ministry drove with such eagerness, that no stone was left unturned, to cajole and bribe a few leading men, to cram the union down the throats of the Scottish nation, who were surprisingly reverse to the expedient. They gained by it a considerable addition of territory, extending their dominion to the sea on all sides of the island, thereby shutting up all back-doors against the enterprizes of their enemies. They got an accession of above a million of useful subjects, constituting a never-failing nursery of seamen, soldiers, labourers, and mechanics; a most valuable acquisition to a trading country, exposed to foreign wars, and obliged to maintain a number of settlements in all the four quarters of the globe. In the course of seven years, during the last war, Scotland furnished the English army and navy with seventy thousand men, over and above those who migrated to their colonies, or mingled with them at home in the civil departments of life. This was a very considerable and seasonable supply to a nation, whose people had been for many years decreasing in number, and whose lands and manufactures were actually suffering for want of hands. I need not remind you of the hackneyed maxim, that, to a nation in such circumstances, a supply of industrious people is a supply of wealth;[4] nor repeat an observation, which is now received as an eternal truth, even among the English themselves, that the Scots who settle in South-Britain are remarkably sober, orderly, and industrious."

I allowed the truth of this remark, adding, that by their industry, œconomy, and circumspection, many of them in England, as well as in her colonies, amassed large fortunes, with which they returned to their own country, and this was so much lost to South-Britain.——"Give me leave, sir, (said he) to assure you, that in your fact you are mistaken, and in your deduction, erroneous.—Not one in two hundred that leave Scotland ever returns to settle in his own country; and the few that do return, carry thither nothing that can possibly diminish the stock of South-Britain; for none of their treasure stagnates in Scotland—There is a continual circulation, like that of the blood in the human body, and England is the heart, to which all the streams which it distributes are refunded and returned: nay, in consequence of that luxury which our connexion with England hath greatly encouraged, if not introduced, all the produce of our lands, and all the profits of our trade, are engrossed by the natives of South-Britain; for you will find that the exchange between the two kingdoms is always against Scotland; and that she retains neither gold nor silver sufficient for her own circulation.—The Scots, not content with their own manufactures and produce, which would very well answer all necessary occasions, seem to vie with each other in purchasing superfluities from England; such as broad-cloth, velvets, stuffs, silks, lace, furs, jewels, furniture of all sorts, sugar, rum, tea, chocolate, and coffee; in a word, not only every mode of the most extravagant luxury, but even many articles of convenience, which they might find as good, and much cheaper in their own country. For all these particulars, I conceive, England may touch about one million sterling a-year.—I don't pretend to make an exact calculation; perhaps, it may be something less, and, perhaps, a great deal more.—The annual revenue arising from all the private estates of Scotland cannot fall short of a million sterling; and, I should imagine, their trade will amount to as much more.—I know, the linen manufacture alone returns near half a million, exclusive of the home-consumption of that article.—If, therefore, North-Britain pays a balance of a million annually to England, I insist upon it, that country is more valuable to her in the way of commerce, than any colony in her possession, over and above the other advantages which I have specified: therefore, they are no friends, either to England or to truth, who affect to depreciate the northern part of the united kingdom."

I must own, I was at first a little nettled to find myself schooled in so many particulars.——Though I did not receive all his assertions as gospel, I was not prepared to refute them; and I cannot help now acquiescing in his remarks so far as to think, that the contempt for Scotland, which prevails too much on this side the Tweed, is founded on prejudice and error.——After some recollection, "Well, captain, (said I) you have argued stoutly for the importance of your own country: for my part, I have such a regard for our fellow-subjects of North-Britain, that I shall be glad to see the day, when your peasants can afford to give all their oats to their cattle, hogs, and poultry, and indulge themselves with good wheaten loaves, instead of such poor, unpalatable, and inflammatory diet." Here again I brought myself into a premunire[5] with the disputaceous Caledonian. He said, he hoped he should never see the common people lifted out of that sphere for which they were intended by nature and the course of things; that they might have some reason to complain of their bread, if it were mixed, like that of Norway, with saw-dust and fish-bones; but that oatmeal was, he apprehended, as nourishing and salutary as wheat-flour, and the Scots in general thought it at least as savoury.—He affirmed, that a mouse, which, in the article of self-preservation, might be supposed to act from infallible instinct, would always prefer oats to wheat, as appeared from experience; for, in a place where there was a parcel of each, that animal had never begun to feed upon the latter till all the oats were consumed: for their nutritive quality, he appealed to the hale, robust constitutions of the people who lived chiefly upon oatmeal; and, instead of being inflammatory, he asserted, that it was a cooling sub-acid, balsamic and mucilaginous; insomuch, that in all inflammatory distempers, recourse was had to water-gruel, and flummery made of oatmeal.

"At least, (said I) give me leave to wish them such a degree of commerce as may enable them to follow their own inclinations."——"Heaven forbid! (cried this philosopher) Woe be to that nation, where the multitude is at liberty to follow their own inclinations! Commerce is undoubtedly a blessing, while restrained within its proper channels; but a glut of wealth brings along with it a glut of evils: it brings false taste, false appetite, false wants, profusion, venality, contempt of order, engendering a spirit of licentiousness, insolence, and faction, that keeps the community in continual ferment, and in time destroys all the distinctions of civil society; so that universal anarchy and uproar must ensue. Will any sensible man affirm, that the national advantages of opulence are to be sought on these terms?" "No, sure; but I am one of those who think, that, by proper regulations, commerce may produce every national benefit, without the allay of such concomitant evils."

So much for the dogmata of my friend Lismahago, whom I describe the more circumstantially, as I firmly believe he will set up his rest in Monmouthshire. Yesterday, while I was alone with him, he asked, in some confusion, if I should have any objection to the success of a gentleman and a soldier, provided he should be so fortunate as to engage my sister's affection. I answered, without hesitation, that my sister was old enough to judge for herself; and that I should be very far from disapproving any resolution she might take in his favour.—His eyes sparkled at this declaration. He declared, he should think himself the happiest man on earth to be connected with my family; and that he should never be weary of giving me proofs of his gratitude and attachment. I suppose Tabby and he are already agreed; in which case, we shall have a wedding at Brambleton-hall, and you shall give away the bride.—It is the least thing you can do, by way of atonement for your former cruelty to that poor love-sick maiden, who has been so long a thorn in the side of

Yours,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Sept. 20.

We have been at Buxton; but, as I did not much relish either the company or the accommodations, and had no occasion for the water, we stayed but two nights in the place.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

Adventures begin to thicken as we advance to the southward.—Lismahago has now professed himself the admirer of our aunt, and carries on his addresses under the sanction of her brother's approbation; so that we shall certainly have a wedding by Christmas. I should be glad you was present at the nuptials, to help me to throw the stocking,[1] and perform other ceremonies peculiar to that occasion——I am sure it will be productive of some diversion; and, truly, it would be worth your while to come across the country on purpose to see two such original figures in bed together, with their laced night-caps; he, the emblem of good chear, and she, the picture of good nature. All this agreeable prospect was clouded, and had well nigh vanished entirely, in consequence of a late misunderstanding between the future brothers-in-law, which, however, is now happily removed.

A few days ago, my uncle and I, going to visit a relation, met with lord Oxmington at his house, who asked us to dine with him next day, and we accepted the invitation.—Accordingly, leaving our women under the care of captain Lismahago, at the inn where we had lodged the preceding night, in a little town, about a mile from his lordship's dwelling, we went at the hour appointed, and had a fashionable meal served up with much ostentation to a company of about a dozen persons, none of whom we had ever seen before.—His lordship is much more remarkable for his pride and caprice, than for his hospitality and understanding; and, indeed, it appeared, that he considered his guests merely as objects to shine upon, so as to reflect the lustre of his own magnificence.—There was much state, but no courtesy; and a great deal of compliment without any conversation.—Before the desert was removed, our noble entertainer proposed three general toasts; then calling for a glass of wine, and bowing all round, wished us a good afternoon. This was the signal for the company to break up, and they obeyed it immediately, all except our 'squire, who was greatly shocked at the manner of this dismission.—He changed countenance, bit his lip in silence, but still kept his seat, so that his lordship found himself obliged to give us another hint, by saying, he should be glad to see us another time. "There is no time like the time present (cried Mr. Bramble); your lordship has not yet drank a bumper to *the best in Christendom*." "I'll drink no more bumpers to-day (answered our landlord); and I am sorry to see you have drank too many.—Order the gentleman's carriage to the gate."—So saying, he rose and retired abruptly; our 'squire starting up at the same time, laying his hand upon his sword, and eying him with a most ferocious aspect. The master having vanished in this manner, our uncle bad one of the servants to see what was to pay; and the fellow answering, "This is no inn," "I cry you mercy, (cried the other) I perceive it is not; if it were, the landlord would be more civil.–There's a guinea, however; take it, and tell your lord, that I shall not leave the country till I have had an opportunity to thank him in person for his politeness and hospitality."

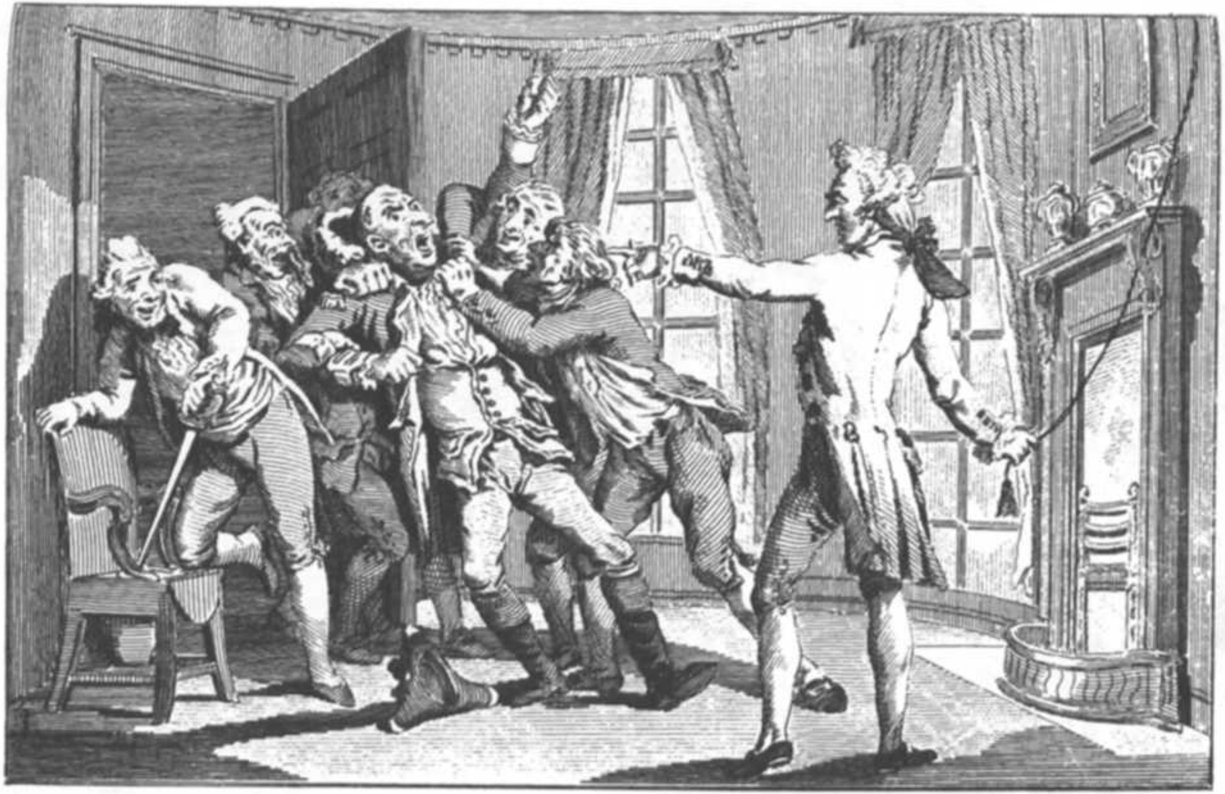
We then walked down stairs through a double range of lacqueys, and getting into the chaise, proceeded homewards. Perceiving the 'squire much ruffled, I ventured to disapprove of his resentment, observing, that as lord Oxmington was well known to have his brain very ill timbered, a sensible man should rather laugh, than be angry at his ridiculous want of breeding.—Mr. Bramble took umbrage at my presuming to be wiser than he upon this occasion; and told me, that as he had always thought for himself in every occurrence in life, he would still use the same privilege, with my good leave.

When we returned to our inn, he closeted Lismahago; and having explained his grievance, desired that gentleman to go and demand satisfaction of lord Oxmington in his name.—The lieutenant charged himself with this commission, and immediately set out a horseback for his lordship's house, attended, at his own request, by my man Archy Macalpine, who had been used to military service; and truly, if Macalpine had been mounted upon an ass, this couple might have passed for the knight of La Mancha and his 'squire

Panza. It was not till after some demur that Lismahago obtained a private audience, at which he formally defied his lordship to single combat, in the name of Mr. Bramble, and desired him to appoint the time and place. Lord Oxmington was so confounded at this unexpected message, that he could not, for some time, make any articulate reply; but stood staring at the lieutenant with manifest marks of perturbation. At length, ringing a bell with great vehemence, he exclaimed, "What! a commoner send a challenge to a peer of the realm! – Privilege! privilege! – Here's a person brings me a challenge from the Welshman that dined at my table – An impudent fellow! – My wine is not yet out of his head."

The whole house was immediately in commotion. – Macalpine made a soldierly retreat with the two horses; but the captain was suddenly surrounded and disarmed by the footmen, whom a French valet de chambre headed in this exploit; his sword was passed through a close-stool,[2] and his person through the horse-pond. – In this plight he returned to the inn, half mad with his disgrace. – So violent was the rage of his indignation, that he mistook its object. – He wanted to quarrel with Mr. Bramble; he said, he had been dishonoured on his account, and he looked for reparation at his hands. – My uncle's back was up in a moment; and he desired him to explain his pretensions. – "Either compel lord Oxmington to give me satisfaction, (cried he) or give it me in your own person." "The latter part of the alternative is the most easy and expeditious (replied the 'squire, starting up): if you are disposed for a walk, I'll attend you this moment."

Here they were interrupted by Mrs. Tabby, who had overheard all that passed. —— She now burst into the room, and running betwixt them, in great agitation, "Is this your regard for me, (said she to the lieutenant) to seek the life of my brother?" Lismahago, who seemed to grow cool as my uncle grew hot, assured her he had a very great respect for Mr. Bramble, but he had still more for his own honour, which had suffered pollution; but if that could be once purified, he should have no further cause of dissatisfaction. —— The 'squire said, he should have thought it incumbent upon him to vindicate the lieutenant's honour; but, as he had now carved for himself, he might swallow and digest it as well as he could. —— In a word, what betwixt the mediation of Mrs. Tabitha, the recollection of the captain, who perceived he had gone too far, and the remonstrances of your humble servant, who joined them at this juncture, those two originals were perfectly reconciled; and then we proceeded to deliberate upon the means of taking vengeance for the insults they had received from the petulant peer; for, until that aim should be accom-



Lieut. Lismahago carries a Challenge to Lord Oxmington, by Rowlandson.
(By Permission of the University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City.)

plished, Mr. Bramble swore, with great emphasis, that he would not leave the inn where we now lodged, even if he should pass his Christmas on the spot.

In consequence of our deliberations, we next day, in the forenoon, proceeded in a body to his lordship's house, all of us, with our servants, including the coachman, mounted a-horseback, with our pistols loaded and ready primed.—Thus prepared for action, we paraded solemnly and slowly before his lordship's gate, which we passed three times in such a manner, that he could not but see us, and suspect the cause of our appearance.—After dinner we returned, and performed the same cavalcade, which was again repeated the morning following; but we had no occasion to persist in these manœuvres.——About noon, we were visited by the gentleman, at whose house we had first seen lord Oxmington.—He now came to make apologies in the name of his lordship, who declared he had no intention to give offence to my uncle, in practising what had been always the custom of his house; and that as for the indignities which had been put upon the officer, they were offered without his lordship's knowledge, at the instigation of his valet de chambre.—"If that be the case, (said my uncle, in a peremptory tone) I shall be contented with lord Oxmington's personal excuses; and I hope my friend will be satisfied with his lordship's turning that insolent rascal out of his service."—"Sir, (cried Lismahago) I must insist upon taking personal vengeance for the personal injuries I have sustained."

After some debate, the affair was adjusted in this manner.——His lordship, meeting us at our friend's house, declared he was sorry for what had happened; and that he had no intention to give umbrage.—The valet de chambre asked pardon of the lieutenant upon his knees, when Lismahago, to the astonishment of all present, gave him a violent kick on the face, which laid him on his back, exclaiming in a furious tone, "*Oui je te pardonne, gens foutre.*"[3]

Such was the fortunate issue of this perilous adventure, which threatened abundance of vexation to our family; for the 'squire is one of those who will sacrifice both life and fortune, rather than leave what they conceive to be the least speck or blemish upon their honour and reputation. His lordship had no sooner pronounced his apology, with a very bad grace, than he went away in some disorder, and, I dare say, he will never invite another Welchman to his table.

We forthwith quitted the field of this atchievement, in order to prosecute our journey; but we follow no determinate course.——We make small deviations, to see the remarkable towns, villas, and curiosities on each side of our route; so that we advance by slow steps towards the borders of Monmouthshire: but in the midst of these irregular motions, there is no abberration nor eccentricity in that affection with which I am, dear Wat,

Yours always,
J. MELFORD.

Sept. 28.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

At what time of life may a man think himself exempted from the necessity of sacrificing his repose to the punctilios of a contemptible world? I have been engaged in a ridiculous adventure, which I shall recount at meeting; and this, I hope, will not be much longer delayed, as we have now performed almost all our visits, and seen every thing that I think has any right to retard us in our journey homewards——A few days ago, understanding by accident, that my old friend Baynard was in the country, I would not pass so near his habitation without paying him a visit, though our correspondence had been interrupted for a long course of years.

I felt myself very sensibly affected by the ideas of our past intimacy, as we approached the place where we had spent so many happy days together; but when we arrived at the house, I could not recognize any one of those objects, which had been so deeply impressed upon my remembrance—The tall oaks that shaded the avenue, had been cut down, and the iron gates at the end of it removed, together with the high wall that surrounded the court yard. The house itself, which was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, had a venerable appearance; and along the front that looked into the garden, was a stone gallery, which afforded me many an agreeable walk, when I was disposed to be contemplative—Now the old front is covered with a screen of modern architecture; so that all without is Grecian, and all within Gothic—As for the garden, which was well stocked with the best fruit which England could produce, there is not now the least vestige remaining of trees, walls, or hedges——Nothing appears but a naked circus of loose sand, with a dry bason and a leaden triton in the middle.[1]

You must know, that Baynard, at his father's death, had a clear estate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year, and was in other respects extremely well qualified to make a respectable figure in the commonwealth; but, what with some excesses of youth, and the expence of a contested election, he in a few years found himself encumbered with a debt of ten thousand pounds, which he resolved to discharge by means of a prudent marriage—He accordingly married a miss Thomson, whose fortune amounted to double the sum that he owed—She was the daughter of a citizen, who had failed in trade; but her fortune came by an uncle, who died in the East-Indies—Her own parents being dead, she lived with a maiden aunt, who had superintended her education; and, in all appearance, was well enough qualified for the usual purposes of the married state—Her virtues, however, stood rather upon a negative, than a positive foundation—She was neither proud, insolent, nor capricious, nor given to scandal, nor addicted to gaming, nor inclined to gallantry—She could read, and write, and dance, and sing, and play upon the harpsichord, and smatter French, and take a hand at whist and ombre; but even these accomplishments she possessed by halves—She excelled in nothing. Her conversation was flat, her stile mean, and her expression embarrassed—In a word, her character was totally insipid. Her person was not disagreeable; but there was nothing graceful in her address, nor engaging in her manners; and she was so ill qualified to do the honours of the house, that when she sat at the head of the table, one was always looking for the mistress of the family in some other place.

Baynard had flattered himself, that it would be no difficult matter to mould such a subject after his own fashion, and that she would chearfully enter into his views, which were wholly turned to domestic happiness. He proposed to reside always in the country, of which he was fond to a degree of enthusiasm, to cultivate his estate, which was very improvable; to enjoy the exercise of rural diversions; to maintain an intimacy of correspondence with some friends that were settled in his neighbourhood; to keep a comfortable house, without suffering his expence to exceed the limits of his income; and to find pleasure and employment for his wife in the management and avocations of her own family——This, however, was a visionary scheme, which he never was able to realize. His wife was as ignorant as a new-born babe of every thing that related to the conduct of a family; and she had no idea of a country life—Her understanding did not reach so far as to comprehend the first principles of discretion; and, indeed, if her capacity had been better than it was, her natural indolence would not have permitted her to abandon a certain routine, to which she had been habituated. She had not taste enough to relish any rational enjoyment; but her ruling passion was vanity, not that species which arises from self-conceit of superior accomplishments, but that which is of a bastard and idiot nature, excited by shew and ostentation, which implies not even the least consciousness of any personal merit.

The nuptial peal of noise and nonsense being rung out in all the usual changes, Mr. Baynard thought it high time to make her acquainted with the particulars of the plan which he had projected——He told her that his fortune, though sufficient to afford all the comforts of life, was not ample enough to command all the superfluities of pomp and pageantry, which, indeed, were equally absurd and intolerable—He therefore hoped she would have no objection to their leaving London in the spring, when he would take the opportunity to dismiss some unnecessary domestics, whom he had hired for the occasion of their marriage—She heard him in silence, and after some pause, "So, (said she) I am to be buried in the country!" He was so confounded at this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes: at length he told her, he was much mortified to find he had proposed any thing that was disagreeable to her ideas—"I am sure (added he) I meant nothing more than to lay down a comfortable plan of living within the bounds of our fortune, which is but moderate." "Sir, (said she) you are the best judge of your own affairs—My fortune, I know, does not exceed twenty thousand pounds——Yet, even with that pittance, I might have had a husband who would not have begrudged me a house in London—" "Good God! my dear, (cried poor Baynard, in the utmost agitation) you don't think me so sordid—I only hinted what I thought—But, I don't pretend to impose—" "Yes, sir, (resumed the lady) it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey—"

So saying, she burst into tears and retired to her chamber, where she was joined by her aunt—He endeavoured to recollect himself, and act with vigour of mind on this occasion; but was betrayed by the tenderness of his nature, which was the greatest defect of his constitution. He found the aunt in tears, and the niece in a fit, which held her the best part of eight hours, at the expiration of which, she began to talk incoherently about *death* and her *dear husband*, who had sat by her all this time, and now pressed her hand to his lips, in a transport of grief and penitence for the offence he had given—From thence forward, he carefully avoided mentioning the country; and they continued to be sucked deeper and deeper into the vortex of extravagance and dissipation, leading what is called a fashionable life in town—About the latter end of July, however, Mrs. Baynard, in order to exhibit a proof of conjugal obedience, desired of her own accord, that they might pay a visit to his country house, as there was no company left in London. He would have excused himself from this excursion, which was no part of the œconomical plan he had proposed; but she insisted upon making this sacrifice to his taste and prejudices, and away they went with such an equipage as astonished the whole country—All that remained of the season was engrossed by receiving and returning visits in the neighbourhood; and, in this intercourse, it was discovered that sir John Chickwell had a house-steward and one footman in livery more than the complement of Mr. Baynard's household. This remark was made by the aunt at table, and assented to by the husband, who observed that sir John Chickwell might very well afford to keep more servants than were found in the family of a man who had not half his fortune. Mrs. Baynard ate no supper that evening; but was seized with a violent fit, which completed her triumph over the spirit of her consort. The two supernumerary servants were added—The family plate was sold for old silver, and a new service procured; fashionable furniture was provided, and the whole house turned topsy turvy.

At their return to London, in the beginning of winter, he, with a heavy heart, communicated these particulars to me in confidence. Before his marriage, he had introduced me to the lady as his particular friend; and I now offered in that character, to lay before her the necessity of reforming her œconomy, if she had any regard to the interest of her own family, or complaisance for the inclinations of her husband—But Baynard declined my offer, on the supposition that his wife's nerves were too delicate to bear expostulation; and that it would only serve to overwhelm her with such distress as would make himself miserable.

Baynard is a man of spirit, and had she proved a termagant, he would have known how to deal with her; but, either by accident or instinct, she fastened upon the weak side of his soul, and held it so fast, that he has been in subjection ever since—I afterwards advised him to carry her abroad to France or Italy, where he might gratify her vanity for half the expence it cost him in England; and this advice he followed accordingly—She was agreeably flattered with the idea of seeing and knowing foreign parts, and foreign fashions; of being presented to sovereigns, and living familiarly with princes. She forthwith seized the hint which I had thrown out on purpose, and even pressed Mr. Baynard to hasten his departure; so that in a few weeks they crossed the sea to France, with a moderate train, still including the aunt; who was her bosom counsellor, and abetted her in all her opposition to her husband's will——Since that period, I have had little or no opportunity to renew our former correspondence—All that I knew of his transactions, amounted to no more than that after an absence of two years, they returned so little improved in œconomy, that they launched out into new oceans of extravagance, which, at length, obliged him to mortgage his estate—By this time she had bore him three children, of which the last only survives, a puny boy of twelve or thirteen, who will be ruined in his education by the indulgence of his mother.

As for Baynard, neither his own good sense, nor the dread of indigence, nor the consideration of his children, has been of force sufficient to stimulate him into the resolution of breaking at once the shameful spell by which he seems enchanted——With a taste capable of the most refined enjoyment, a heart glowing with all the warmth of friendship and humanity, and a disposition strongly turned to the more rational pleasures of a retired and country life, he is hurried about in a perpetual tumult, amidst a mob of beings pleased with rattles, baubles, and gew-gaws, so void of sense and distinction, that even the most acute philosophy would find it a very hard task to discover for what wise purpose of providence they were created—Friendship is not to be found; nor can the amusements for which he sighs be enjoyed within the rotation of absurdity, to which he is doomed for life. He has long resigned all views of improving his fortune by management and attention to the exercise of husbandry, in which he delighted; and as to domestic happiness, not the least glimpse of hope remains to amuse his imagination. Thus blasted in all his prospects, he could not fail to be overwhelmed with melancholy and chagrin, which have preyed upon his health and spirits in such a manner, that he is now threatened with a consumption.

I have given you a sketch of the man, whom the other day I went to visit—At the gate we found a great number of powdered lacquies, but no civility—After we had sat a considerable time in the coach, we were told, that Mr. Baynard had rode out, and that his lady was dressing; but we were introduced to a parlour, so very fine and delicate, that in all appearance it was designed to be seen only, not inhabited. The chairs and couches were carved, gilt, and covered with rich damask, so smooth and slick, that they looked as if they had never been sat upon. There was no carpet on the floor; but the boards were rubbed and waxed in such a manner, that we could not walk, but were obliged to slide along them; and as for the stove, it was too bright and polished to be polluted with sea-coal, or stained by the smoke of any gross material fire—When we had remained above half an hour sacrificing to the inhospitable powers in this *temple of cold reception*,[2] my friend Baynard arrived, and understanding we were in the house, made his appearance, so meagre, yellow, and dejected, that I really should not have known him, had I met with him in any other place——Running up to me, with great eagerness, he strained me in his embrace, and his heart was so full, that for some minutes he could not speak—Having saluted us all round, he perceived our uncomfortable situation, and conducting us into another apartment, which had fire in the chimney, called for chocolate——Then, withdrawing, he returned with a compliment from his wife, and, in the mean time, presented his son Harry, a shambling, blear-eyed boy, in the habit of a hussar; very rude, forward, and impertinent—His father would have sent him to a boarding-school, but his mamma and aunt would not hear of his lying out of the house; so that there was a clergyman engaged as his tutor in the family.

As it was but just turned of twelve, and the whole house was in commotion to prepare a formal entertainment, I foresaw it would be late before we dined, and proposed a walk to Mr. Baynard, that we might converse together freely. In the course of this perambulation, when I expressed some surprise that he had returned so soon from Italy, he gave me to understand, that his going abroad had not at all answered the purpose, for which he left England; that although the expence of living was not so great in Italy as at home, respect being had to the same rank of life in both countries, it had been found necessary for him to lift himself above his usual stile, that he might be on some footing with the counts, marquises, and cavalieres, with whom he kept company——He was obliged to hire a great number of servants, to take off a great variety of rich cloaths, and to keep a sumptuous table for the fashionable scrocconi[3] of the country; who, without a consideration of this kind, would not have payed any attention to an untitled foreigner, let his family or fortune be ever so respectable—Besides, Mrs. Baynard was continually surrounded by a train of expensive loungers, under the denominations of language-masters, musicians, painters, and ciceroni;[4] and had actually fallen into the disease of buying pictures and antiques upon her own judgment, which was far from being infallible—At length she met with an affront, which gave her a disgust to Italy, and drove her back to England with some precipitation. By means of frequenting the dutchess of B——'s conversazione,[5] while her grace was at Rome, Mrs. Baynard became acquainted with all the fashionable people of that city, and was admitted to their assemblies without scruple—Thus favoured, she conceived too great an idea of her own importance, and when the duchess left Rome, resolved to have a conversazione that should leave the Romans no room to regret her grace's departure. She provided hands for a musical entertainment, and sent biglietti of invitation[6] to every person of distinction; but not one Roman of the female sex appeared at her assembly—She was that night seized with a violent fit, and kept her bed three days, at the expiration of which she declared that the air of Italy would be the ruin of her constitution. In order to prevent this catastrophe, she was speedily removed to Geneva, from whence they returned to England by the way of Lyons and Paris. By the time they arrived at Calais, she had purchased such a quantity of silks, stuffs, and laces, that it was necessary to hire a vessel to smuggle them over, and this vessel was taken by a custom-house cutter; so that they lost the whole cargo, which had cost them above eight hundred pounds.

It now appeared, that her travels had produced no effect upon her, but that of making her more expensive and fantastic than ever: – She affected to lead the fashion,[7] not only in point of female dress, but in every article of taste and connoisseurship. She made a drawing of the new façade to the house in the country; she pulled up the trees, and pulled down the walls of the garden, so as to let in the easterly wind, which Mr. Baynard's ancestors had been at great pains to exclude. To shew her taste in laying out ground, she seized into her own hand a farm of two hundred acres, about a mile from the house, which she parcelled out into walks and shrubberies, having a great bason in the middle, into which she poured a whole stream that turned two mills, and afforded the best trout in the country. The bottom of the bason, however, was so ill secured, that it would not hold the water which strained through the earth, and made a bog of the whole plantation: in a word, the ground which formerly payed him one hundred and fifty pounds a year, now cost him two hundred pounds a year to keep it in tolerable order, over and above the first expence of trees, shrubs, flowers, turf, and gravel. There was not an inch of garden ground left about the house, nor a tree that produced fruit of any kind; nor did he raise a truss of hay, or a bushel of oats for his horses, nor had he a single cow to afford milk for his tea; far less did he ever dream of feeding his own mutton, pigs, and poultry: every article of house-keeping, even the most inconsiderable, was brought from the next market town, at the distance of five miles, and thither they sent a courier every morning to fetch hot rolls for breakfast. In short, Baynard fairly owned that he spent double his income, and that in a few years he should be obliged to sell his estate for the payment of his creditors. He said his wife had such delicate nerves, and such imbecillity of spirit, that she could neither bear remonstrance, be it ever so gentle, nor practise any scheme of retrenchment, even if she perceived the necessity of such a measure. He had therefore ceased struggling against the stream, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to ruin, by reflecting that his child at least, would inherit his mother's fortune, which was secured to him by the contract of marriage.

The detail which he gave me of his affairs, filled me at once with grief and indignation. I inveighed bitterly against the indiscretion of his wife, and reproached him with his unmanly acquiescence under the absurd tyranny which she exerted. I exhorted him to recollect his resolution, and make one effectual effort to disengage himself from a thraldom, equally shameful and pernicious. I offered him all the assistance in my power. I undertook to regulate his affairs, and even to bring about a reformation in his family, if he would only authorise me to execute the plan I should form for his advantage. I was so affected by the subject, that I could not help mingling tears with my remonstrances, and Baynard was so penetrated with these marks of my affection, that he lost all power of utterance. He pressed me to his breast with great emotion, and wept in silence. At length he exclaimed, "Friendship is undoubtedly the most precious balm of life! Your words, dear Bramble, have in a great measure recalled me from an abyss of despondence, in which I have been long overwhelmed—I will, upon honour, make you acquainted with a distinct state of my affairs, and, as far as I am able to go, will follow the course you prescribe. But there are certain lengths which my nature——The truth is, there are tender connexions, of which a bachelor has no idea—Shall I own my weakness? I cannot bear the thoughts of making that woman uneasy—" "And yet, (cried I) she has seen you unhappy for a series of years—unhappy from her misconduct, without ever shewing the least inclination to alleviate your distress—" "Nevertheless (said he) I am persuaded she loves me with the most warm affection; but these are incongruities in the composition of the human mind which I hold to be inexplicable."

I was shocked at his infatuation, and changed the subject, after we had agreed to maintain a close correspondence for the future—He then gave me to understand, that he had two neighbours, who, like himself, were driven by their wives at full speed, in the high road to bankruptcy and ruin. All the three husbands were of dispositions very different from each other, and, according to this variation, their consorts were admirably suited to the purpose of keeping them all three in subjection. The views of the ladies were exactly the same. They vied in grandeur, that is, in ostentation, with the wife of Sir Charles Chickwell,[8] who had four times their fortune; and she again piqued herself upon making an equal figure with a neighbouring peeress, whose revenue trebled her own. Here then was the fable of the frog and the ox,[9] realized in four different instances within the same county: one large fortune, and three moderate estates, in a fair way of being burst by the inflation of female vanity; and in three of these instances, three different forms of female tyranny were exercised. Mr. Baynard was subjugated by practising upon the tenderness of his nature. Mr. Milksan, being of a timorous disposition, truckled to the insolence of a termagant. Mr. Sowerby, who was of a temper neither to be moved by fits, nor driven by menaces, had the fortune to be fitted with a helpmate, who assailed him with the weapons of irony and satire; sometimes sneering in the way of compliment; sometimes throwing out sarcastic comparisons, implying reproaches upon his want of taste, spirit, and generosity: by which means she stimulated his passions from one act of extravagance to another, just as the circumstances of her vanity required.

All these three ladies have at this time the same number of horses, carriages, and servants in and out of livery; the same variety of dress; the same quantity of plate and china; the like ornaments in furniture; and in their entertainments they endeavour to exceed one another in the variety, delicacy, and expence of their dishes. I believe it will be found upon enquiry, that nineteen out of twenty, who are ruined by extravagance, fall a sacrifice to the ridiculous pride and vanity of silly women, whose parts are held in contempt by the very men whom they pillage and enslave. Thank heaven, Dick, that among all the follies and weaknesses of human nature, I have not yet fallen into that of matrimony.

After Baynard and I had discussed all these matters at leisure, we returned towards the house, and met Jery with our two women, who had come forth to take the air, as the lady of the mansion had not yet made her appearance. In short, Mrs. Baynard did not produce herself, till about a quarter of an hour before dinner was upon the table. Then her husband brought her into the parlour, accompanied by her aunt and son, and she received us with a coldness of reserve sufficient to freeze the very soul of hospitality. Though she knew I had been the intimate friend of her husband, and had often seen me with him in London, she shewed no marks of recognition or regard, when I addressed myself to her in the most friendly terms of salutation. She did not even express the common complement of, *I am glad to see you;* or, *I hope you have enjoyed your health since we had the pleasure of seeing you;* or some such words of course: nor did she once open her mouth in the way of welcome to my sister and my niece: but sat in silence like a statue, with an aspect of insensibility. Her aunt, the model upon which she had been formed, was indeed the very essence of insipid formality: but the boy was very pert and impudent, and prated without ceasing.

At dinner, the lady maintained the same ungracious indifference, never speaking but in whispers to her aunt; and as to the repast, it was made up of a parcel of kickshaws,[10] contrived by a French cook, without one substantial article adapted to the satisfaction of an English appetite. The pottage was little better than bread soaked in dishwashings, lukewarm. The ragouts looked as if they had been once eaten and half digested: the fricassees were involved in a nasty yellow poultice; and the rotis[11] were scorched and stinking, for the honour of the fumet.[12] The desert consisted of faded fruit and iced froth, a good emblem of our landlady's character; the table-beer was sour, the water foul, and the wine vapid; but there was a parade of plate and china, and a powdered lacquey stood behind every chair, except those of the master and mistress of the house, who were served by two valets dressed like gentlemen. We dined in a large old Gothic parlour, which was formerly the hall. It was now paved with marble, and, notwithstanding the fire, which had been kindled about an hour, struck me with such a chill sensation, that when I entered it the teeth chattered in my jaws—In short, every thing was cold, comfortless, and disgusting, except the looks of my friend Baynard, which declared the warmth of his affection and humanity.

After dinner we withdrew into another apartment, where the boy began to be impertinently troublesome to my niece Liddy. He wanted a play-fellow, forsooth; and would have romped with her, had she encouraged his advances—He was even so impudent as to snatch a kiss, at which she changed countenance, and seemed uneasy; and though his father checked him for the rudeness of his behaviour, he became so outrageous as to thrust his hand in her bosom: an insult to which she did not tamely submit, though one of the mildest creatures upon earth. Her eyes sparkling with resentment, she started up, and lent him such a box in the ear, as sent him staggering to the other side of the room.

"Miss Melford, (cried his father) you have treated him with the utmost propriety—I am only sorry that the impertinence of any child of mine should have occasioned this exertion of your spirit, which I cannot but applaud and admire." His wife was so far from assenting to the candour of his apology, that she rose from table, and, taking her son by the hand, "Come, child, (said she) your father cannot abide you." So saying, she retired with this hopeful youth, and was followed by her gouvernante: but neither the one nor the other deigned to take the least notice of the company.

Baynard was exceedingly disconcerted; but I perceived his uneasiness was tinctured with resentment, and derived a good omen from this discovery. I ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, and, though he made some efforts to detain us all night, I insisted upon leaving the house immediately; but, before I went away, I took an opportunity of speaking to him again in private. I said every thing I could recollect, to animate his endeavours in shaking off those shameful trammels. I made no scruple to declare, that his wife was unworthy of that tender complaisance which he had shewn for her foibles: that she was dead to all the genuine sentiments of conjugal affection; insensible of her own honour and interest, and seemingly destitute of common sense and reflection. I conjured him to remember what he owed to his father's house, to his own reputation, and to his family, including even this unreasonable woman herself, who was driving on blindly to her own destruction. I advised him to form a plan for retrenching superfluous expence, and try to convince the aunt of the necessity for such a reformation, that she might gradually prepare her niece for its execution; and I exhorted him to turn that disagreeable piece of formality out of the house, if he should find her averse to his proposal.

Here he interrupted me with a sigh, observing that such a step would undoubtedly be fatal to Mrs. Baynard—"I shall lose all patience, (cried I), to hear you talk so weakly—Mrs. Baynard's fits will never hurt her constitution. I believe in my conscience they are all affected: I am sure she has no feeling for your distresses; and, when you are ruined, she will appear to have no feeling for her own." Finally, I took his word and honour, that he would make an effort, such as I had advised; that he would form a plan of œconomy, and, if he found it impracticable without my assistance, he would come to Bath in the winter, where I promised to give him the meeting, and contribute all in my power to the retrieval of his affairs—With this mutual engagement we parted; and I shall think myself supremely happy, if, by my means, a worthy man, whom I love and esteem, can be saved from misery, disgrace, and despair.

I have only one friend more to visit in this part of the country, but he is of a complexion very different from that of Baynard. You have heard me mention Sir Thomas Bullford,[13] whom I knew in Italy. He is now become a country gentleman; but, being disabled by the gout from enjoying any amusement abroad, he entertains himself within doors, by keeping open house for all comers, and playing upon the oddities and humours of his company: but he himself is generally the greatest original at his table. He is very good-humoured, talks much, and laughs without ceasing. I am told that all the use he makes of his understanding at present, is to excite mirth, by exhibiting his guests in ludicrous attitudes. I know not how far we may furnish him with entertainment of this kind, but I am resolved to beat up his quarters, partly with a view to laugh with the knight himself, and partly to pay my respects to his lady, a good-natured sensible woman, with whom he lives upon very easy terms, although she has not had the good fortune to bring him an heir to his estate.

And now, dear Dick, I must tell you for your comfort, that you are the only man upon earth to whom I would presume to send such a long-winded epistle, which I could not find in my heart to curtail, because the subject interested the warmest passions of my heart; neither will I make any other apology to a correspondent who has been so long accustomed to the impertinence of

MATT. BRAMBLE.

Sept. 30.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I believe, there is something mischievious in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors.——We last night lodged at the house of sir Thomas Bullford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is resolved to be merry to the last; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be never so caustic or refractory.—Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant.—We found the knight sitting on a couch, with his crutches by his side, and his feet supported on cushions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival.—After tea, we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord by lady Bullford, who sung and played to admiration; but sir Thomas seemed to be a little asinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures, and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta*[1] of her own composing.—This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep; but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snorting, and exclaimed, "*O cara*![2] what d'ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pargolesi and your Corelli?"[3]—At the same time, he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand.—He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore.—Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet.—He was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour, which were occasionally tried upon strangers.—Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy; sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had studied Burn[4] with uncommon application, but he studied nothing so much as the art of living (that is, eating) well.—This fat buck had often afforded good sport to our landlord; and he was frequently started with tolerable success, in the course of this evening; but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition; but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw betwixt a young hound and an old hedge-hog—The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion:—The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company, but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stubborn as a mule,[5] and unmanageable as an elephant unbroke.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked upon the justice, who ate a most unconscionable supper, and, among other things, a large plate of broiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which in some constitutions had a poisonous effect.—Mr. Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner.—He answered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish; but as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague water,[6] which the justice drank off immediately, and retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shewn to our different chambers, and in half an hour, I was fast asleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was waked with a dismal cry of *Fire*! and starting up, ran to the window in my shirt.[7]—The night was dark and stormy; and a number of people half-dressed ran backwards and forwards thro' the court-yard, with links and lanthorns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation.—Slipping on my cloaths in a twinkling, I ran down stairs, and, upon inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back-stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay.——By this time, the lieutenant was alarmed by bawling at his window, which was in the second story, but he could not find his cloaths in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outside.——The servants called to him, that the house had been robbed; that, without all doubt, the villains had taken away his cloaths, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the stair-case was in flames.—In this dilemma the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring assistance.—At length, the knight in person was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted.—Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exorted him earnestly to descend.—There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted night-cap fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and posteriors exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance, when illumined by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent.—All the company stood round the ladder, except the knight, who sat in his chair, exclaiming from time to time, "Lord have mercy upon us!—save the gentleman's life!—mind your footing, dear captain!—softly!—stand fast!—clasp the ladder with both hands!—there!—well done, my dear boy!—O bravo!—an old soldier for ever!—bring a blanket——bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcase——warm the bed in the green room——give me your hand, dear captain—I'm rejoiced to see thee safe and sound with all my heart." Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his innamorata, who snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-servants took him under the arms, and a female conducted him to the green room, still accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed.—During this whole transaction, he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceeding grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and bursting into a long and loud laugh, "Matt, (cried he) crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maitre* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha!—Such a *camisicata, scagliata, beffata*!—*O, che roba*!—O, what a subject!——O, what *caricatura*![8]—O, for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken![9]—Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted!——what a fine descent from the cross, or ascent to the gallows!—what lights and shadows!—what a groupe below!—what expression above!—what an aspect!—did you mind the aspect?—ha, ha, ha!—and the limbs, and the muscles—every toe denoted terror!—ha, ha, ha!——then the blanket!—O, what *costume*! St. Andrew! St. Lazarus! St. Barrabas!—ha, ha, ha!" "After all then, (cried Mr. Bramble very gravely) this was no more than a false alarm.—We have been frightened out of our beds, and almost out of our senses, for the joke's sake." "Ay, and such a joke! (cried our landlord) such a farce! such a *denouement*! such a *catastrophe*!"

"Have a little patience (replied our 'squire); we are not yet come to the *catastrophe;* and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy instead of a farce.—— The captain is one of those saturnine subjects, who have no idea of humour.— He never laughs in his own person; nor can he bear that other people should laugh at his expence.—Besides, if the subject had been properly chosen, the joke was too severe in all conscience." "'Sdeath! (cried the knight) I could not have bated him an ace had he been my own father; and as for the subject, such another does not present itself once in half a century." Here Mrs. Tabitha interposing, and bridling up, declared, she did not see that Mr. Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself; and that she was very much afraid, he would very soon find he had mistaken his man.—— The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying, that he must be a Goth and a barbarian, if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humorous contrivance.—He begged, however, that Mr. Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason; and this request was reinforced by lady Bullford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture upon his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of his face, and a leer upon the other.

We now went to bed for the second time; and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green room, and used such arguments with him, that when we met in the parlour he seemed to be quite appeased.—He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company.——Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect reconciliation—The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull,[10] a very fine gold snuff-box, which he no sooner perceived than he said, "Here is a small mistake." "No mistake at all (cried the baronet): a fair exchange is no robbery.— Oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial." "Sir, (said the lieutenant) the mull is much at your service; but this machine I can by no means retain.—It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour.—Besides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myself disposed to be brought upon the stage again.——I won't presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand."——So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect, he presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Justice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night-alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet hearing Frogmore mentioned, "Odso! (cried he) I had forgot the justice.—Pr'ythee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel."—Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would shew the captain, that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night-scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the farther end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes, Mr. Justice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and loose morning-gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way.—"Jesu! neighbour Frogmore, (exclaimed the baronet) what is the matter?—you look as if you was not a man for this world.——Set him down softly on the couch——poor gentleman!—Lord have mercy upon us!—What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated?" "Oh, sir Thomas! (cried the justice) I doubt 'tis all over with me——Those mushrooms I eat at your table have done my business——ah! oh! hey!" "Now the Lord forbid! (said the other)—what! man, have a good heart.—How does thy stomach feel?—hah?"

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aside his night gown, discovered that his waistcoat would not meet upon his belly by five good inches at least. "Heaven protect us all! (cried sir Thomas)—what a melancholy spectacle!—never did I see a man so suddenly swelled, but when he was either just dead, or just dying.——Doctor, can'st thou do nothing for this poor object?" "I don't think the case is quite desperate (said the surgeon), but I would advise Mr. Frogmore to settle his affairs with all expedition; the parson may come and pray by him, while I prepare a glyster and an emetic draught." The justice, rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency, "Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us!"[11]——Then he begged the surgeon, in the name of God, to dispatch—"As for my worldly affairs, (said he) they are all settled but one mortgage, which must be left to my heirs—but my poor soul! my poor soul! what will become of my poor soul?—miserable sinner that I am!" "Nay, pr'ythee, my dear boy, compose thyself (resumed the knight); consider the mercy of heaven is infinite; thou can'st not have any sins of a very deep dye on thy conscience, or the devil's in't." "Name not the devil (exclaimed the terrified Frogmore), I have more sins to answer for than the world dreams of.—Ah! friend, I have been sly—sly—damn'd sly!——Send for the parson without loss of time, and put me to bed, for I am posting to eternity."—He was accordingly raised from the couch, and supported by two servants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he intreated the good company to assist him with their prayers.—He added, "Take warning by me, who am suddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field;[12] and God forgive you, sir Thomas, for suffering such poisonous trash to be eaten at your table."

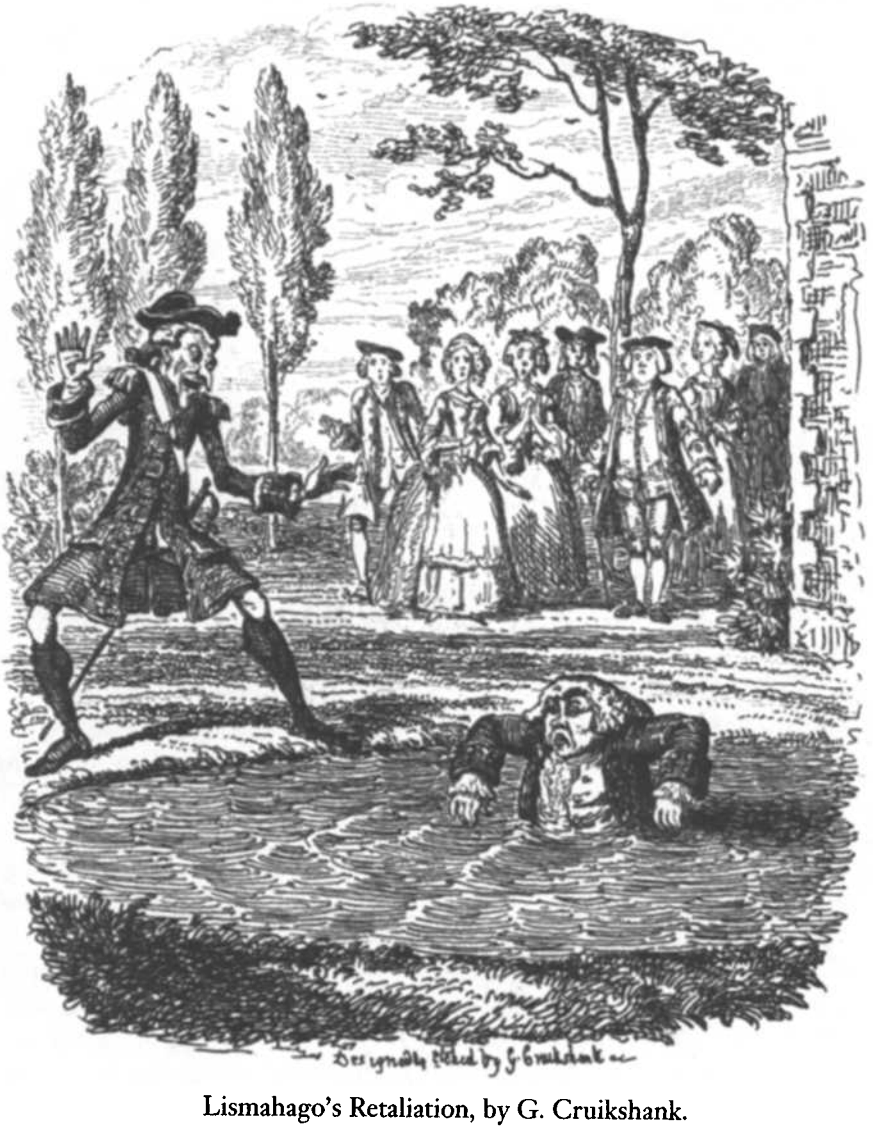
He was no sooner removed out of hearing, than the baronet abandoned himself to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering, that while he slept his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon; and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels was occasioned by some antimonial wine,[13] which he had taken over night, under the denomination of plague-water.——She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life: the knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours.—Upon enquiry, we found his character did not intitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its course.—A glyster[14] was actually administered by an old woman of the family, who had been sir Thomas's nurse, and the patient took a draught made with oxymel of squills[15] to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul, when those medicines produced their effect; so that the parson was obliged to hold his nose while he poured forth spiritual consolation from his mouth. The same expedient was used by the knight and me, who, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore enthroned on an easing-chair, under the pressure of a double evacuation. The short intervals betwixt every heave he employed in crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar's opinion of his case; and the vicar answered, in a solemn snuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put in bed again. When he examined the *egista*,[16] and felt his pulse, he declared that much of the *virus* was discharged, and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery.—This welcome hint he received with the tears of joy in his eyes, protesting, that if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hand he squeezed with great fervor; and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation; but my uncle insisted upon our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it should be dark.—In the mean time, lady Bullford conducted us into the garden to see a fish-pond just finished, which

Mr. Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair after the fatigues of his morning atchievement.——In this situation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when the door flying open with a violent shock, lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room with horror in his looks, exclaiming, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" and throwing up the window sash, leaped into the garden.—Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, started up, and forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of instinctive impulse.—He not only bolted thro' the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl, "Lord, have mercy upon us!—pray, take care of the gentleman!—for God's sake, mind your footing, my dear boy!—get warm blankets—comfort his poor carcase—warm the bed in the green room."

Lady Bullford was thunder-struck at this phænomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word.——Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which his senses seemed to return and his good humour to revive.—As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression in his countenance, but fixed his eye in particular upon Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff, and when he took it in silence, "Sir Thomas Bullford, (said he) I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin." "Give me thy hand (cried the baronet); thou hast indeed payed me *Scot and lot*;[17] and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in presence of this company, I promise to be accountable."—So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expence; but lady Bullford looked very grave; and in all probability thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary—but, according to the proverb, *he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers.*[18]

I have seen a tame bear, very diverting when properly managed, become a very dangerous wild beast when teized for the entertainment of the spectators.—As for Lismahago, he seemed to think the fright and the cold bath would have a good effect upon his patient's constitution; but the doctor hinted some apprehension that the gouty matter might, by such a sudden


Designed & Etched by G. Cruikshank

Lismahago's Retaliation, by G. Cruikshank.
(The Beinecke Rare Book Room and
Manuscript Library, Yale University.)

shock, be repelled from the extremities and thrown upon some of the more vital parts of the machine.—I should be very sorry to see this prognostic verified upon our facetious landlord, who told Mrs. Tabitha at parting, that he hoped she would remember him in the distribution of the bride's favours, as he had taken so much pains to put the captain's parts and mettle to the proof.——After all, I am afraid our 'squire will appear to be the greatest sufferer by the baronet's wit; for his constitution is by no means calculated for night-alarms.—He has yawned and shivered all day, and gone to bed without supper; so that, as we have got into good quarters, I imagine we shall make a halt to-morrow; in which case, you will have at least one day's respite from the persecution of

J. MELFORD.

Oct. 3.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

DEAR MARY JONES,

Miss Liddy is so good as to unclose me in a kiver as fur as Gloster, and the carrier will bring it to hand—God send us all safe to Monmouthshire, for I'm quite jaded with rambling—'Tis a true saying, *live and learn*[1]—O woman, what chuckling and changing have I seen!—Well, there's nothing sartain in this world——Who would have thought that mistriss, after all the pains taken for the good of her prusias sole, would go for to throw away her poor body? that she would cast the heys of infection upon such a carrying-crow as Lashmihago! as old as Matthewsullin, as dry as a red herring, and as pore as a starved veezel—O, Molly! hadst thou seen him come down the ladder, in a shurt so scanty, that it could not kiver his nakedness!—The young 'squire called him Dunquickset; but he looked for all the world like Cradoc-ap Morgan, the ould tinker, that suffered at Abergany for steeling of kettle—Then he's a profane scuffle, and, as Mr. Clinker says, no better than an imp-fiddle, continually playing upon the pyebill and the new-burth—I doubt he has as little manners as money; for he can't say a civil word, much more make me a present of a pair of gloves for good-will; but he looks as if he wanted to be very forewood and familiar—O! that ever a gentlewoman of years and discretion should tare her air, and cry and disporridge herself for such a nubjack! as the song goes—

I vow she would fain have a burd
That bids such a price for an owl.[2]

but, for sartain, he must have dealt with some Scotch musician to bring her to this pass——As for me, I put my trust in the Lord;[3] and I have got a slice of witch elm sowed in the gathers of my under petticoat; and Mr. Clinker assures me, that by the new light of grease, I may deify the devil and all his works[4]—But I nose what I nose—If mistriss should take up with Lashmyhago, this is no sarvice for me—Thank God, there's no want of places; and if it wan't for wan thing, I would——but, no matter—Madam Baynar's woman has twenty good pounds a-year and parquisites; and dresses like a parson of distinkson——I dined with her and the valley de shambles, with bags and golden jackets; but there was nothing kimfittable to eat, being as how they live upon board, and having nothing but a piss of could cuddling tart and some blamangey, I was tuck with the cullick, and a murcy it was that mistriss had her viol of assings in the cox.

But, as I was saying, I think for sartain this match will go forewood; for things are come to a creesus; and I have seen with my own hays, such smuggling——But I scorn for to exclose the secrets of the family; and if it wance comes to marrying, who nose but the frolick may go round—I believes as how, Miss Liddy would have no reversion if her swan would appear; and you would be surprised, Molly, to receive a bride's fever from your humble sarvant—but this is all suppository, dear girl; and I have sullenly promised to Mr. Clinker, that neither man, woman, nor child, shall no that arrow said a civil thing to me in the way of infection—I hopes to drink your health at Brambleton-hall, in a horn of October, before the month be out—Pray let my bed be turned once a-day, and the windore opened, while the weather is dry; and burn a few billets with some brush in the footman's garret, and see their mattrash be dry as a bone; for both our gentlemen have got a sad could by lying in damp shits at sir Tummas Ballfart's. No more at present, but my sarvice to Saul and the rest of our fellow-sarvents, being,

Dear Mary Jones,
always yours,
WIN. JENKINS.

Oct. 4.

To Miss Lætitia Willis, at Gloucester.

MY DEAR LETTY,

This method of writing to you from time to time, without any hopes of an answer, affords me, I own, some ease and satisfaction in the midst of my disquiet, as it in some degree lightens the burthen of affliction; but it is at best a very imperfect enjoyment of friendship, because it admits of no return of confidence and good counsel—I would give the whole world to have your company for a single day—I am heartily tired of this itinerant way of life—I am quite dizzy with a perpetual succession of objects—Besides it is impossible to travel such a length of way, without being exposed to inconveniences, dangers, and disagreeable accidents, which prove very grievous to a poor creature of weak nerves like me, and make me pay very dear for the gratification of my curiosity.

Nature never intended me for the busy world——I long for repose and solitude, where I can enjoy that disinterested friendship which is not to be found among crouds, and indulge those pleasing reveries that shun the hurry and tumult of fashionable society—Unexperienced as I am in the commerce of life, I have seen enough to give me a disgust to the generality of those who carry it on—There is such malice, treachery, and dissimulation, even among professed friends and intimate companions, as cannot fail to strike a virtuous mind with horror; and when Vice quits the stage for a moment, her place is immediately occupied by Folly, which is often too serious to excite any thing but compassion—Perhaps I ought to be silent on the foibles of my poor aunt; but with you, my dear Willis, I have no secrets; and, truly, her weaknesses are such as cannot be concealed. Since the first moment we arrived at Bath, she has been employed constantly in spreading nets for the other sex; and, at length, she has caught a superannuated lieutenant, who is in a fair way to make her change her name—My uncle and my brother seem to have no objection to this extraordinary match, which, I make no doubt, will afford abundance of matter of conversation and mirth; for my part, I am too sensible of my own weaknesses, to be diverted with those of other people——At present, I have something at heart that employs my whole attention, and keeps my mind in the utmost terror and suspence.

Yesterday in the forenoon, as I stood with my brother at the parlour window of an inn, where we had lodged, a person passed a-horseback, whom (gracious Heaven!) I instantly discovered to be Wilson! He wore a white riding-coat, with the cape buttoned up to his chin; looked remarkably pale, and passed at a round trot, without seeming to observe us——Indeed, he could not see us; for there was a blind that concealed us from the view. You may guess how I was affected at this apparition—The light forsook my eyes; and I was seized with such a palpitation and trembling, that I could not stand. I sat down upon a couch, and strove to compose myself, that my brother might not perceive my agitation; but it was impossible to escape his prying eyes—He had observed the object that alarmed me; and, doubtless, knew him at the first glance—He now looked at me with a stern countenance; then he ran out into the street, to see what road the unfortunate horseman had taken—He afterwards dispatched his man for further intelligence, and seemed to meditate some violent design. My uncle, being out of order, we remained another night at the inn; and all day long Jery acted the part of an indefatigable spy upon my conduct—He watched my very looks with such eagerness of attention, as if he would have penetrated into the utmost recesses of my heart—This may be owing to his regard for my honour, if it is not the effect of his own pride; but he is so hot, and violent, and unrelenting, that the sight of him alone throws me into a flutter; and really it will not be in my power to afford him any share of my affection, if he persists in persecuting me at this rate. I am afraid he has formed some scheme of vengeance, which will make me completely wretched! I am afraid he suspects some collusion from this appearance of Wilson.——Good God! did he really appear? or was it only a phantom, a pale spectre to apprise me of his death?

O Letty, what shall I do?—where shall I turn for advice and consolation?—shall I implore the protection of my uncle, who has been always kind and compassionate.—This must be my last resource.—I dread the thoughts of making him uneasy; and would rather suffer a thousand deaths[1] than live the cause of dissension in the family.—I cannot perceive the meaning of Wilson's coming hither:—perhaps, he was in quest of us, in order to disclose his real name and situation:—but wherefore pass without staying to make the least inquiry?—My dear Willis, I am lost in conjecture.—I have not closed an eye since I saw him.—All night long have I been tossed about from one imagination to another.—The reflection finds no resting place.—I have prayed, and sighed, and wept plentifully.——If this terrible suspence continues much longer, I shall have another fit of illness, and then the whole family will be in confusion.—If it was consistent with the wise purposes of Providence, would I were in my grave.—But it is my duty to be resigned.—My dearest Letty, excuse my weakness—excuse these blots—my tears fall so fast that I cannot keep the paper dry—yet I ought to consider that I have as yet no cause to despair——but I am such a faint-hearted timorous creature!

Thank God, my uncle is much better than he was yesterday.—He is resolved to pursue our journey strait to Wales.—I hope we shall take Gloucester in our way—that hope chears my poor heart—I shall once more embrace my best beloved Willis, and pour all my griefs into her friendly bosom.—— O heaven! is it possible that such happiness is reserved for

The dejected and forlorn
LYDIA MELFORD.

Oct. 4.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.

DEAR WATKIN,

I yesterday met with an incident which I believe you will own to be very surprising—As I stood with Liddy at the window of the inn where we had lodged, who should pass by but Wilson a-horseback!—I could not be mistaken in the person, for I had a full view of him as he advanced; I plainly perceived by my sister's confusion that she recognized him at the same time. I was equally astonished and incensed at his appearance, which I could not but interpret into an insult, or something worse. I ran out at the gate, and, seeing him turn the corner of the street, I dispatched my servant to observe his motions, but the fellow was too late to bring me that satisfaction. He told me, however, that there was an inn, called the Red Lion, at that end of the town, where he supposed the horseman had alighted, but that he would not enquire without further orders. I sent him back immediately to know what strangers were in the house, and he returned with a report that there was one Mr. Wilson lately arrived. In consequence of this information I charged him with a note directed to that gentleman, desiring him to meet me in half an hour in a certain field at the town's end, with a case of pistols, in order to decide the difference which could not be determined at our last rencounter: but I did not think proper to subscribe the billet. My man assured me he had delivered it into his own hand; and, that having read it, he declared he would wait upon the gentleman at the place and time appointed.

M'Alpine being an old soldier, and luckily sober at the time, I entrusted him with my secret. I ordered him to be within call, and, having given him a letter to be delivered to my uncle in case of accident, I repaired to the rendezvous, which was an inclosed field at a little distance from the highway. I found my antagonist had already taken his ground, wrapped in a dark horseman's coat, with a laced hat flapped over his eyes; but what was my astonishment, when, throwing off this wrapper, he appeared to be a person whom I had never seen before! He had one pistol stuck in a leather belt, and another in his hand ready for action, and, advancing a few steps, called to know if I was ready—I answered, "No," and desired a parley; upon which he turned the muzzle of his piece toward the earth; then replaced it in his belt, and met me half way—When I assured him he was not the man I expected to meet, he said, *it might be so:* that he had received a slip of paper directed to Mr. Wilson, requesting him to come hither; and that as there was no other in the place of that name, he naturally concluded the note was intended for him, and him only—I then gave him to understand, that I had been injured by a person who assumed that name, which person I had actually seen within the hour, passing through the street on horseback; that hearing there was a Mr. Wilson at the Red Lion, I took it for granted he was the man, and in that belief had writ the billet; and I expressed my surprize, that he, who was a stranger to me and my concerns, should give me such a rendezvous, without taking the trouble to demand a previous explanation—He replied, that there was no other of his name in the whole county; that no such horseman had alighted at the Red Lion since nine o'clock, when he arrived—that having had the honour to serve his majesty, he thought he could not decently decline any invitation of this kind, from what quarter soever it might come; and that if any explanation was necessary, it did not belong to him to demand it, but to the gentleman who summoned him into the field—Vexed as I was at this adventure, I could not help admiring the coolness of this officer, whose open countenance prepossessed me in his favour.—He seemed to be turned of forty; wore his own short black hair, which curled naturally about his ears, and was very plain in his apparel—When I begged pardon for the trouble I had given him, he received my apology with great good humour.—He told me that he lived about ten miles off, at a small farm-house, which would afford me tolerable lodging, if I would come and take the diversion of hunting with him for a few weeks; in which case we might, perhaps, find out the man who had given me offence—I thanked him very sincerely for his courteous offer, which, I told him, I was not at liberty to accept at present, on account of my being engaged in a family partie; and so we parted, with mutual professions of good will and esteem.

Now tell me, dear knight, what am I to make of this singular adventure?—Am I to suppose that the horseman I saw was really a thing of flesh and blood, or a bubble that vanished into air?—or must I imagine Liddy knows more of the matter than she chuses to disclose?—If I thought her capable of carrying on any clandestine correspondence with such a fellow, I should at once discard all tenderness, and forget that she was connected with me by the ties of blood—But how is it possible that a girl of her simplicity and inexperience, should maintain such an intercourse, surrounded, as she is with so many eyes, destitute of all opportunity, and shifting quarters every day of her life!—Besides, she has solemnly promised—No—I can't think the girl so base—so insensible to the honour of her family.—What disturbs me chiefly, is the impression which these occurrences seem to make upon her spirits—These are the symptoms from which I conclude that the rascal has still a hold on her affection—surely I have a right to call him a rascal, and to conclude that his designs are infamous—But it shall be my fault if he does not one day repent his presumption—— I confess I cannot think, much less write on this subject, with any degree of temper or patience; I shall therefore conclude with telling you, that we hope to be in Wales by the latter end of the month: but before that period you will probably hear again from

your affectionate
J. MELFORD.

Oct. 4.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

When I wrote you by last post, I did not imagine I should be tempted to trouble you again so soon: but I now sit down with a heart so full that it cannot contain itself; though I am under such agitation of spirits, that you are not to expect either method or connexion in this address—We have been this day within a hair's breadth of losing honest Matthew Bramble, in consequence of a cursed accident, which I will endeavour to explain.—In crossing the country to get into the post road, it was necessary to ford a river, and we that were a-horseback passed without any danger or difficulty; but a great quantity of rain having fallen last night and this morning, there was such an accumulation of water, that a mill-head gave way, just as the coach was passing under it, and the flood rushed down with such impetuosity, as first floated, and then fairly overturned the carriage in the middle of the stream—Lismahago and I, and the two servants, alighting instantaneously, ran into the river to give all the assistance in our power.—Our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, who had the good fortune to be uppermost, was already half way out of the coach window, when her lover approaching, disengaged her entirely; but, whether his foot slipt, or the burthen was too great, they fell over head and ears in each other's arms. He endeavoured more than once to get up, and even to disentangle himself from her embrace, but she hung about his neck like a mill-stone (no bad emblem of matrimony), and if my man had not proved a staunch auxiliary, those two lovers would in all probability have gone hand in hand to the shades below—For my part, I was too much engaged to take any cognizance of their distress.—I snatched out my sister by the hair of the head, and, dragging her to the bank, recollected that my uncle had not yet appeared—Rushing again into the stream, I met Clinker hauling ashore Mrs. Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair dishevelled about her ears; but, when I asked if his master was safe, he forthwith shook her from him, and she must have gone to pot, if a miller had not seasonably come to her relief.—As for Humphry, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up the poor 'squire, to all appearance, deprived of life—It is not in my power to describe what I felt at this melancholy spectacle—it was such an agony as baffles all description! The faithful Clinker, taking him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant of six months, carried him ashore, howling most piteously all the way, and I followed him in a transport of grief and consternation—When he was laid upon the grass, and turned from side to side, a great quantity of water ran out at his mouth, then he opened his eyes, and fetched a deep sigh—Clinker perceiving these signs of life, immediately tied up his arm with a garter, and, pulling out a horse-fleam,[1] let him blood in the farrier stile.—At first a few drops only issued from the orifice; but the limb being chafed, in a little time the blood began to flow in a continued stream, and he uttered some incoherent words, which were the most welcome sounds that ever saluted my ear. There was a country inn hard by, the landlord of which had by this time come with his people to give their assistance.—Thither my uncle being carried, was undressed and put to bed, wrapped in warm blankets; but having been moved too soon, he fainted away, and once more lay without sense or motion, notwithstanding all the efforts of Clinker and the landlord, who bathed his temples with Hungary water, and held a smelling-bottle to his nose. As I had heard of the efficacy of salt[2] in such cases, I ordered all that was in the house to be laid under his head and body; and whether this application had the desired effect, or nature of herself prevailed, he, in less than a quarter of an hour, began to breathe regularly, and soon retrieved his recollection, to the unspeakable joy of all the by-standers. As for Clinker, his brain seemed to be affected.—He laughed, and wept, and danced about in such a distracted manner, that the landlord very judiciously conveyed him out of the room. My uncle, seeing me dropping wet, comprehended the whole of what had happened, and asked if all the company was safe?—Being answered in the affirmative, he insisted upon my putting on dry clothes; and, having swallowed a little warm wine, desired he might be left to his repose. Before I went to shift myself, I inquired about the rest of the family—I found Mrs. Tabitha still delirious from her fright, discharging very copiously the water she had swallowed. She was supported by the captain, distilling drops from his uncurled periwig, so lank and so dank, that he looked like father Thames without his sedges, embracing Isis, while she cascaded in his urn.[3] Mrs. Jenkins was present also, in a loose bed-gown, without either cap or handkerchief; but she seemed to be as little *compos mentis* as her mistress, and acted so many cross purposes in the course of her attendance, that, between the two, Lismahago had occasion for all his philosophy. As for Liddy, I thought the poor girl would have actually lost her senses. The good-woman of the house had shifted her linen, and put her into bed; but she was seized with the idea that her uncle had perished, and in this persuasion made a dismal out-cry; nor did she pay the least regard to what I said, when I solemnly assured her he was safe. Mr. Bramble hearing the noise, and being informed of her apprehension, desired she might be brought into his chamber; and she no sooner received this intimation, than she ran thither half naked, with the wildest expression of eagerness in her countenance—Seeing the 'squire sitting up in the bed, she sprung forwards, and, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed in a most pathetic tone, "Are you—Are you indeed my uncle—My dear uncle!—My best friend! My father!—Are you really living? or is it an illusion of my poor brain!" Honest Matthew was so much affected, that he could not help shedding tears, while he kissed her forehead, saying, "My dear Liddy, I hope I shall live long enough to shew how sensible I am of your affection—But your spirits are fluttered, child—You want rest—Go to bed and compose yourself—" "Well, I will (she replied)—but still methinks this cannot be real—The coach was full of water—My uncle was under us all—Gracious God!—You was under water—How did you get out?—tell me that? or I shall think this is all a deception—" "In what manner I was brought out, I know as little as you do, my dear (said the 'squire); and, truly, that is a circumstance of which I want to be informed." I would have given him a detail of the whole adventure, but he would not hear me until I should change my clothes; so that I had only time to tell him, that he owed his life to the courage and fidelity of Clinker; and having given him this hint, I conducted my sister to her own chamber.

This accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in little more than an hour the hurricane was all over; but as the carriage was found to be so much damaged, that it could not proceed without considerable repairs, a blacksmith and wheelwright were immediately sent for to the next market-town, and we congratulated ourselves upon being housed at an inn, which, though remote from the post-road, afforded exceeding good lodging. The women being pretty well composed, and the men all a-foot, my uncle sent for his servant, and, in the presence of Lismahago and me, accosted him in these words—"So, Clinker, I find you are resolved I shan't die by water—As you have fished me up from the bottom at your own risque, you are at least entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is—" So saying, he presented him with a purse containing thirty guineas, and a ring nearly of the same value—"God forbid! (cried Clinker) your honour shall excuse me—I am a poor fellow; but I have a heart—O! if your honour did but know how I rejoice to see—Blessed be his holy name,[4] that made me the humble instrument—But as for the lucre of gain, I renounce it—I have done no more than my duty—No more than I would have done for the most worthless of my fellow-creatures—No more than I would have done for captain Lismahago, or Archy Macalpine, or any sinner upon earth—But for your worship, I would go through fire as well as water[5]——" "I do believe it, Humphry (said the 'squire); but as you think it was your duty to save my life at the hazard of your own, I think it is mine to express the sense I have of your extraordinary fidelity and attachment—I insist upon your receiving this small token of my gratitude; but don't imagine that I look upon this as an adequate recompence for the service you have done me—I have determined to settle thirty pounds a-year upon you for life; and I desire these gentlemen will bear witness to this my intention, of which I have a memorandum in my pocket-book." "Lord make me thankful for all these mercies! (cried Clinker, sobbing) I have been a poor bankrupt from the beginning—your honour's goodness found me, when I was—naked—when I was—sick and forlorn——I understand your honour's looks—I would not give offence—but my heart is very full—and if your worship won't give me leave to speak,—I must vent it in prayers to heaven for my benefactor." When he quitted the room, Lismahago said, he should have a much better opinion of his honesty, if he did not whine and cant so abominably; but that he had always observed those weeping and praying fellows were hypocrites at bottom. Mr. Bramble made no reply to this sarcastic remark, proceeding from the lieutenant's resentment of Clinker's having, in pure simplicity of heart, ranked him with M'Alpine and the sinners of the earth.——The landlord being called to receive some orders about the beds, told the 'squire that his house was very much at his service, but he was sure he should not have the honour to lodge him and his company. He gave us to understand that his master, who lived hard by, would not suffer us to be at a public house, when there was accommodation for us at his own; and that, if he had not dined abroad in the neighbourhood he would have undoubtedly come to offer his services at our first arrival. He then launched out in praise of that gentleman, whom he had served as butler, representing him as a perfect miracle of goodness and generosity. He said he was a person of great learning, and allowed to be the best farmer in the country:—that he had a lady who was as much beloved as himself, and an only son, a very hopeful young gentleman, just recovered from a dangerous fever, which had like to have proved fatal to the whole family; for, if the son had died, he was sure the parents would not have survived their loss—He had not yet finished the encomium of Mr. Dennison, when this gentleman arrived in a post-chaise, and his appearance seemed to justify all that had been said in his favour. He is pretty well advanced in years, but hale, robust, and florid, with an ingenuous countenance, expressive of good sense and humanity. Having condoled with us on the accident which had happened, he said he was come to conduct us to his habitation, where we should be less incommoded than at such a paultry inn, and expressed his hope that the ladies would not be the worse for going thither in his carriage, as the distance was not above a quarter of a mile. My uncle having made a proper return to this courteous exhibition, eyed him attentively, and then asked if he had not been at Oxford, a commoner of Queen's college? When Mr. Dennison answered, "Yes," with some marks of surprise—"Look at me then (said our 'squire) and let us see if you can recollect the features of an old friend, whom you have not seen these forty years."——The gentleman, taking him by the hand, and gazing at him earnestly,—"I protest, (cried he) I do think I recal the idea of Matthew Loyd of Glamorganshire, who was student of Jesus." "Well remembered, my dear friend, Charles Dennison, (exclaimed my uncle, pressing him to his breast), I am that very identical Matthew Loyd of Glamorgan." Clinker, who had just entered the room with some coals for the fire, no sooner heard these words, than, throwing down the scuttle on the toes of Lismahago, he began to caper as if he was mad, crying—"Matthew Loyd of Glamorgan!—O Providence!—Matthew Loyd of Glamorgan!"——Then, clasping my uncle's knees, he went on in this manner——"Your worship must forgive me—Matthew Loyd of Glamorgan!—O Lord, Sir!—I can't contain myself!—I shall lose my senses—" "Nay, thou hast lost them already, I believe, (said the 'squire, peevishly) prithee Clinker be quiet——What is the matter?"——Humphry, fumbling in his bosom, pulled out an old wooden snuff-box, which he presented in great trepidation to his master, who, opening it immediately, perceived a small cornelian[6] seal, and two scraps of paper—At sight of these articles he started, and changed colour, and, casting his eye upon the inscriptions—"Ha!—how!—what!—where (cried he) is the person here named?" Clinker, knocking his own breast, could hardly pronounce these words—"Here—here—here is Matthew Loyd, as the certificate sheweth—Humphry Clinker was the name of the farrier that took me 'prentice"—"And who gave you these tokens,"—said my uncle, hastily—"My poor mother on her death-bed"—replied the other—"And who was your mother?" "Dorothy Twyford, an please your honour, heretofore bar-keeper at the Angel at Chippenham."[7]—"And why were not these tokens produced before?" "My mother told me she had wrote to Glamorganshire, at the time of my birth, but had no answer; and that afterwards, when she made enquiry, there was no such person in that county." "And so in consequence of my changing my name and going abroad at that very time, thy poor mother and thou have been left to want and misery—I am really shocked at the consequence of my own folly."—Then, laying his hand on Clinker's head, he added, "Stand forth, Matthew Loyd—You see, gentlemen, how the sins of my youth rise up in judgment against me—Here is my direction written in my own hand, and a seal which I left at the woman's request; and this is a certificate of the child's baptism, signed by the curate of the parish." The company were not a little surprised at this discovery, upon which Mr. Dennison facetiously congratulated both the father and the son: for my part, I shook my new-found cousin heartily by the hand, and Lismahago complimented him with the tears in his eyes, for he had been hopping about the room, swearing in broad Scotch, and bellowing with the pain occasioned by the fall of the coal-scuttle upon his foot. He had even vowed to drive the *saul* out of the body of that mad rascal: but, perceiving the unexpected turn which things had taken, he wished him joy of his good fortune, observing that it went very near his heart, as he was like to be a great toe out of pocket by the discovery—Mr. Dennison now desired to know for what reason my uncle had changed the name by which he knew him at Oxford, and our 'squire satisfied him, by answering to this effect.—"I took my mother's name, which was Loyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorganshire; but, when I came of age, I sold that property, in order to clear my paternal estate, and resumed my real name; so that I am now Matthew Bramble of Brambleton-hall in Monmouthshire, at your service; and this is my nephew, Jeremy Melford of Belfield, in the county of Glamorgan." At that instant the ladies entering the room, he presented Mrs. Tabitha as his sister, and Liddy as his niece. The old gentleman saluted them very cordially, and seemed struck with the appearance of my sister, whom he could not help surveying with a mixture of complacency and surprize—— "Sister, (said my uncle) there is a poor relation that recommends himself to your good graces—The quondam Humphry Clinker is metamorphosed into Matthew Loyd; and claims the honour of being your carnal kinsman—in short, the rogue proves to be a crab of my own planting[8] in the days of hot blood and unrestrained libertinism." Clinker had by this time dropt upon one knee, by the side of Mrs. Tabitha, who, eyeing him askance, and flirting her fan with marks of agitation, thought proper, after some conflict, to hold out her hand for him to kiss, saying, with a demure aspect, "Brother, you have been very wicked: but I hope you'll live to see the folly of your ways—I am very sorry to say the young man, whom you have this day acknowledged, has more grace and religion, by the gift of God, than you with all your profane learning, and repeated opportunity—I do think he has got the trick of the eye, and the tip of the nose of my uncle Loyd of Flluydwellyn; and as for the long chin, it is the very moral of[9] the governor's—Brother, as you have changed his name pray change his dress also; that livery doth not become any person that hath got our blood in his veins."—Liddy seemed much pleased with this acquisition to the family.—She took him by the hand, declaring she should always be proud to own her connexion with a virtuous young man, who had given so many proofs of his gratitude and affection to her uncle.—Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, extremely fluttered between her surprize at this discovery, and the apprehension of losing her sweet-heart, exclaimed in a giggling tone,—"I wish you joy, Mr. Clinker—Floyd—I would say—hi, hi, hi!—you'll be so proud you won't look at your poor fellow servants, oh, oh, oh!" Honest Clinker owned he was overjoyed at his good fortune, which was greater than he deserved—"But wherefore should I be proud? (said he) a poor object conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity,[10] nursed in a parish work-house, and bred in a smithy—Whenever I seem proud, Mrs. Jenkins, I beg of you to put me in mind of the condition I was in, when I first saw you between Chippenham and Marlborough."

When this momentous affair was discused to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, the weather being dry, the ladies declined the carriage; so that we walked all together to Mr. Dennison's house, where we found the tea ready prepared by his lady, an amiable matron, who received us with all the benevolence of hospitality.—The house is old fashioned and irregular, but lodgeable and commodious. To the south it has the river in front, at the distance of a hundred paces; and on the north, there is a rising ground, covered with an agreeable plantation; the greens and walks are kept in the nicest order, and all is rural and romantic. I have not yet seen the young gentleman, who is on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood, from whose house he is not expected 'till to-morrow.

In the mean time, as there is a man going to the next market-town with letters for the post, I take this opportunity to send you the history of this day, which has been remarkably full of adventures; and you will own I give you them like a beef-steak at Dolly's,[11] *hot* and *hot*,[12] without ceremony and parade, just as they come from the recollection of

Yours,
J. MELFORD.[13]

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

Since the last trouble I gave you, I have met with a variety of incidents, some of them of a singular nature, which I reserve as a fund for conversation; but there are others so interesting, that they will not keep in *petto* till meeting.

Know then, it was a thousand pounds to a sixpence, that you should now be executing my will, instead of perusing my letter! Two days ago, our coach was overturned in the midst of a rapid river, where my life was saved with the utmost difficulty, by the courage, activity, and presence of mind of my servant Humphry Clinker—But this is not the most surprising circumstance of the adventure—The said Humphry Clinker proves to be Matthew Loyd, natural son of one Matthew Loyd of Glamorgan, if you know any such person—You see, Doctor, that notwithstanding all your philosophy, it is not without some reason that we Welchmen ascribe such energy to the force of blood—But we shall discuss this point on some future occasion.

This is not the only discovery which I made in consequence of our disaster—We happened to be wrecked upon a friendly shore—The lord of the manor is no other than Charles Dennison, our fellow-rake at Oxford—We are now happily housed with that gentleman, who has really attained to that pitch of rural felicity, at which I have been aspiring these twenty years in vain. He is blessed with a consort, whose disposition is suited to his own in all respects; tender, generous, and benevolent—She, moreover, possesses an uncommon share of understanding, fortitude, and discretion, and is admirably qualified to be his companion, confidant, counsellor, and coadjutrix. These excellent persons have an only son, about nineteen years of age, just such a youth as they could have wished that Heaven would bestow to fill up the measure of their enjoyment—In a word, they know no other allay to their happiness, but their apprehension and anxiety about the life and concerns of this beloved object.

Our old friend, who had the misfortune to be a second brother, was bred to the law, and even called to the bar; but he did not find himself qualified to shine in that province, and had very little inclination for his profession—He disobliged his father, by marrying for love, without any consideration of fortune; so that he had little or nothing to depend upon for some years but his practice, which afforded him a bare subsistence; and the prospect of an increasing family, began to give him disturbance and disquiet. In the mean time, his father dying, was succeeded by his elder brother, a fox-hunter and a sot, who neglected his affairs, insulted and oppressed his servants, and in a few years had well nigh ruined the estate, when he was happily carried off by a fever, the immediate consequence of a debauch. Charles, with the approbation of his wife, immediately determined to quit business, and retire into the country, although this resolution was strenuously and zealously opposed by every individual, whom he consulted on the subject. Those who had tried the experiment, assured him that he could not pretend to breathe in the country for less than the double of what his estate produced; that, in order to be upon the footing of a gentleman, he would be obliged to keep horses, hounds, carriages, with a suitable number of servants, and maintain an elegant table for the entertainment of his neighbours; that farming was a mystery, known only to those who had been bred up to it from the cradle, the success of it depending not only upon skill and industry, but also upon such attention and œconomy as no gentleman could be supposed to give or practise; accordingly, every attempt made by gentlemen miscarried, and not a few had been ruined by their prosecution of agriculture—Nay, they affirmed that he would find it cheaper to buy hay and oats for his cattle, and to go to market for poultry, eggs, kitchen herbs, and roots, and every the most inconsiderable article of house-keeping, than to have those articles produced on his own ground.

These objections did not deter Mr. Dennison, because they were chiefly founded on the supposition, that he would be obliged to lead a life of extravagance and dissipation, which he and his consort equally detested, despised, and determined to avoid—The objects he had in view, were health of body, peace of mind,[1] and the private satisfaction of domestic quiet, unallayed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence—He was very moderate in his estimate of the necessaries, and even of the comforts of life—He required nothing but wholesome air, pure water, agreeable exercise, plain diet, convenient lodging, and decent apparel. He reflected, that if a peasant without education, or any great share of natural sagacity, could maintain a large family, and even become opulent upon a farm, for which he payed an annual rent of two or three hundred pounds to the landlord, surely he himself might hope for some success from his industry, having no rent to pay, but, on the contrary, three or four hundred pounds a-year to receive—He considered, that the earth was an indulgent mother, that yielded her fruits to all her children without distinction. He had studied the theory of agriculture with a degree of eagerness and delight; and he could not conceive there was any mystery in the practice, but what he should be able to disclose by dint of care and application. With respect to houshold expence, he entered into a minute detail and investigation, by which he perceived the assertions of his friends were altogether erroneous—He found he should save sixty pounds a-year in the single article of house-rent, and as much more in pocket-money and contingencies; that even butcher's-meat was twenty per cent. cheaper in the country than in London; but that poultry, and almost every other circumstance of house-keeping, might be had for less than one half of what they cost in town; besides, a considerable saving on the side of dress, in being delivered from the oppressive imposition of ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.

As to the danger of vying with the rich in pomp and equipage, it never gave him the least disturbance. He was now turned of forty, and, having lived half that time in the busy scenes of life, was well skilled in the science of mankind. There cannot be in nature a more contemptible figure than that of a man, who with five hundred a year presumes to rival in expence a neighbour who possesses five times that income—His ostentation, far from concealing, serves only to discover his indigence, and render his vanity the more shocking; for it attracts the eyes of censure, and excites the spirit of inquiry. There is not a family in the county, nor a servant in his own house, nor a farmer in the parish, but what knows the utmost farthing that his lands produce, and all these behold him with scorn or compassion. I am surprised that these reflections do not occur to persons in this unhappy dilemma, and produce a salutary effect; but the truth is, of all the passions incident to human nature, vanity is that which most effectually perverts the faculties of the understanding; nay, it sometimes becomes so incredibly depraved, as to aspire at infamy, and find pleasure in bearing the stigmas of reproach.

I have now given you a sketch of the character and situation of Mr. Dennison, when he came down to take possession of this estate; but as the messenger, who carries the letters to the next town is just setting off, I shall reserve what further I have to say on this subject, till the next post, when you shall certainly hear from

Yours always,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Oct. 8.

To Dr. LEWIS.

Once more, dear doctor, I resume the pen for your amusement.—It was on the morning after our arrival that, walking out with my friend, Mr. Dennison, I could not help breaking forth into the warmest expressions of applause at the beauty of the scene, which is really inchanting; and I signified, in particular, how much I was pleased with the disposition of some detached groves, that afforded at once shelter and ornament to his habitation.

"When I took possession of these lands, about two and twenty years ago, (said he) there was not a tree standing within a mile of the house, except those of an old neglected orchard, which produced nothing but leaves and moss.—It was in the gloomy month of November, when I arrived, and found the house in such a condition, that it might have been justly stiled the *tower of desolation*.[1]—The court-yard was covered with nettles and docks, and the garden exhibited such a rank plantation of weeds as I had never seen before;—the window-shutters were falling in pieces;——the sashes broken;——and owls and jack-daws had taken possession of the chimnies.—The prospect within was still more dreary.—All was dark, and damp, and dirty beyond description;—the rain penetrated in several parts of the roof;—in some apartments the very floors had given way;—the hangings were parted from the walls, and shaking in mouldy remnants;—the glasses were dropping out of their frames;—the family-pictures were covered with dust;—and all the chairs and tables worm-eaten and crazy.——There was not a bed in the house that could be used, except one old-fashioned machine, with a high-gilt tester, and fringed curtains of yellow mohair, which had been, for aught I know, two centuries in the family.—In short, there was no furniture but the utensils of the kitchen; and the cellar afforded nothing but a few empty butts and barrels, that stunk so abominably, that I would not suffer any body to enter it until I had flashed a considerable quantity of gun-powder to qualify the foul air within.

"An old cottager and his wife, who were hired to lie in the house, had left it with precipitation, alledging, among other causes of retreat, that they could not sleep for frightful noises, and that my poor brother certainly walked after his death.—In a word, the house appeared uninhabitable; the barn, stable, and out-houses were in ruins; all the fences broken down, and the fields lying waste.

"The farmer who kept the key never dreamed I had any intention to live upon the spot.—He rented a farm of sixty pounds, and his lease was just expiring.—He had formed a scheme of being appointed bailiff to the estate, and of converting the house and the adjacent grounds to his own use.—A hint of his intention I received from the curate at my first arrival; I therefore did not pay much regard to what he said by way of discouraging me from coming to settle in the country; but I was a little startled when he gave me warning that he should quit the farm at the expiration of his lease, unless I would abate considerably in the rent.

"At this period I accidentally became acquainted with a person, whose friendship laid the foundation of all my prosperity. In the next market-town, I chanced to dine at an inn with a Mr. Wilson, who was lately come to settle in the neighbourhood.—He had been lieutenant of a man of war: but quitted the sea in some disgust, and married the only daughter of farmer Bland, who lives in this parish, and has acquired a good fortune in the way of husbandry.—Wilson is one of the best natured men I ever knew; brave, frank, obliging, and ingenuous.—He liked my conversation, I was charmed with his liberal manner; an acquaintance immediately commenced, and this was soon improved into a friendship without reserve.—There are characters which, like similar particles of matter, strongly attract each other.—He forthwith introduced me to his father-in-law, farmer Bland, who was well acquainted with every acre of my estate, of consequence well qualified to advise me on this occasion.—Finding I was inclined to embrace a country life, and even to amuse myself with the occupations of farming, he approved of my design—He gave me to understand that all my farms were underlett; that the estate was capable of great improvement; that there was plenty of chalk in the neighbourhood; and that my own ground produced excellent marle for manure.—With respect to the farm, which was like to fall into my hands, he said he would willingly take it at the present rent; but at the same time owned, that if I would expend two hundred pounds in enclosure, it would be worth more than double the sum.

"Thus encouraged, I began the execution of my scheme without further delay, and plunged into a sea of expence, though I had no fund in reserve, and the whole produce of the estate did not exceed three hundred pounds a year.—In one week, my house was made weather-tight, and thoroughly cleansed from top to bottom; then it was well ventilated by throwing all the doors and windows open, and making blazing fires of wood in every chimney from the kitchen to the garrets.—The floors were repaired, the sashes new glazed, and out of the old furniture of the whole house, I made shift to fit up a parlour and three chambers in a plain yet decent manner.—The court-yard was cleared of weeds and rubbish, and my friend Wilson charged himself with the dressing of the garden; bricklayers were set at work upon the barn and stable; and labourers engaged to restore the fences, and begin the work of hedging and ditching, under the direction of farmer Bland, at whose recommendation I hired a careful hind to lie in the house, and keep constant fires in the apartments.

"Having taken these measures, I returned to London, where I forthwith sold off my houshold-furniture, and, in three weeks from my first visit, brought my wife hither to keep her Christmas.——Considering the gloomy season of the year, the dreariness of the place, and the decayed aspect of our habitation, I was afraid that her resolution would sink under the sudden transition from a town-life to such a melancholy state of rustication; but I was agreeably disappointed.——She found the reality less uncomfortable than the picture I had drawn.——By this time, indeed, things were mended in appearance.—The out-houses had risen out of their ruins; the pigeon-house was rebuilt, and replenished by Wilson, who also put my garden in decent order, and provided a good stock of poultry, which made an agreeable figure in my yard; and the house, on the whole, looked like the habitation of human creatures.—Farmer Bland spared me a milch-cow for my family, and an ordinary saddle-horse for my servant to go to market at the next town.—I hired a country lad for a footman; the hind's daughter was my house-maid, and my wife had brought a cook-maid from London.

"Such was my family when I began house-keeping in this place, with three hundred pounds in my pocket, raised from the sale of my superfluous furniture—I knew we should find occupation enough through the day to employ our time; but I dreaded the long winter evenings; yet for these too we found a remedy.——The curate, who was a single man, soon became so naturalized to the family, that he generally lay in the house; and his company was equally agreeable and useful.—He was a modest man, a good scholar, and perfectly well qualified to instruct me in such country matters as I wanted to know.—Mr. Wilson brought his wife to see us, and she became so fond of Mrs. Dennison, that she said she was never so happy as when she enjoyed the benefit of her conversation.—She was then a fine buxom country lass, exceedingly docile, and as good-natured as her husband Jack Wilson; so that a friendship ensued among the women, which hath continued to this day.

"As for Jack, he hath been my constant companion, counsellor, and commissary.——I would not for a hundred pounds you should leave my house without seeing him.——Jack is an universal genius—his talents are really astonishing—He is an excellent carpenter, joiner, and turner, and a cunning artist in iron and brass.—He not only superintended my œconomy, but also presided over my pastimes.—He taught me to brew beer, to make cyder, perry, mead, usquebaugh,[2] and plague-water; to cook several outlandish delicacies, such as *ollas, pepper-pots, pillaws, corys, chabobs,* and *stufatas.*[3]—He understands all manner of games from chess down to chuck-farthing,[4] sings a good song, plays upon the violin, and dances a hornpipe with surprising agility.—He and I walked, and rode, and hunted, and fished together, without minding the vicissitudes of the weather; and I am persuaded, that in a raw, moist climate, like this of England, continual exercise is as necessary as food to the preservation of the individual.—In the course of two and twenty years, there has not been one hour's interruption or abatement in the friendship subsisting between Wilson's family and mine; and, what is a rare instance of good fortune, that friendship is continued to our children.—His son and mine are nearly of the same age and the same disposition; they have been bred up together at the same school and college, and love each other with the warmest affection.

"By Wilson's means, I likewise formed an acquaintance with a sensible physician, who lives in the next market-town; and his sister, an agreeable old maiden, passed the Christmas holidays at our house.—Mean while I began my farming with great eagerness, and that very winter planted these groves that please you so much.—As for the neighbouring gentry, I had no trouble from that quarter during my first campaign; they were all gone to town before I settled in the country; and by the summer I had taken measures to defend myself from their attacks.—When a gay equipage came to my gates, I was never at home; those who visited me in a modest way, I received; and according to the remarks I made on their characters and conversation, either rejected their advances, or returned their civility.—I was in general despised among the fashionable company, as a low fellow, both in breeding and circumstances; nevertheless, I found a few individuals of moderate fortune, who gladly adopted my stile of living; and many others would have acceded to our society, had they not been prevented by the pride, envy, and ambition of their wives and daughters.—Those, in times of luxury and dissipation, are the rocks upon which all the small estates in the country are wrecked.

"I reserved in my own hands, some acres of ground adjacent to the house, for making experiments in agriculture, according to the directions of Lyle, Tull, Hart, Duhamel,[5] and others who have written on this subject; and qualified their theory with the practical observations of farmer Bland, who was my great master in the art of husbandry.——In short, I became enamoured of a country life; and my success greatly exceeded my expectation.——I drained bogs, burned heath, grubbed up furze and fern; I planted copse and willows where nothing else would grow; I gradually inclosed all my farms, and made such improvements, that my estate now yields me clear twelve hundred pounds a year.—All this time my wife and I have enjoyed uninterrupted health, and a regular flow of spirits, except on a very few occasions, when our chearfulness was invaded by such accidents as are inseparable from the condition of life.—I lost two children in their infancy, by the small-pox, so that I have one son only, in whom all our hopes are centred.—He went yesterday to visit a friend, with whom he has stayed all night, but he will be here to dinner.—I shall this day have the pleasure of presenting him to you and your family; and I flatter myself you will find him not altogether unworthy of our affection.

"The truth is, either I am blinded by the partiality of a parent, or he is a boy of a very amiable character; and yet his conduct has given us unspeakable disquiet.—You must know, we had projected a match between him and a gentleman's daughter in the next county, who will in all probability be heiress of a considerable fortune; but, it seems, he had a personal disgust to the alliance.—He was then at Cambridge, and tried to gain time on various pretences; but being pressed in letters by his mother and me to give a definitive answer, he fairly gave his tutor the slip, and disappeared about eight months ago.—Before he took this rash step, he wrote me a letter, explaining his objections to the match, and declaring, that he would keep himself concealed until he should understand that his parents would dispense with his contracting an engagement that must make him miserable for life, and he prescribed the form of advertising in a certain news-paper, by which he might be apprized of our sentiments on this subject.

"You may easily conceive how much we were alarmed and afflicted by this elopement, which he had made without dropping the least hint to his companion Charles Wilson, who belonged to the same college.—We resolved to punish him with the appearance of neglect, in hopes that he would return of his own accord; but he maintained his purpose till the young lady chose a partner for herself; then he produced himself, and made his peace by the mediation of Wilson.—Suppose we should unite our families by joining him with your niece, who is one of the most lovely creatures I ever beheld.—My wife is already as fond of her as if she were her own child, and I have a presentiment that my son will be captivated by her at first sight." "Nothing could be more agreeable to all our family (said I) than such an alliance; but, my dear friend, candour obliges me to tell you, that I am afraid Liddy's heart is not wholly disengaged—there is a cursed obstacle—" "You mean the young stroller at Gloucester (said he)—You are surprised that I should know this circumstance; but you will be more surprised when I tell you that stroller is no other than my son George Dennison—That was the character he assumed in his eclipse." "I am, indeed, astonished and overjoyed, (cried I) and shall be happy beyond expression to see your proposal take effect."

He then gave me to understand that the young gentleman, at his emerging from concealment, had disclosed his passion for Miss Melford, the niece of Mr. Bramble of Monmouthshire. Though Mr. Dennison little dreamed that this was his old friend Matthew Loyd, he nevertheless furnished his son with proper credentials, and he had been at Bath, London, and many other places in quest of us, to make himself and his pretensions known.—The bad success of his enquiry had such an effect upon his spirits, that immediately at his return he was seized with a dangerous fever, which overwhelmed his parents with terror and affliction; but he was now happily recovered, though still weak and disconsolate. My nephew joining us in our walk, I informed him of these circumstances, with which he was wonderfully pleased. He declared he would promote the match to the utmost of his power, and that he longed to embrace young Mr. Dennison as his friend and brother.—Mean while, the father went to desire his wife to communicate this discovery gradually to Liddy, that her delicate nerves might not suffer too sudden a shock; and I imparted the particulars to my sister Tabby, who expressed some surprize, not altogether unmixed, I believe, with an emotion of envy; for, though she could have no objection to an alliance at once so honourable and advantageous, she hesitated in giving her consent, on pretence of the youth and inexperience of the parties: at length, however, she acquiesced, in consequence of having consulted with captain Lismahago.

Mr. Dennison took care to be in the way when his son arrived at the gate, and, without giving him time or opportunity to make any enquiry about the strangers, brought him up stairs to be presented to Mr. Loyd and his family—The first person he saw, when he entered the room, was Liddy, who, notwithstanding all her preparation, stood trembling in the utmost confusion—At sight of this object he was fixed motionless to the floor, and, gazing at her with the utmost eagerness of astonishment, exclaimed, "Sacred heaven! what is this!—ha! wherefore—." Here his speech failing, he stood straining his eyes, in the most emphatic silence—"George (said his father) this is my friend Mr. Loyd." Roused at this intimation, he turned and received my salute, when I said, "Young gentleman, if you had trusted me with your secret at our last meeting, we should have parted upon better terms." Before he could make any answer, Jery came round and stood before him with open arms.—At first, he started and changed colour; but after a short pause, he rushed into his embrace, and they hugged one another as if they had been intimate friends from their infancy: then he payed his respects to Mrs. Tabitha, and advancing to Liddy, "Is it possible, (cried he) that my senses do not play me false!—that I see Miss Melford under my father's roof—that I am permitted to speak to her without giving offence—and that her relations have honoured me with their countenance and protection." Liddy blushed, and trembled, and faultered—"To be sure, sir, (said she) it is a very surprising circumstance——a great—a providential——I really know not what I say—but I beg you will think I have said what's agreeable."

Mrs. Dennison interposing said, "Compose yourselves, my dear children.—Your mutual happiness shall be our peculiar care." The son going up to his mother, kissed one hand; my niece bathed the other with her tears; and the good old lady pressed them both in their turns to her breast.—The lovers were too much affected to get rid of their embarrassment for one day; but the scene was much enlivened by the arrival of Jack Wilson, who brought, as usual, some game of his own killing——His honest countenance was a good letter of recommendation.—I received him like a dear friend after a long separation; and I could not help wondering to see him shake Jery by the hand as an old acquaintance.——They had, indeed, been acquainted some days, in consequence of a diverting incident, which I shall explain at meeting.—That same night a consultation was held upon the concerns of the lovers, when the match was formally agreed to, and all the marriage-articles were settled without the least dispute.—My nephew and I promised to make Liddy's fortune five thousand pounds. Mr. Dennison declared, he would make over one half of his estate immediately to his son, and that his daughter-in-law should be secured in a jointure of four hundred.—Tabby proposed, that, considering their youth, they should undergo one year at least of probation before the indissoluble knot should be tied; but the young gentleman being very impatient and importunate, and the scheme implying that the young couple should live in the house, under the wings of his parents, we resolved to make them happy without further delay.

As the law requires that the parties should be some weeks resident in the parish,[6] we shall stay here till the ceremony is performed.——Mr. Lismahago requests that he may take the benefit of the same occasion; so that next Sunday the banns will be published for all four together.—I doubt, I shall not be able to pass my Christmas with you at Brambleton-hall.—Indeed, I am so agreeably situated in this place, that I have no desire to shift my quarters; and I foresee, that when the day of separation comes, there will be abundance of sorrow on all sides.—In the mean time, we must make the most of those blessings which Heaven bestows.—Considering how you are tethered by your profession, I cannot hope to see you so far from home; yet the distance does not exceed a summer-day's journey, and Charles Dennison, who desires to be remembered to you, would be rejoiced to see his old compotator; but as I am now stationary, I expect regular answers to the epistles of

Yours invariably,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Oct. 11.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

Every day is now big with incident and discovery——Young Mr. Dennison proves to be no other than that identical person whom I have execrated so long, under the name of Wilson—He had eloped from college at Cambridge, to avoid a match that he detested, and acted in different parts of the country as a stroller, until the lady in question made choice of a husband for herself; then he returned to his father, and disclosed his passion for Liddy, which met with the approbation of his parents, though the father little imagined that Mr. Bramble was his old companion Matthew Loyd. The young gentleman, being impowered to make honourable proposals to my uncle and me, had been in search of us all over England, without effect; and he it was whom I had seen pass on horseback by the window of the inn, where I stood with my sister, but he little dreamed that we were in the house—As for the real Mr. Wilson, whom I called forth to combat, by mistake, he is the neighbour and intimate friend of old Mr. Dennison, and this connexion had suggested to the son the idea of taking that name while he remained in obscurity.

You may easily conceive what pleasure I must have felt on discovering that the honour of our family was in no danger from the conduct of a sister, whom I love with uncommon affection; that, instead of debasing her sentiments and views to a wretched stroller, she had really captivated the heart of a gentleman, her equal in rank and superior in fortune; and that, as his parents approved of his attachment, I was on the eve of acquiring a brother-in-law so worthy of my friendship and esteem. George Dennison is, without all question, one of the most accomplished young fellows in England. His person is at once elegant and manly, and his understanding highly cultivated. Tho' his spirit is lofty, his heart is kind; and his manner so engaging, as to command veneration and love, even from malice and indifference. When I weigh my own character with his, I am ashamed to find myself so light in the balance; but the comparison excites no envy—I propose him as a model for imitation—I have endeavoured to recommend myself to his friendship, and hope I have already found a place in his affection. I am, however, mortified to reflect what flagrant injustice we every day commit, and what absurd judgment we form, in viewing objects through the falsifying medium of prejudice and passion. Had you asked me a few days ago, the picture of Wilson the player, I should have drawn a portrait very unlike the real person and character of George Dennison—Without all doubt, the greatest advantage acquired in travelling and perusing mankind in the original, is that of dispelling those shameful clouds that darken the faculties of the mind, preventing it from judging with candour and precision.

The real Wilson is a great original, and the best tempered, companionable man I ever knew—I question if ever he was angry or low-spirited in his life. He makes no pretensions to letters; but he is an adept in every thing else that can be either useful or entertaining. Among other qualifications, he is a complete sportsman, and counted the best shot in the county. He and Dennison, and Lismahago and I, attended by Clinker, went a-shooting yesterday, and made great havock among the partridges—To-morrow we shall take the field against the woodcocks and snipes. In the evening we dance and sing, or play at commerce, loo, and quadrille.[1]

Mr. Dennison is an elegant poet, and has written some detached pieces on the subject of his passion for Liddy, which must be very flattering to the vanity of a young woman—Perhaps he is one of the greatest theatrical geniuses that ever appeared. He sometimes entertains us with reciting favourite speeches from our best plays. We are resolved to convert the great hall into a theatre, and get up the *Beaux Stratagem* without delay—I think I shall make no contemptible figure in the character of *Scrub;* and Lismahago will be very great in *Captain Gibbet*[2]—Wilson undertakes to entertain the country people with *Harlequin Skeleton,*[3] for which he has got a jacket ready painted with his own hand.

Our society is really enchanting. Even the severity of Lismahago relaxes, and the vinegar of Mrs. Tabby is remarkably dulcified, ever since it was agreed that she should take precedency of her niece in being first noosed: for, you must know, the day is fixed for Liddy's marriage; and the banns for both couples have been already once published in the parish church. The Captain earnestly begged that one trouble might serve for all, and Tabitha assented with a vile affectation of reluctance. Her inamorato, who came hither very slenderly equipt, has sent for his baggage to London, which, in all probability, will not arrive in time for the wedding; but it is of no great consequence, as every thing is to be transacted with the utmost privacy—Meanwhile, directions are given for making out the contracts of marriage, which are very favourable for both females; Liddy will be secured in a good jointure; and her aunt will remain mistress of her own fortune, except one half of the interest, which her husband shall have a right to enjoy for his natural life: I think this is as little in conscience as can be done for a man who yokes with such a partner for life.

These expectants seem to be so happy, that if Mr. Dennison had an agreeable daughter, I believe I should be for making the third couple in this country dance. The humour seems to be infectious; for Clinker, alias Loyd, has a month's mind[4] to play the fool, in the same fashion, with Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. He has even sounded me on the subject; but I have given him no encouragement to prosecute this scheme—I told him I thought he might do better, as there was no engagement nor promise subsisting; that I did not know what designs my uncle might have formed for his advantage; but I was of opinion, that he should not, at present, run the risque of disobliging him by any premature application of this nature——Honest Humphry protested he would suffer death sooner than do or say any thing that should give offence to the 'squire: but he owned he had a kindness for the young woman, and had reason to think she looked upon him with a favourable eye; that he considered this mutual manifestation of good will, as an engagement understood, which ought to be binding to the conscience of an honest man; and he hoped the 'squire and I would be of the same opinion, when we should be at leisure to bestow any thought about the matter—I believe he is in the right; and we shall find time to take his case into consideration—You see we are fixed for some weeks at least, and as you have had a long respite, I hope you will begin immediately to discharge the arrears due to

Your affectionate,
J. MELFORD.

Oct. 14.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

MY DEAR, DEAR LETTY,

Never did I sit down to write in such agitation as I now feel—In the course of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents so wonderful and interesting, that all my ideas are thrown into confusion and perplexity—You must not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate—my dearest Willis. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed!—and so changed!—but, I would fain give you a regular detail—In passing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and some of us narrowly escaped with life—My uncle had well nigh perished—O Heaven, I cannot reflect upon that circumstance without horror—I should have lost my best friend, my father and protector, but for the resolution and activity of his servant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really seems to have placed near him for the necessity of this occasion.—I would not be thought superstitious; but surely he acted from a stronger impulse than common fidelity—Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to save the life of his own father? for, O Letty, it was discovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural son.

Almost at the same instant, a gentleman, who came to offer us his assistance, and invite us to his house, turned out to be a very old friend of Mr. Bramble—His name is Mr. Dennison, one of the worthiest men living; and his lady is a perfect saint upon earth. They have an only son—who do you think is this only son?—O Letty!—O gracious heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you that this only son of Mr. Dennison, is that very identical youth who, under the name of Wilson, has made such ravage in my heart!—Yes, my dear friend! Wilson and I are now lodged in the same house, and converse together freely—His father approves of his sentiments in my favour; his mother loves me with all the tenderness of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother, no longer oppose my inclinations—On the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay; and in three weeks or a month, if no unforeseen accident intervenes, your friend Lydia Melford, will have changed her name and condition—I say, if *no accident intervenes*, because such a torrent of success makes me tremble!—I wish there may not be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune—I have no merit—I have no title to such felicity! Far from enjoying the prospect that lies before me, my mind is harrassed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wishes, doubts and apprehensions—I can neither eat nor sleep, and my spirits are in perpetual flutter.—I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart, which your presence alone can fill.—The mind, in every disquiet, seeks to repose itself on the bosom of a friend; and this is such a trial as I really know not how to support without your company and counsel—I must therefore, dear Letty, put your friendship to the test—I must beg you will come and do the last offices of maidenhood to your companion Lydia Melford.

This letter goes inclosed in one to our worthy governess, from Mrs. Dennison, entreating her to interpose with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favour us with your company on this occasion; and I flatter myself that no material objection can be made to our request—The distance from hence to Gloucester, does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good.—Mr. Clinker, alias Loyd, shall be sent over to attend your motions—If you step into the post-chaise, with your maid Betty Barker, at seven in the morning, you will arrive by four in the afternoon at the half-way house, where there is good accommodation. There you shall be met by my brother and myself, who will next day conduct you to this place, where, I am sure, you will find yourself perfectly at your ease in the midst of an agreeable society.—Dear Letty, I will take no refusal—if you have any friendship—any humanity—you will come.—I desire that immediate application may be made to your mamma; and that the moment her permission is obtained, you will apprise

Your ever faithful,
LYDIA MELFORD.

Oct. 14.

To Mrs. JERMYN, at her house in Gloucester.

DEAR MADAM,

Though I was not so fortunate as to be favoured with an answer to the letter with which I troubled you in the spring, I still flatter myself that you retain some regard for me and my concerns. I am sure the care and tenderness with which I was treated, under your roof and tuition, demand the warmest returns of gratitude and affection on my part, and these sentiments, I hope, I shall cherish to my dying day—At present, I think it my duty to make you acquainted with the happy issue of that indiscretion by which I incurred your displeasure.—Ah! madam, the slighted Wilson is metamorphosed into George Dennison, only son and heir of a gentleman, whose character is second to none in England, as you may understand upon inquiry. My guardians, my brother and I, are now in his house; and an immediate union of the two families is to take place in the persons of the young gentleman and your poor Lydia Melford.—You will easily conceive how embarrassing this situation must be to a young inexperienced creature like me, of weak nerves and strong apprehensions; and how much the presence of a friend and confidante would encourage and support me on this occasion. You know, that of all the young ladies, Miss Willis was she that possessed the greatest share of my confidence and affection; and, therefore, I fervently wish to have the happiness of her company at this interesting crisis.

Mrs. Dennison, who is the object of universal love and esteem, has, at my request, written to you on this subject, and I now beg leave to reinforce her sollicitation.—My dear Mrs. Jermyn! my ever honoured governess! let me conjure you by that fondness which once distinguished your favourite Liddy! by that benevolence of heart which disposes you to promote the happiness of your fellow-creatures in general! lend a favourable ear to my petition, and use your influence with Letty's mamma, that my most earnest desire may be gratified. Should I be indulged in this particular, I will engage to return her safe, and even to accompany her to Glocester, where, if you will give me leave, I will present to you, under another name,

Dear madam,
Your most affectionate
humble servant,
and penitent,
LYDIA MELFORD.

Oct. 14.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

O MARY JONES! MARY JONES!

I have met with so many axidents, suprisals, and terrifications, that I am in a parfeck fantigo, and believe I shall never be my own self again. Last week I was dragged out of a river like a drowned rat, and lost a bran-new night-cap, with a sulfur stay-hook, that cost me a good half-a-crown, and an odd shoe of green gallow monkey; besides wetting my cloaths and taring my smuck, and an ugly gash made in the back part of my thy, by the stump of a tree—To be sure Mr. Clinker tuck me out of the cox; but he left me on my back in the water, to go to the 'squire; and I mought have had a watry grave, if a millar had not brought me to the dry land——But, O! what choppings and changes girl—The player man that came after miss Liddy, and frightened me with a beard at Bristol Well, is now matthewmurphy'd into a fine young gentleman, son and hare of 'squire Dollison—We are all together in the same house, and all parties have agreed to the match, and in a fortnite the surrymony will be preformed.

But this is not the only wedding we are to have—Mistriss is resolved to have the same frolick, in the naam of God! Last Sunday in the parish crutch, if my own ars may be trusted, the clerk called the banes of marridge betwixt Opaniah Lashmeheygo, and Tapitha Brample, spinster; he mought as well have called her inkle-weaver, for she never spun and hank of yarn in her life—Young 'squire Dollison and miss Liddy make the second kipple; and there might have been a turd, but times are changed with Mr. Clinker—O, Molly! what do'st think? Mr. Clinker is found to be a pye-blow of our own 'squire, and his rite naam is Mr. Mattew Loyd (thof God he nose how that can be); and he is now out of livery, and wares ruffles—but I new him when he was out at elbows, and had not a rag to kiver his pistereroes; so he need not hold his head so high—He is for sartain very umble and compleasant, and purtests as how he has the same regard as before; but that he is no longer his own master, and cannot portend to marry without the 'squire's consent—He says we must wait with patience, and trust to Providence, and such nonsense—But if so be as how his regard be the same, why stand shilly shally? Why not strike while the iron is hot,[1] and speak to the 'squire without loss of time?—What subjection can the 'squire make to our coming together?—Thof my father wan't a gentleman, my mother was an honest woman—I did'n't come on the wrong side of the blanket,[2] girl—My parents were marred according to the rights of holy mother crutch, in the face of men and angles—Mark that, Mary Jones.

Mr. Clinker (Loyd I would say) had best look to his tackle[3]—There be other chaps[4] in the market, as the saying is——What would he say if I should except the soot and sarvice of the young 'squire's valley? Mr. Machappy is a gentleman born, and has been abroad in the wars—He has a world of buck larning, and speaks French, and Ditch, and Scotch, and all manner of outlandish lingos; to be sure he's a little the worse for the ware, and is much given to drink; but then he's good-tempered in his liquor, and a prudent woman mought wind him about her finger—But I have no thoughts of him, I'll assure you——I scorn for to do, or to say, or to think any thing that mought give unbreech to Mr. Loyd, without furder occasion—But then I have such vapours, Molly—I sit and cry by myself, and take ass of etida,[5] and smill to burnt fathers, and kindal-snuffs; and I pray constantly for grease, that I may have a glimpse of the new-light, to shew me the way through this wretched veil of tares[6]—And yet, I want for nothing in this family of love, where every sole is so kind and so courteous, that wan would think they are so many saints in haven. Dear Molly, I recommend myself to your prayers, being, with my sarvice to Saul,

your ever loving,
and discounselled friend,
WIN. JENKINS.

Octr. 14.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

You cannot imagine what pleasure I have in seeing your hand-writing, after such a long cessation on your side of our correspondence—Yet, Heaven knows, I have often seen your hand-writing with disgust—I mean, when it appeared in abbreviations of apothecary's Latin—I like your hint of making interest for the reversion of the collector's place, for Mr. Lismahago, who is much pleased with the scheme, and presents you with his compliments and best thanks for thinking so kindly of his concerns—The man seems to mend, upon further acquaintance. That harsh reserve, which formed a disagreeable husk about his character, begins to peel off in the course of our communication——I have great hopes that he and Tabby will be as happily paired as any two draught animals in the kingdom; and I make no doubt but that he will prove a valuable acquisition to our little society, in the article of conversation, by the fire-side in winter.

Your objection to my passing this season of the year at such a distance from home, would have more weight if I did not find myself perfectly at my ease where I am; and my health so much improved, that I am disposed to bid defiance to gout and rheumatism.—I begin to think I have put myself on the superannuated list too soon, and absurdly sought for health in the retreats of laziness—I am persuaded that all valetudinarians are too sedentary, too regular, and too cautious——We should sometimes increase the motion of the machine, to *unclog the wheels of life;*[1] and now and then take a plunge amidst the waves of excess, in order to case-harden the constitution. I have even found a change of company as necessary as a change of air, to promote a vigorous circulation of the spirits, which is the very essence and criterion of good health.

Since my last, I have been performing the duties of friendship, that required a great deal of exercise, from which I hope to derive some benefit—Understanding, by the greatest accident in the world, that Mr. Baynard's wife was dangerously ill of a pleuritic fever, I borrowed Dennison's post-chaise, and went a-cross the country to his habitation, attended only by Loyd (quondam Clinker) on horseback.—As the distance is not above thirty miles, I arrived about four in the afternoon, and meeting the physician at the door, was informed that his patient had just expired.—I was instantly seized with a violent emotion, but it was not grief.—The family being in confusion, I ran up stairs into the chamber, where, indeed, they were all assembled—The aunt stood wringing her hands in a kind of stupefaction of sorrow, but my friend acted all the extravagancies of affliction——He held the body in his arms, and poured forth such a lamentation, that one would have thought he had lost the most amiable consort and valuable companion upon earth.

Affection may certainly exist independent of esteem; nay, the same object may be lovely in one respect, and detestable in another—The mind has a surprising faculty of accommodating, and even attaching itself, in such a manner, by dint of use, to things that are in their own nature disagreeable, and even pernicious, that it cannot bear to be delivered from them without reluctance and regret. Baynard was so absorbed in his delirium, that he did not perceive me when I entered, and desired one of the women to conduct the aunt into her own chamber.—At the same time I begged the tutor to withdraw the boy, who stood gaping in a corner, very little affected with the distress of the scene.—These steps being taken, I waited till the first violence of my friend's transport was abated, then disengaged him gently from the melancholy object, and led him by the hand into another apartment; though he struggled so hard, that I was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of his valet de chambre.——In a few minutes, however, he recollected himself, and folding me in his arms, "This (cried he) is a friendly office, indeed!——I know not how you came hither; but, I think, Heaven sent you to prevent my going distracted.—O Matthew! I have lost my dear Harriet!—my poor, gentle, tender creature, that loved me with such warmth and purity of affection—my constant companion of twenty years!—She's gone—she's gone for ever!—Heaven and earth! where is she?——Death shall not part us!"

So saying, he started up, and could hardly be with-held from returning to the scene we had quitted—You will perceive it would have been very absurd for me to argue with a man that talked so madly.—On all such occasions, the first torrent of passion must be allowed to subside gradually.—I endeavoured to beguile his attention by starting little hints and insinuating other objects of discourse imperceptibly; and being exceedingly pleased in my own mind at this event, I exerted myself with such an extraordinary flow of spirits as was attended with success.——In a few hours, he was calm enough to hear reason, and even to own that Heaven could not have interposed more effectually to rescue him from disgrace and ruin.—That he might not, however, relapse into weaknesses for want of company, I passed the night in his chamber, in a little tent bed[2] brought thither on purpose; and well it was I took this precaution, for he started up in bed several times, and would have played the fool, if I had not been present.

Next day he was in a condition to talk of business, and vested me with full authority over his houshold, which I began to exercise without loss of time, tho' not before he knew and approved of the scheme I had projected for his advantage.—He would have quitted the house immediately; but this retreat I opposed.——Far from encouraging a temporary disgust, which might degenerate into an habitual aversion, I resolved, if possible, to attach him more than ever to his Houshold Gods.—I gave directions for the funeral to be as private as was consistent with decency; I wrote to London, that an inventory and estimate might be made of the furniture and effects in his town-house, and gave notice to the landlord, that Mr. Baynard should quit the premises at Lady-day;[3] I set a person at work to take account of every thing in the country-house, including horses, carriages, and harness; I settled the young gentleman at a boarding-school, kept by a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and thither he went without reluctance, as soon as he knew that he was to be troubled no more with his tutor, whom we dismissed.—The aunt continued very sullen, and never appeared at table, though Mr. Baynard payed his respects to her every day in her own chamber; there also she held conferences with the waiting-women and other servants of the family: but, the moment her niece was interred, she went away in a post-chaise prepared for that purpose: she did not leave the house, however, without giving Mr. Baynard to understand, that the wardrobe of her niece was the perquisite of her woman; accordingly that worthless drab received all the clothes, laces, and linen of her deceased mistress, to the value of five hundred pounds, at a moderate computation.

The next step I took was to disband that legion of supernumerary domestics, who had preyed so long upon the vitals of my friend: a parcel of idle drones, so intolerably insolent, that they even treated their own master with the most contemptuous neglect. They had been generally hired by his wife, according to the recommendation of her woman, and these were the only patrons to whom they payed the least deference. I had therefore uncommon satisfaction in clearing the house of those vermin. The woman of the deceased, and a chambermaid, a valet de chambre, a butler, a French cook, a master gardner, two footmen, and a coachman, I payed off, and turned out of the house immediately, paying to each a month's wages in lieu of warning. Those whom I retained, consisted of a female cook, who had been assistant to the Frenchman, a house maid, an old lacquey, a postilion, and under-gardener. Thus I removed at once a huge mountain of expence and care from the shoulders of my friend, who could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, when he found himself so suddenly and so effectually relieved. His heart, however, was still subject to vibrations of tenderness, which returned at certain intervals, extorting sighs, and tears, and exclamations of grief and impatience: but these fits grew every day less violent and less frequent, 'till at length his reason obtained a complete victory over the infirmities of his nature.

Upon an accurate inquiry into the state of his affairs, I find his debts amount to twenty thousand pounds, for eighteen thousand pounds of which sum his estate is mortgaged; and as he pays five per cent. interest, and some of his farms are unoccupied, he does not receive above two hundred pounds a year clear from his lands, over and above the interest of his wife's fortune, which produced eight hundred pounds annually. For lightening this heavy burthen, I devised the following expedient.—His wife's jewels, together with his superfluous plate and furniture in both houses, his horses and carriages, which are already advertised to be sold by auction, will, according to the estimate, produce two thousand five hundred pounds in ready money, with which the debt will be immediately reduced to eighteen thousand pounds—I have undertaken to find him ten thousand pounds at four per cent. by which means he will save one hundred a-year in the article of interest, and perhaps we shall be able to borrow the other eight thousand on the same terms. According to his own scheme of a country life, he says he can live comfortably for three hundred pounds a-year; but, as he has a son to educate, we will allow him five hundred; then there will be an accumulating fund of seven hundred a-year, principal and interest, to pay off the incumbrance; and, I think, we may modestly add three hundred, on the presumption of new-leasing and improving the vacant farms: so that, in a couple of years, I suppose there will be above a thousand a-year appropriated to liquidate a debt of sixteen thousand.

We forthwith began to class and set apart the articles designed for sale, under the direction of an upholder[4] from London; and, that nobody in the house might be idle, commenced our reformation without doors, as well as within. With Baynard's good leave, I ordered the gardener to turn the rivulet into its old channel, to refresh the fainting Naiads, who had so long languished among mouldring roots, withered leaves, and dry pebbles.—The shrubbery is condemned to extirpation; and the pleasure-ground will be restored to its original use of corn-field and pasture.—Orders are given for rebuilding the walls of the garden at the back of the house, and for planting clumps of firs, intermingled with beech and chesnut, at the east end, which is now quite exposed to the surly blasts that come from that quarter. All these works being actually begun, and the house and auction left to the care and management of a reputable attorney, I brought Baynard along with me in the chaise, and made him acquainted with Dennison, whose goodness of heart would not fail to engage his esteem and affection.—He is indeed charmed with our society in general, and declares that he never saw the theory of true pleasure reduced to practice before.—I really believe it would not be an easy task to find such a number of individuals assembled under one roof, more happy than we are at present.

I must tell you, however, in confidence, I suspect Tabby of tergiversation.—I have been so long accustomed to that original, that I know all the caprices of her heart, and can often perceive her designs while they are yet in embrio—She attached herself to Lismahago for no other reason but that she despaired of making a more agreeable conquest.—At present, if I am not much mistaken in my observation, she would gladly convert the widowhood of Baynard to her own advantage.—Since he arrived, she has behaved very coldly to the captain, and strove to fasten on the other's heart, with the hooks of overstrained civility.—These must be the instinctive efforts of her constitution, rather than the effects of any deliberate design; for matters are carried to such a length with the lieutenant, that she could not retract with any regard to conscience or reputation. Besides, she will meet with nothing but indifference or aversion on the side of Baynard, who has too much sense to think of such a partner at any time, and too much delicacy to admit a thought of any such connexion at the present juncture—Meanwhile, I have prevailed upon her to let him have four thousand pounds at four per cent. towards paying off his mortgage. Young Dennison has agreed that Liddy's fortune shall be appropriated to the same purpose, on the same terms.—His father will sell out three thousand pounds stock for his accommodation.—Farmer Bland has, at the desire of Wilson, undertaken for two thousand; and I must make an effort to advance what further will be required to take my friend out of the hands of the Philistines.[5] He is so pleased with the improvements made on this estate, which is all cultivated like a garden, that he has entered himself as a pupil in farming to Mr. Dennison, and resolved to attach himself wholly to the practice of husbandry.

Every thing is now prepared for our double wedding. The marriage-articles for both couples are drawn and executed; and the ceremony only waits until the parties shall have been resident in the parish the term prescribed by law. Young Dennison betrays some symptoms of impatience; but, Lismahago bears this necessary delay with the temper of a philosopher. — You must know, the captain does not stand altogether on the foundation of personal merit. Besides his half-pay, amounting to two and forty pounds a year, this indefatigable œconomist has amassed eight hundred pounds, which he has secured in the funds. This sum arises partly from his pay's running up while he remained among the Indians; partly from what he received as a consideration for the difference between his full appointment and the half-pay, to which he is now restricted; and partly from the profits of a little traffic he drove in peltry, during his sachemship among the Miamis.

Liddy's fears and perplexities have been much assuaged by the company of one Miss Willis, who had been her intimate companion at the boarding-school. Her parents had been earnestly sollicited to allow her making this friendly visit on such an extraordinary occasion; and two days ago she arrived with her mother, who did not chuse that she should come without a proper gouvernante. The young lady is very sprightly, handsome, and agreeable, and the mother a mighty good sort of a woman; so that their coming adds considerably to our enjoyment. But we shall have a third couple yoked in the matrimonial chain. Mr. Clinker Loyd has made humble remonstrance, through the canal of my nephew, setting forth the sincere love and affection mutually subsisting between him and Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, and praying my consent to their coming together for life. I would have wished that Mr. Clinker had kept out of this scrape; but as the nymph's happiness is at stake, and she has had already some fits in the way of despondence, I, in order to prevent any tragical catastrophe, have given him leave to play the fool, in imitation of his betters; and I suppose we shall in time have a whole litter of his progeny at Brambleton-hall. The fellow is stout and lusty, very sober and conscientious; and the wench seems to be as great an enthusiast in love as in religion.

I wish you would think of employing him some other way, that the parish may not be overstocked — you know he has been bred a farrier, consequently belongs to the faculty; and as he is very docile, I make no doubt but, with your good instruction, he may be, in a little time, qualified to act as a Welsh apothecary. Tabby, who never did a favour with a good grace, has consented, with great reluctance, to this match. Perhaps it hurts her pride, as she now considers Clinker in the light of a relation; but, I believe, her objections are of a more selfish nature. She declares she cannot think of retaining the wife of Matthew Loyd in the character of a servant; and she foresees, that on such an occasion the woman will expect some gratification for her past services. As for Clinker, exclusive of other considerations, he is so trusty, brave, affectionate, and alert, and I owe him such personal obligations, that he merits more than all the indulgence that can possibly be shewn him, by

yours,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

Oct. 26.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at Oxon.

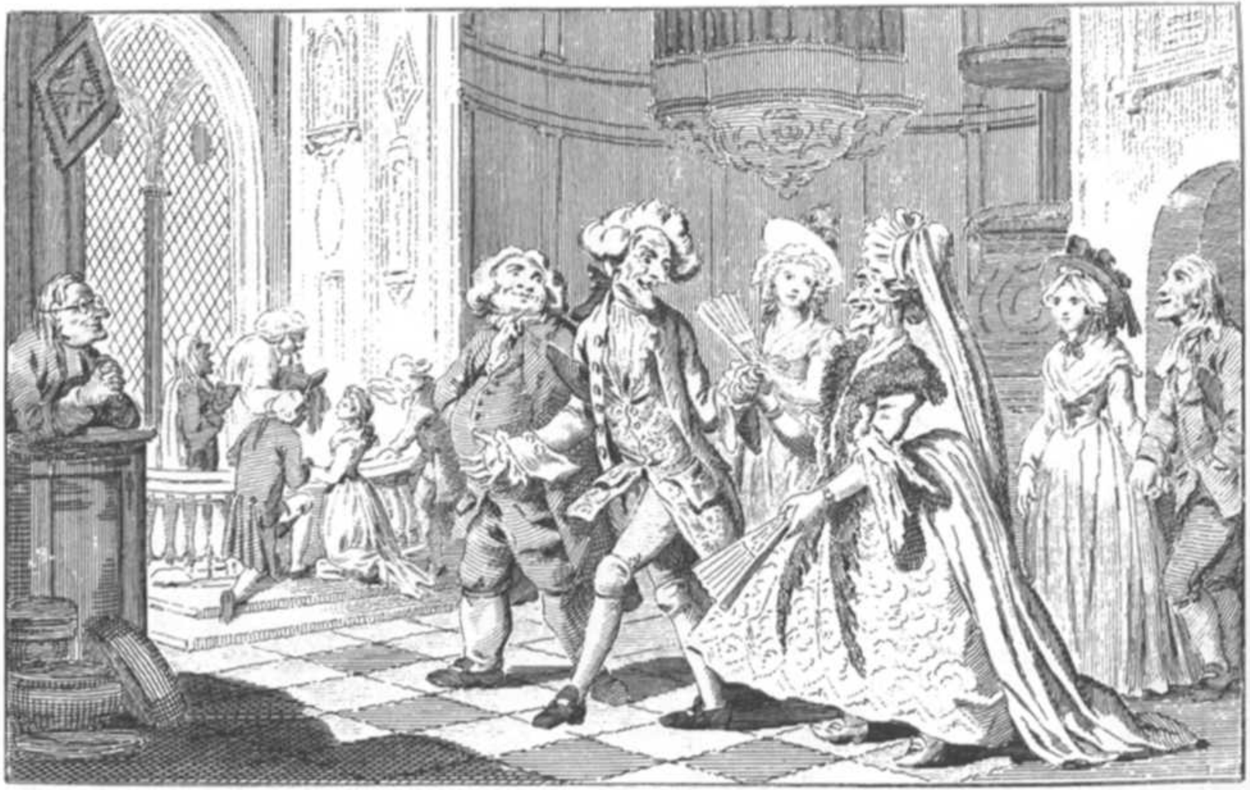
DEAR KNIGHT,

The fatal knots are now tied. The comedy is near a close; and the curtain is ready to drop: but, the latter scenes of this act I shall recapitulate in order.—About a fortnight ago, my uncle made an excursion across the country, and brought hither a particular friend, one Mr. Baynard, who has just lost his wife, and was for some time disconsolate, though by all accounts he had much more cause for joy than for sorrow at this event.—His countenance, however, clears up apace; and he appears to be a person of rare accomplishments.—But, we have received another still more agreeable reinforcement to our company, by the arrival of Miss Willis from Glocester. She was Liddy's bosom friend at boarding-school, and being earnestly sollicited to assist at the nuptials, her mother was so obliging as to grant my sister's request, and even to come with her in person. Liddy, accompanied by George Dennison and me, gave them the meeting half-way, and next day conducted them hither in safety. Miss Willis is a charming girl, and, in point of disposition, an agreeable contrast to my sister, who is rather too grave and sentimental[1] for my turn of mind.—The other is gay, frank, a little giddy, and always good-humoured. She has, moreover, a genteel fortune, is well born, and remarkably handsome.—Ah Phillips! if these qualities were permanent—if her humour would never change, nor her beauties decay, what efforts would I not make—But these are idle reflections—my destiny must one day be fulfilled.

At present we pass the time as agreeably as we can. – We have got up several farces, which afforded unspeakable entertainment by the effects they produced among the country people, who are admitted to all our exhibitions. – Two nights ago, Jack Wilson acquired great applause in Harlequin Skeleton, and Lismahago surprized us all in the character of Pierot.[2] – His long lank sides, and strong marked features, were all peculiarly adapted to his part. —— He appeared with a ludicrous stare, from which he had discharged all meaning: he adopted the impressions of fear and amazement so naturally, that many of the audience were infected by his looks; but when the skeleton held him in chace his horror became most divertingly picturesque, and seemed to endow him with such præternatural agility as confounded all the spectators. It was a lively representation of Death in pursuit of Consumption,[3] and had such an effect upon the commonalty, that some of them shrieked aloud, and others ran out of the hall in the utmost consternation.

This is not the only instance in which the lieutenant has lately excited our wonder. His temper, which had been soured and shrivelled by disappointment and chagrin, is now swelled out, and smoothed like a raisin in plum-porridge. From being reserved and punctilious, he is become easy and obliging. He cracks jokes, laughs and banters, with the most facetious familiarity; and, in a word, enters into all our schemes of merriment and pastime – The other day his baggage arrived in the waggon from London, contained in two large trunks and a long deal box not unlike a coffin. The trunks were filled with his wardrobe, which he displayed for the entertainment of the company, and he freely owned, that it consisted chiefly of the *opima spolia*[4] taken in battle. What he selected for his wedding suit, was a tarnished white cloth faced with blue velvet, embroidered with silver; but, he valued himself most upon a tye-periwig,[5] in which he had made his first appearance as a lawyer above thirty years ago. This machine had been in buckle[6] ever since, and now all the servants in the family were employed to frizz it out for the occasion, which was yesterday celebrated at the parish church. George Dennison and his bride were distinguished by nothing extraordinary in their apparel. His eyes lightened with eagerness and joy, and she trembled with coyness and confusion. My uncle gave her away, and her friend Willis supported her during the ceremony.

But my aunt and her paramour took the pas, and formed, indeed, such a pair of originals, as, I believe, all England could not parallel. She was dressed in the stile of 1739; and the day being cold, put on a manteel of green velvet laced with gold: but this was taken off by the bridegroom, who threw over her shoulders a fur cloak of American sables, valued at fourscore guineas, a present equally agreeable and unexpected. Thus accoutred, she was led



The Marriage of Lieut. Lismahago and Mrs. Tabitha &c., by Rowlandson.
(By Permission of the University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City.)

up to the altar by Mr. Dennison, who did the office of her father: Lismahago advanced in the military step with his French coat reaching no farther than the middle of his thigh,[7] his campaign wig that surpasses all description, and a languishing leer upon his countenance, in which there seemed to be something arch and ironical. The ring, which he put upon her finger, he had concealed till the moment it was used. He now produced it with an air of self-complacency. It was a curious antique, set with rose diamonds: he told us afterwards, it had been in his family two hundred years, and was a present from his grand-mother. These circumstances agreeably flattered the pride of our aunt Tabitha, which had already found uncommon gratification in the captain's generosity; for he had, in the morning, presented my uncle with a fine bear's skin, and a Spanish fowling-piece, and me with a case of pistols curiously mounted with silver. At the same time he gave Mrs. Jenkins an Indian purse, made of silk grass, containing twenty crown pieces. You must know, this young lady, with the assistance of Mr. Loyd, formed the third couple who yesterday sacrificed to Hymen. I wrote to you in my last, that he had recourse to my mediation, which I employed successfully with my uncle; but Mrs. Tabitha held out 'till the love-sick Jenkins had two fits of the mother; then she relented, and those two cooing turtles were caged for life—Our aunt made an effort of generosity in furnishing the bride with her superfluities of clothes and linen, and her example was followed by my sister; nor did Mr. Bramble and I neglect her on this occasion. It was, indeed, a day of peace-offering—Mr. Dennison insisted upon Liddy's accepting two bank notes of one hundred pounds each, as pocket-money; and his lady gave her a diamond necklace of double that value. There was, besides, a mutual exchange of tokens among the individuals of the two families thus happily united.

As George Dennison and his partner were judged improper objects of mirth, Jack Wilson had resolved to execute some jokes on Lismahago, and after supper began to ply him with bumpers, when the ladies had retired; but the captain perceiving his drift, begged for quarter, alledging that the adventure, in which he had engaged, was a very serious matter; and that it would be more the part of a good Christian to pray that he might be strengthened, than to impede his endeavours to finish the adventure.—He was spared accordingly, and permitted to ascend the nuptial couch with all his senses about him.—There he and his consort sat in state, like Saturn and Cybele,[8] while the benediction-posset was drank; and a cake being broken over the head of Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago, the fragments were distributed among the bystanders, according to the custom of the antient Britons, on the supposition that every person who ate of this hallowed cake, should that night have a vision of the man or woman whom Heaven designed should be his or her wedded mate.

The weight of Wilson's waggery fell upon honest Humphry and his spouse, who were bedded in an upper room, with the usual ceremony of throwing the stocking.—This being performed, and the company withdrawn, a sort of catterwauling ensued, when Jack found means to introduce a real cat shod with walnut-shells,[9] which galloping along the boards, made such a dreadful noise as effectually discomposed our lovers.——Winifred screamed aloud, and shrunk under the bed-cloaths.—Mr. Loyd, believing that Satan was come to buffet him *in propria persona,* laid aside all carnal thoughts, and began to pray aloud with great fervency.—At length, the poor animal, being more afraid than either, leaped into the bed, and meauled with the most piteous exclamation.—Loyd, thus informed of the nature of the annoyance, rose and set the door wide open, so that this troublesome visitant retreated with great expedition; then securing himself, by means of a double bolt, from a second intrusion, he was left to enjoy his good fortune without further disturbance.

If one may judge from the looks of the parties, they are all very well satisfied with what has passed.—George Dennison and his wife are too delicate to exhibit any strong-marked signs of their mutual satisfaction, but their eyes are sufficiently expressive.—Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago is rather fulsome in signifying her approbation of the captain's love; while his deportment is the very pink of gallantry.—He sighs, and ogles, and languishes at this amiable object; he kisses her hand, mutters ejaculations of rapture, and sings tender airs; and, no doubt, laughs internally at her folly in believing him sincere.—In order to shew how little his vigour was impaired by the fatigues of the preceding day, he this morning danced a Highland sarabrand over a naked back-sword,[10] and leaped so high, that I believe he would make no contemptible figure as a vaulter at Sadler's Wells.—Mr. Matthew Loyd, when asked how he relishes his bargain, throws up his eyes, crying, "For what we have received, Lord make us thankful: amen."——His helpmate giggles, and holds her hand before her eyes, affecting to be ashamed of having been in bed with a man.—Thus all these widgeons[11] enjoy the novelty of their situation; but, perhaps their note will be changed, when they are better acquainted with the nature of the decoy.

As Mrs. Willis cannot be persuaded to stay, and Liddy is engaged by promise to accompany her daughter back to Gloucester, I fancy there will be a general migration from hence, and that most of us will spend the Christmas holidays at Bath; in which case, I shall certainly find an opportunity to beat up your quarters.—By this time, I suppose, you are sick of *alma mater,* and even ready to execute that scheme of peregrination, which was last year concerted between you and

Your affectionate
J. MELFORD.

Nov. 8.[12]

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

My niece Liddy is now happily settled for life; and captain Lismahago has taken Tabby off my hands; so that I have nothing further to do, but to comfort my friend Baynard, and provide for my son Loyd, who is also fairly joined to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins.—You are an excellent genius at hints.—Dr. Arbuthnot[1] was but a type of Dr. Lewis[2] in that respect.——What you observe of the vestry-clerk deserves consideration.—I make no doubt but Matthew Loyd is well enough qualified for the office; but, at present, you must find room for him in the house.——His incorruptible honesty and indefatigable care will be serviceable in superintending the œconomy of my farm; tho' I don't mean that he shall interfere with Barns, of whom I have no cause to complain.—I am just returned with Baynard, from a second trip to his house, where every thing is regulated to his satisfaction.—He could not, however, review the apartments without tears and lamentation, so that he is not yet in a condition to be left alone; therefore I will not part with him till the spring, when he intends to plunge into the avocations of husbandry, which will at once employ and amuse his attention.—Charles Dennison has promised to stay with him a fortnight, to set him fairly afloat in his improvements; and Jack Wilson will see him from time to time; besides, he has a few friends in the country, whom his new plan of life will not exclude from his society.—In less than a year, I make no doubt, but he will find himself perfectly at ease both in his mind and body, for the one had dangerously affected the other; and I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure of seeing my friend rescued from misery and contempt.

Mrs. Willis being determined to return with her daughter, in a few days, to Gloucester, our plan has undergone some alteration.—Jery has persuaded his brother-in-law to carry his wife to Bath; and I believe his parents will accompany him thither.—For my part, I have no intention to take that route.—It must be something very extraordinary that will induce me to revisit either

Bath or London.——My sister and her husband, Baynard and I, will take leave of them at Gloucester, and make the best of our way to Brambleton-hall, where I desire you will prepare a good chine[3] and turkey for our Christmas dinner.——You must also employ your medical skill in defending me from the attacks of the gout, that I may be in good case to receive the rest of our company, who promise to visit us in their return from the Bath.——As I have laid in a considerable stock of health, it is to be hoped you will not have much trouble with me in the way of physic, but I intend to work you on the side of exercise.—I have got an excellent fowling-piece from Mr. Lismahago, who is a keen sportsman, and we shall take the heath in all weathers.—That this scheme of life may be prosecuted the more effectually, I intend to renounce all sedentary amusements, particularly that of writing long letters; a resolution, which, had I taken it sooner, might have saved you the trouble which you have lately taken in reading the tedious epistles of

MATT. BRAMBLE.

Nov. 20.

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, at Brambleton-hall.

GOOD MRS. GWILLIM,

Heaven, for wise porpuses, hath ordained that I should change my name and citation in life, so that I am not to be considered any more as manger of my brother's family; but as I cannot surrender up my stewardship till I have settled with you and Williams, I desire you will get your accunts ready for inspection, as we are coming home without further delay.——My spouse, the captain, being subject to rummaticks, I beg you will take great care to have the blew chamber, up two pair of stairs, well warmed for his reception.—Let the sashes be secured, the crevices stopt, the carpets laid, and the beds well tousled.—Mrs. Loyd, late Jenkins, being married to a relation of the family, cannot remain in the capacity of a sarvant; therefore, I wish you would cast about for some creditable body to be with me in her room—If she can spin, and is mistress of plain-work, so much the better—but she must not expect extravagant wages—having a family of my own, I must be more occumenical than ever. No more at present, but rests

Your loving friend,
TAB. LISMAHAGO.

Nov. 20.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Brambleton-hall.

MRS. JONES,

Providinch hath bin pleased to make great halteration in the pasture of our affairs.—We were yesterday three kiple chined, by the grease of God, in the holy bands of mattermoney, and I now subscrive myself Loyd at your sarvice.—All the parish allowed that young 'squire Dallison and his bride was a comely pear for to see.—As for madam Lashmiheygo, you nose her picklearities—her head, to be sure, was fintastical; and her spouse had rapt her with a long marokin furze cloak from the land of the selvidges, thof they say it is of immense bally.—The captain himself had a huge hassock of air, with three tails, and a tumtawdry coat, boddered with sulfur.—Wan said he was a monkey-bank; and the ould bottler swore he was the born imich of Titidall.[1]—For my part, I says nothing, being as how the captain has done the handsome thing by me.—Mr. Loyd was dressed in a lite frog, and checket with gould binding; and thof he don't enter in caparison with great folks of quality, yet he has got as good blood in his veins as arrow privet 'squire in the county; and then his pursing is far from contentible.—Your humble sarvant had on a plain pea-green tabby[2] sack, with my Runnela cap,[3] ruff toupee, and side curls.—They said, I was the very moral of lady Rickmanstone, but not so pale—that may well be, for her layship is my elder by seven good years and more.—Now, Mrs. Mary, our satiety is to suppurate—Mr. Millfart goes to Bath along with the Dallisons, and the rest of us push home to Wales, to pass our Chrishmarsh at Brampleton hall.—As our apartment is to be the yallow pepper, in the thurd story, pray carry my things thither.—Present my cumpliments to Mrs. Gwyllim, and I hope she and I will live upon dissent terms of civility.—Being, by God's blessing, removed to a higher spear, you'll excuse my being familiar with the lower sarvents of the family; but, as I trust you'll behave respectful, and keep a proper distance, you may always depend upon the good will and purtection of

Yours,
W. LOYD.

Nov. 20.

FINIS.

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NOTES TO THE TEXT

Title Page

"*Quorsum hæc . . . inquam*": Horace *Satires* 2.7.21–22: "You knave, to what does such vile stuff tend? to you, I said."

Jonathan Dustwich to Henry Davis, Abergavenny, August 4

1. "redargued": Scottish legal term meaning to refute or disprove an argument (*OED*).
2. "*mala fama*": L. Bad name or bad repute. Smollett used this phrase in his angry discussion of British libel law in *Critical Review* 20 (July 1765): 45–49; see Basker, 273–74. See also *Continuation*, 5:120. For discussion of the state of the libel laws see Carl R. Kropf, "Libel and Satire in the Eighteenth Century," *Eighteenth-Century Studies* 8 (1974): 153–68.
3. "*in usum publicum*": L. For public use or benefit.
4. "*in verbo sacerdotis*": L. On the word of a priest.
5. "*quoad*": L. To the extent of; as regards; with respect to (*OED*).
6. "*Tam ad turpitudinem . . . spectans*": L. "Bearing in mind the shame as well as the harshness of the punishment." The word *pœna* should be the genitive *pœnæ*. Possibly a quotation, but unidentified.
7. "*non flocci facio*": L. A proverbial phrase meaning "I think nothing of it," "I don't care about it."
8. "*totis viribus*": L. With all the strength or might.
9. "*intra templi parietes*": L. Within the walls of the temple.
10. "*περὶ ἰχθύς*": Gr. Of fish. The reference to the Greek physician Galen (c. A.D. 130–200) is presumably to book 3, chapters 30 and 31 of his *De Alimentorum Facultatibus*. Each chapter mentions in passing the cathartic effects fish can cause, but there is no specific mention of the barbel's row. See Galen's *Omnia Opera*, ed. C. G. Kühn (Hildesheim: Georg Olms, 1965), 6:721, 728.
11. "Jonathan Dustwich": See the introduction, p. xxiv.
12. "*Deo volente*": L. God willing; unless unforeseen circumstances prevent. This proverbial phrase is found in Virgil *Aeneid* 1.303.
13. "All-hallowtide": The season of All Saints or All Hallows; All Saints' Day is November 1.
14. "*Verbum sapienti*": Abbreviation of the proverbial Latin *Verbum sapienti sat est* (a word to the wise is sufficient).

Henry Davis to Jonathan Dustwich, London, August 10

1. "travels lately published": Smollett, *Travels through France and Italy* (1766); Samuel Sharp, *Letters from Italy* (1766); Samuel Derrick, *A Collection of Travels through various Parts of the World* (1762) and *Letters Written from Leverpoole, Chester, Corke . . .* (1767); Philip Thicknesse, *Observations on the Customs and Manners of the French Nation in a Series of Letters* (1766) and *Useful Hints to Those Who Make the Tour of France* (1768); Frederick Calvert, sixth Baron Baltimore, *A Tour in the East in the Years 1763 and 1764* (1766); Giuseppe Baretti, *An Account of the Manners and Customs of Italy* (1768) and *A Journey from London to Genoa* (1770); and Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1768).
2. "the late war": Presumably the Seven Years' War (1756–63).
3. "certain regiment in battle": Perhaps a reference to the same incident discussed in Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, June 2, p. 101, although the officer of the regiment is there represented as crushing the publisher's bones and the war is the War of the Austrian Succession (1739–48).
4. "flogged at the cart's tail": The offender was tied to the back of a cart and whipped through the street (*OED*).
5. "Charles Watson": Unidentified and perhaps fictitious.
6. "C— S—": Identified by David Herbert as Charles Stalker, who is unknown. Probably Charles Green Say, a printer in Ludgate Street. Evidence uncovered by John Sekora makes this identification almost certain. Say is ridiculed by Smollett in the *Briton*, no. 26 (20 November 1762); see Sekora, "Some Political Figures in *Humphry Clinker*," *N & Q*, n.s., 24 (1977): 271–72.
7. "an information": In English law a complaint or charge against a person lodged with a court or magistrate to initiate criminal proceedings without formal indictment (*OED*).
8. "fortune is made": See Charles Johnstone, *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea* (1760–65), ed. E. A. Baker (London: G. Routledge, 1907), 459–60: "Fools may be frighted at the thought of a cart's tail or a pillory; I know better things. Where they come in a popular cause, nothing sets a man's name up to such advantage, and that is the first step toward making a fortune. . . . A pension or a pillory is the word."
9. "lift": Help in achieving a better position (*OED*).
10. "Court-kalendar": An annual handbook of royal families and their courts.
11. "toasted cheese": The Gloucestershire cheese sent to London was for the most part actually made in Wiltshire. Bristol and Bath received most of the cheese made in Gloucestershire (Defoe, *Tour*, 2:40–41).

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Gloucester, April 2

1. "swallow snow-balls to cool my reins": An allusion to Falstaff's words in *Merry Wives of Windsor* 3.5.22–23: "for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins."
2. "Hot Well at Bristol": The Hot Well and Pump Room, demolished in 1822, stood at the beginning of Saint Vincent's Parade, a row of houses raised above the road flanking the River Avon. The Pump Room, as described by Pierce Egan, *Walks Through Bath* (Bath: Meyler, 1819), 244–45, was a "plain, small building," and the water, famous especially for its supposed cure of consumption, was claimed to be "without smell, of a soft, warm, milky taste, and pleasing and grateful to the stomach." The Bramble family evidently finds lodgings above Bristol at Clifton, a village whose air was thought "so remarkably pure and salubrious" that it was called "the Montpellier of England" (Egan, 248). See also *Present State*, 3:114–15.
3. "*demi pique*": A saddle whose peak was about half that of the older war-saddle (*OED*).
4. "corn to market": Americans may need to be reminded that this is not a reference to Indian corn (*Zea Mays*) but a general term for the seeds of any of the cereal grasses used for food; that is, grain. Locally the word is understood to denote the leading crop of the district; hence in England, "corn" is wheat and in Scotland, oats (*OED*). See the letter from Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, p. 125.
5. "Morgan's widow": Perhaps a reference to the widow of the first mate in *Roderick Random.* Smollett is obviously fond of Morgan, who reappears in *Peregrine Pickle*, chapter 38, where we are told he had "begun to think of retiring among his own relations in Glamorganshire."

Tabitha Bramble to Mrs. Gwyllim, Gloucester, April 2

1. "trunk male": Trunk mail, *i.e.*, a trunk heavy enough to require payment of duty (*OED*).
2. "neglejay": The negligee, in vogue from the 1750s onwards, was a loose open gown or sack fastened with pins.
3. "commode": A tall head-dress with a wire frame-work variously covered with silk or lace. It was no longer in style (*OED*).
4. "Macklin head": Headgear made of lace from Mechlin (Belgium); Tabby confuses Mechlin with the actor Charles Macklin (c. 1699–1797).
5. "bum-daffee": See the introduction, p. xxxvi.
6. "Dr. Hill's dock-water": John Hill (1716–75), apothecary and quack doctor, prepared such herbal medicines as "the essence of waterdock," "tincture of valerian," "pectoral balsam of honey," and "tincture of bardana." Also a hack writer, Hill

edited the *British Magazine* from 1746 to 1750, and his satirical attacks involved him in quarrels with such celebrities as Henry Fielding, Christopher Smart, and David Garrick. Hill was an enemy of Smollett. See Knapp, 188–90, 216; and see *Critical Review* 6 (September 1758): 226–39, and 7 (February 1759): 142–43.

7. "strong bear": An ale stronger than small or table beer (also an ale) but milder than porter (now called stout). Ale was beer brewed without hops, while porter was beer that included hops as well as malt. Porter was more popular in the cities. See Timbs, *Curiosities*, 59–62.
8. "fought": Fetched.
9. "TABITHA BRAMBLE": See the introduction, p. xxxv–xxxvii.

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, Gloucester, April 2

1. "in a sad taking": Proverbial for "in a sorry dilemma." On Win's use of language, see the introduction, pp. xxxv–xxxvii.
2. "had like to have": Standard eighteenth-century usage for "apparently on the point of."
3. "pillyber": A form of "pillow-bere," *i.e.*, a pillow case (*OED*).
4. "vails and parquisites": Although often thought of as the same, strictly speaking, vails were tips or gratuities, the chief means by which servants were paid; parquisites (or perquisites) were articles customarily bestowed on servants who had claimed them for their own use, particularly articles that had served their primary purpose or were no longer to be used by the owner (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Gloucester, April 2

1. "Jesus college, Oxon.": Jesus College, Oxford, had been founded by Queen Elizabeth I (charter date 27 June 1571) as a place of education for Welsh students, at the request of Dr. Hugh Ap Rice (or Price). Sir Leoline Jenkins, a native of Glamorganshire, its "second founder," served as principal from 1661 to 1673 and at his death left all his estates to the college. Among the college's benefactors were Principal Francis Mansell and Dr. Thomas Gwynne. Price, Gwynne, and Mansell, all subsequently mentioned in Jery Melford's letter, were eminent names in Wales and Monmouthshire. See *A Pocket Companion for Oxford* (Oxford, 1762), 62–68; and see Sir Lewis Namier and John Brooke, *The House of Commons 1754–1790* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1964), 1:36–38, 338, 458–69.
2. "Salute": Kiss (*OED*).

Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Clifton, April 6

1. "honour and virtue": Lydia's romantic rhetoric perhaps recalls Richardson's *Pamela* and "virtue rewarded."

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Clifton, April 17

1. "fine air upon Clifton-Downs": In *Present State*, 3:114, Smollett observes that "Nothing can be more pure and salutary than the air of these downs. . . ."
2. "the devil incarnate": A proverbial expression dating from the mid-sixteenth century; derived from "An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate." See Burton Stevenson, *The Macmillan Book of Proverbs* (New York: Macmillan, 1948), 557.
3. "Mr. Morley": Perhaps a historical person, but not identified.
4. "the city gate . . . their view": Gloucester had four city gates: the South Gate, the East Gate, the North Gate, and the Outer North Gate. A 1712 map of the city (published by the Gloucester Civic Trust) shows several houses standing outside the South Gate, any one of which could have served to screen Matt from view. The Bramble family perhaps put up at the Bell or the New Inn (the latter built about 1445). Both inns are near The Cross, about midway between the North and South Gates. See the introduction, pp. xxxviii–xxxix.
5. "the vagrant act": Presumably the harsh Act of Parliament passed in 1744 (17 Geo. II, c. 5) that allowed severe punishments for vagabonds, beggars, vagrants, and unlicensed actors.
6. "on his high ropes": Arrogant, disdainful; from the ropes and wires used by acrobats in high-wire performances.
7. "Dr. Rigge": Thomas Rigge, M.D. (d. 1794), one of the physicians at the Bristol Royal Infirmary from 3 March 1767 until 3 March 1778, practiced at the Hot Well. He had a reputation for "irritability and proneness to quarrel" but "could be kind to his friends and to the poor, and his popularity as a clever practitioner was apparently well deserved"; see G. Munro Smith, *A History of the Bristol Royal Infirmary* (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 1917), 119–22.
8. "flannels and wide shoes": Since attacks of gout brought heat, tenderness, and pain to one or more joints of the extremities, an attempt was made to relieve the symptoms by promoting perspiration. The feet and hands were wrapped in flannel or fitted with flannel bootkins or gloves. See *The Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence*, ed. W. S. Lewis et al. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1938–83), 1:366, 24:70–71, 32:43.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Hot Well, April 18

1. "merry Andrew": A professional clown or buffoon assisting a mountebank, an itinerant quack who appealed to his audience from an elevated platform (*OED*).
2. "Ovid's pleonasm . . . *Ponto*": The pleonastic or redundant line is from the *Metamorphoses* I.292: "omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque litora ponto" ("all things were sea, and the sea lacked shores").
3. "Isis": As the Thames River is sometimes called at, and upstream from, Oxford (derived from Thamesis).
4. "Dr. L—— n": Presumably Dr. Diederich Wessel Linden, a German physician who wrote extensively on balneology, the medicinal uses of mineral waters. Linden spent eleven years at the Bristol Hot Well and was involved in the "sulphur controversy" of the 1750s, an acrimonious debate about the sulphur content of the various spas. He was regarded as an alchemist and an irresponsible quack. See G. S. Rousseau, "Matt Bramble and the Sulphur Controversy in the XVIIIth Century," *Journal of the History of Ideas* 28 (1967): 577–99; and see R. C. B. Oliver, "Diedrick Wessel Linden, M.D.," *National Library of Wales Journal* 18 (1974): 241–67.
5. "vast quantity of mud and slime": See Keith Brace, *Portrait of Bristol* (London: Robert Hall, 1976), 100: the pollution of the well water by the mud of the Avon "had always been the spa's great problem."
6. "Van Vloudel's translation of Horace": The translator referred to is presumably the well-known Dutch writer Joost van den Vondel (1587–1679).
7. "*Quis multa gracilis . . . gestinken*": Horace *Odes* 1.5.1–2. The two full lines are, "Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa / Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus" ("What fair youth, suffused with liquid perfumes, urges you, midst a profusion of roses"). Vondel actually translated the words "Perfusus liquidis . . . odoribus" as "wat ranke Jongeling, stinkede van Civet en muskeljaet."
8. "*toto cælo*": L. As different as the distance between the celestial poles, that is, diametrically opposed.
9. "undebauched by luxury": Complaints against luxury, meaning indulgence in what was costly above the necessaries of life, were widespread during the period. Matt Bramble's diatribes later in the novel are typical (see especially his letters to Dr. Lewis, Bath, April 23, p. 33, and London, May 29, p. 86). Perhaps to modern readers the most famous of these complaints occurs in Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* (1770). For similar strictures, see Smollett's *Continuation,* 1:128, 5:436. The background to the concept of luxury from biblical times through Smollett, and the relationship of the concept to *Humphry Clinker*, are admirably traced and discussed in John Sekora, *Luxury: The Concept in Western Thought, Eden to Smollett* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1977).
10. "stercoraceous": Consisting of, containing, or pertaining to feces (*OED*).
11. "the learned Dr. B—— . . . the Four Digestions": Presumably a reference to Dr.

Edward Barry (1696–1776), created baronet in 1775. Barry, an Irish physician, was a fellow of the Royal Society (1733), an M.P. in the Irish House of Commons (1743–44), a professor of physic in the University of Dublin, a fellow of the College of Physicians of London (1762), and the author of *A Treatise on the Three Different Digestions and Discharges of the Human Body, and the Diseases of their Principal Organs* (1759). It is unclear whether Smollett recalled "four" digestions inaccurately or is satirizing the "famous Dr. L—— n" or even Dr. Barry. Smollett reviewed Barry's *Treatise* in the *Critical Review* 7 (May 1759): 399–409; see Basker, 225.

12. "last Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the *Medicis* family": Giovan Gastone (1671–1737), a dissipated but well-liked duke, died childless. Tuscany, by arrangement of the quadruple alliance of Germany, France, England, and Holland, then passed to the Spanish Infante.
13. "*assafetida*": Med. L. *Asa,* latinized form of Persian *azā* mastic (gum or resin) + *fœtida,* fem. of *fœtidus,* ill-smelling, stinking (*OED*). Asafœtida, a strong-smelling concreted resinous gum, was used medicinally as an antispasmodic. See Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Bath, April 26, n. 9. Matt objects to the odor of asafœtida in his letter to Dr. Lewis, Bath, May 8, p. 63.
14. "tan-pits": Vats for crushing the bark of trees into a substance used in the conversion of hides into leather (*OED*).
15. "*ascites*": L. Dropsy of the abdomen (*OED*). For a concise description of the various forms of dropsy and an attack on the accepted cures, see Bartholomew Dominiceti, *Medical Anecdotes of the Last Thirty Years* (London, 1781), 308–19.
16. "*facies leucophlegmatica*": L. A pale, swollen, flabby appearance (*OED*). The doctor is confused, as Matt notes in his letter to Dr. Lewis, Hot Well, April 20, p. 25. In a dropsy the humors were supposed to be thin and watery, while in a leucophlegmatica the humors were supposed to be cold, with the swelling, of a doughy softness, spread over the whole body.
17. "*œdematous*": Swollen with thin, watery fluid; dropsical (*OED*).
18. "*lues venerea*": L. Spreading disease, especially syphilis (*OED*). See Dominiceti, *Medical Anecdotes,* 87–92.
19. "*nodi, tophi* . . . eruption": L. *Nodi:* hard tumors; *tophi:* gouty deposits; *gummata:* gummy tumors, usually of syphilitic origin; *verrucæ:* warts; *cristæ Galli* (cock's combs): eminences of the bone in the nasal cavity; *serpiginous* eruption: creeping skin disease (*OED*). The doctor implies that Matt is suffering from venereal disease.
20. "very keystone of the bridge": Perhaps an allusion to the sexual puns on noses and bridges in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy.* See Sheridan Baker, "*Humphry Clinker* as Comic Romance," *PMASAL* 46 (1961): 647, n. 6. Destruction of the nose indicated an advanced stage of syphilis. See *Roderick Random,* chap. 23, and *Ferdinand Count Fathom,* chap. 23.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Hot Well, April 20

1. "Twenty pounds": This is a generous gift. See the introduction, p. xxx.
2. "admire": To view with wonder or surprise; to wonder or marvel at (*OED*).
3. "pupils": In civil and Scottish law, a pupil is an orphan or minor under the care of a guardian (*OED*).
4. "charity begins at home": A proverb dating from the Middle Ages. Tabby uses it again in her letter to Mrs. Gwyllim, London, June 14, p. 153, and it is later repeated against her by Micklewhimmen in Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Scarborough, July 1, p. 170. Smollett had used the proverb as early as *Roderick Random*, chapter 6. See *Proverbs*, 115, and Tilley, 93.
5. "plain-work": Simple needlework as opposed to fancy work or embroidery (*OED*).

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Hot Well, April 20

1. "hotch-potch": A mixture of heterogeneous things; a jumble (*OED*).
2. "*leucophlegmatic*": See Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Hot Well, April 18, n. 16.
3. "cheapening": Bargaining for; asking the price of; offering a price for (*OED*).
4. "lank in the belly": If he had dropsy, Matt would be swollen.
5. "good Lord deliver us": A response during part of the Litany. See *The Book of Common Prayer* (1662).
6. "pits": Sinks in or contracts so as to form a pit or hollow (*OED*).

Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Hot Well, April 21

1. "*nymph of Bristol spring*": Lydia means the pure water of Bristol Spring. The century abounds with poems about nymphs becoming springs, such as Mark Akenside's "Hymn to the Naiads." Smollett, however, is probably alluding specifically to William Whitehead's "An Hymn to the Nymph of Bristol Spring" (1751):

> Nymph of the fount! from whose auspicious urn
> Flows Health, flows Strength, and Beauty's roseate bloom,
> Which warms the virgin's cheek, thy gifts I sing.
> (*Plays and Poems* [London, 1774], 2:107)

In a note Whitehead observes that the "spring at Bristol is usually called St. Vincent's Well and the rocks near it St. Vincent's Rocks, on a fabulous tradition that the saint [Vincent, who suffered martyrdom in Valencia, A.D. 305] resided there." Lydia goes *down* to the Bristol Spring because Clifton is on a nearby hill above Bristol. Visitors to the Hot Well often took lodgings in Clifton and then, like the Bramble family, walked down the Zig Zag, the winding path, or rode down and around to the Pump Room several times a day. For a brief discussion of the Hot Well in the eighteenth century, see Brace, *Portrait of Bristol*, 100–101.

2. "maukish": Having an unpleasant taste (*OED*). See Pope's parody of John Denham's "Cooper's Hill" in *Dunciad* B, 3.169–72.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Bath, April 24

1. "fire at the . . . ill-breeding": Defoe, *Tour*, 2:333, remarks that the Welsh "are very jealous of Affronts, and soon provok'd to Anger, which is seldom allay'd without Satisfaction; and then become as soon reconcil'd again." Smollett echoes these lines in *Present State*, 3:351.
2. "Teucer": Teucer, half-brother of Ajax, fought against Troy and was considered the best Greek archer.
3. "South Parade": The South Parade, as well as the North or Grand Parade, was built by John Wood the Elder (1704–54) between 1739 and 1750. These two parades are situated in the southeast corner of the city on a site that was a monastic orchard in medieval times but was mostly a bog in the early eighteenth century. See *Bath*, 73.
4. "town-waits": A small band of musicians who were maintained by a city at public charge but depended primarily on gratuities for a living (*OED*).
5. "dancing-master": Professional teachers of dancing were the subject of much ridicule in the literature of the period. See, for example, William Wycherley's comedy *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* (1673).
6. "gra": An exclamation supposedly characteristic of Irishmen, meaning "my dear" (*OED*).
7. "Abbey bells": The Abbey bells rang for all strangers to Bath, and the ringers received a gratuity of a half-guinea or guinea. Strangers were also given a musical serenade for a price. John Wood writes, "These Customs, though disagreeable to some, are nevertheless generally liked . . . ; and the greatest Inconvenience attending them, is the Noise of the Bells to the Invalids" (Wood, 2:417). In 1752, Smollett recommended the elimination of the bell-ringing practice in *External Use of Water*, 78. See also *Life of Nash*, 307.
8. "Tottenham": Then a village in Middlesex, four miles from London.
9. "Two negroes . . . Creole gentleman": Creoles, Europeans born in the West Indies, often migrated to England with Negro slaves. The *Gentleman's Magazine* estimated that there were nearly twenty thousand black men and women in England in 1764; in 1765 the *Morning Chronicle* estimated the number at thirty thousand. There was much legal confusion as to whether slaves brought to England were free. See James Walvin, *Black and White: The Negro and the English Society, 1555–1945* (London: Penguin, 1973), 46–79, 105–15; and see F. O. Shyl-

lon, *Black Slaves in Britain* (London: Oxford University Press, 1974). See also M. Dorothy George, 134–38.

10. "practise upon the French-horn": Retinues of French horn players were common among wealthy travelers. For a variety of examples see the Everyman Library *Humphry Clinker*, ed. Charles Lee (London: J. M. Dent, 1943), 339.
11. "splenetic": Matt is consistently called splenetic. The spleen, supposedly the organ for purging melancholy humor, became the general eighteenth-century term denominating melancholia, hypochondria, moroseness, and ill nature. The English were thought to be especially prone to the spleen, and the disease was generally called the English Malady. Dr. George Cheyne was probably the most noted physician, among many, to write extensively on the subject. For a discussion of his treatise *The English Malady* (1733) and other aspects of the spleen, see C. A. Moore, *Backgrounds of English Literature 1700–1760* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1953), 179–235.
12. "sweat blood and water": Presumably an allusion to Luke 22:44, "and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood"; or to John 19:34–35, "but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water."
13. "Milsham-street": There was no Milsham Street in Bath in the 1760s. Smollett may be referring to Milsom Street, built in 1762, a year after the death of Beau Nash, the famous Master of Ceremonies; it quickly became the social gathering place under Samuel Derrick. See *Bath*, 89.
14. "coffee-houses": See *Life of Nash*, 308: "And at the coffee-house another subscription is taken for pen, ink and paper, for such letters as the subscriber shall write at it during his stay. The ladies too may subscribe to the booksellers, and to an [coffee] house by the pump-room, for the advantage of reading the news, and for enjoying each other's conversation."

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, April 23

1. "*lamentations of Matthew Bramble*": An allusion to the Lamentations of Jeremiah in the Old Testament.
2. "Bath": Matt's various strictures on Bath generally contradict Smollett's description in *Present State*, 3:118–19. See Martz, 127–28.
3. "a ceremonial . . . German elector": Elaborate rules and regulations of conduct had been imposed at Bath by Beau Nash. See *Life of Nash*, 302–6.
4. "A national hospital": In *Present State*, 3:120, Smollett writes that "Bath is the general hospital of the nation, and a great number of invalids find benefit from the waters . . . ."
5. "The Square": Queen Square, built by John Wood the Elder in 1729–36, is a masterpiece of English Palladian architecture. It consists of twenty-five houses, with a terraced lodge in the center of the west side. By calling the square irregular,

Matt is referring either to its mixture of Corinthian and Ionic styles or to the fact that the ground, instead of being leveled as Wood intended, remained (at a savings of about £4,000) on a decline to the south; see Wood, 2:344. For a discussion of Matt's observations on architecture, their moral function, and their importance to Smollett's satiric vision, see John F. Sena, "Ancient Design and Modern Folly: Architecture in *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*," *Harvard Library Bulletin* 27 (1979): 86–113.

6. "through the yard of an inn": The main route to the baths facing Stall Street was through the yard of the Bear Inn.
7. "The Circus": The King's Circus, planned by the elder John Wood, was executed by his son John (d. 1782) and completed in 1765. The Circus, an architectural tour de force, combines Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian styles and has 324 pairs of columns; see *Bath*, 71. Compare Matt's attitude towards the Circus to the sentiments expressed in an anonymous poem by "a Person of Quality":

> Your half-round Circus by mere chance was right,
> Your rounded Circus is a bee-hive quite;
> All grace is vanish'd, all proportion lost.
> Space has confined you, and good fortune crost;
> Plac'd on a hill, to a fine prospect bare,
> At three sharp crannies luters all your air:
> Henceforth build crescents, blamelessly be dull,
> But never build again *a moon at full*.
> (*Gentleman's Magazine* 37 [February 1767]: 88)

8. "Vespasian's amphitheatre": The Colosseum.
9. "Covent-Garden": Lying between Longacre and the north side of the Strand, this locale (its name corrupted from the Convent garden of the Abbey at Westminster) was celebrated for its churches, fashionable houses, coffeehouses, and market. The arcades, on the north and east sides, were built in 1633–34 by Inigo Jones in imitation of the piazza at Livorno. The arcades on the north side burned down in 1769. For details see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 292–96, and Cunningham, *London*, 166–72. See also *Present State*, 3:196.
10. "close chairs": Sedan-chairs; that is, covered portable chairs, each with side windows, hinged doorway, and hinged roof (*OED*).
11. "frize": Obsolete for frieze, a coarse woolen cloth, with a nap, usually on one side only (*OED*). For parallel comments on the damp chairs, see *External Use of Water*, 73–74.
12. "Gay-street": Going up a hill from the lower town and extending from the west side of Queen Square, this street enters the King's Circus. The Circus, however, is also accessible to the upper town from the Royal Crescent via Brock Street, and from the west of Bath via Bennett Street.

13. "covered with snow . . . winter": There were unusual snowdrifts in Bath in January 1767. See *The Whitehall Evening Post: or London Intelligencer*, 15 January 1767.
14. "a Crescent": The Royal Crescent, designed by the younger rather than the elder Wood, was begun in 1767 but not completed until 1775.
15. "Gothic devil": A demon of the type represented in medieval painting and architecture.
16. "soft crumbling stone": Smollett had praised this same Bath stone in *Present State*, 3:119: "Their advantages for building here are very great, having excellent free-stone, limestone, and slate in the neighbourhood."
17. "All these absurdities arise . . . luxury": Matt's catalogue of the "absurdities" following from luxury are paralleled in Smollett's *Complete History*, 4:93. For comparable analyses, see John Brown, *An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times* (London, 1757), 1:61–62, 152–53. See also Erasmus Jones, *Luxury, Pride and Vanity*, 4th ed. (London, 1735?), 1–2; and Sekora, *Luxury*, chaps. 3–6.
18. "two successive wars": The War of the Austrian Succession (1739–48) and the Seven Years' War (1756–63).
19. "country-dances": Generic name for English dances of rural or native origin. The term applies specifically to dances in which an indefinite number of persons stand up face to face in two long lines (*OED*).
20. "Bedfordbury . . . Botolph-lane": These were unfashionable and impoverished areas of London. Bedfordbury lay between Saint Martin's Church and Bedford Street. Butcher Row, a group of tenements behind Holywell Street and Ship Yard in the Strand, was named after the butchers who plied their trade there. Crutched Friars, an area between Jewry Street, Aldgate, and Mark Lane, was named after the crouched (or crossed) friars, that is, the friars of the Holy Cross, whose convent once stood there. Botolph Lane, a street in Billingsgate, was named after the Church of Saint Botolph. For details of these areas, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 760–69, 299–300, 54–55.
21. "Gengzeng": Obsolete form of ginseng, a drug made from the root of a species of panax and alleged to have the power of restoring virile strength to the aged and impotent. Matt uses the modernized spelling later, in his letter to Dr. Lewis, London, June 14, p. 151. See Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 72.
22. "inoculation": The deliberate infusion of small doses of smallpox to protect against a strong case was popularized by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu after her return from Constantinople in 1718. Inoculation fell into disfavor during the 1730s, but it regained popularity when the College of Physicians approved it in 1754. The inoculation operation was complex and controversial, and because of the expense only the rich could normally afford it. For details, see Lester S. King, *The Medical World of the Eighteenth Century* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1958), 320–25.
23. "lady G——": Unidentified and probably fictitious.

Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Bath, April 26

1. "heart-housewife": Pocketcase for needles, pins, thread, and scissors (*OED*).
2. "*The merry bells ring round*": Quoted from Milton, *L'Allegro*, line 93.
3. "the Master of the Ceremonies": Samuel Derrick (1724–69) succeeded Beau Nash as Master of Ceremonies at Bath in 1761. Derrick was an unsuccessful actor and writer, although Dr. Johnson, whom he helped in getting materials for Dryden's *Life*, thought well of his *Letters Written from Leverpoole, Chester, Corke . . .* (1767). Smollett subscribed to Derrick's *Poems* in 1755, employed him as a contributor to the *Critical Review*, and probably entertained him at Chelsea. See *Letters*, 57; Knapp, 178, n. 32; and Basker, 44–45, 230.
4. "Princes-row . . . Bladud's-row": Various residential streets were called by the more elegant terms "rows of houses" or "rows of buildings." Harlequin's-row was so called because its buildings were a mixture of brick and stone; it contained the Methodist chapel of Selina, countess of Huntingdon. Bladud's-row was so called from the name of the legendary king of Britain who bathed in the Bath spring and was cured of leprosy.
5. "we go . . . to the Pump-room": See Goldsmith's description: "The amusement of bathing is immediately succeeded by a general assembly of people at the pump-house, some for pleasure, and some to drink the hot waters. Three glasses, at three different times, is the usual portion for every drinker; and the intervals between every glass are enlivened by the harmony of a small band of music, as well as by conversation of the gay, the witty, or the forward" (*Life of Nash*, 309).
6. "hail-fellow well-met": Quoted from Swift, "My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint Against the Dean," lines 171–76:

   Hail, fellow, well met,
   All dirty and wet:
   Find out, if you can,
   Who's master, who's man;
   Who makes the best figure,
   The Dean or the digger.

   The *OED* cites this passage from Smollett's novel to illustrate the different applications of "hail-fellow."
7. "the King's Bath": Largest and most popular of the public baths, the King's Bath was overlooked by the Pump Room. In Letter 6 of the *New Bath Guide*, 3d ed. (London, 1766), Christopher Anstey ridicules the mixed bathing: " 'Twas a glorious Sight to behold the fair Sex / All wading with Gentlemen up to their Necks" (p. 42). See P. Austin King, "Replies to Queries," *Bath Weekly Chronicle and Herald* (21 November 1936), 579: the King's Bath was "the ancient public bath of the city and . . . therefore Crown property, hence its name." The other public baths were

the Queen's Bath, named for Anne of Denmark, wife of James I; the Cross Bath, about 380 feet from the King's Bath, at the town cross; the Hot Bath, or Common Bath, south of the Cross Bath; the Cold Bath, on the beach alongside the Avon on the south side of the bridge, and owned by a private person. See Wood, 1:66–67, 2:268–69.

8. "chip hats": Hats made from strips of wood (*OED*).
9. "assafœtida drops": See Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 80: "Asafœtida is the strongest of the fetid gums, and of frequent use in hysteric complaints." See Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Hot Well, April 18, n. 13.
10. "hysterics": See Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 77:

> Disorders of the womb, all which come under the name of Hysterical Affections, arise from too titillating or from too uneasy sensations. The former proceed from that irritation of the nerves, which the make and secretion of those parts have naturally subjected them to: this in some sort of constitutions arises to that degree, as to draw the whole system into disorder, and occasion a surprizing variety of symptoms, as several sorts of convulsions, and species of madness; which therefore are by some termed *Furores Uterini.* Now these disorders seem to be most effectually allayed by such things as are, in the manner, the reverse of Cordial; and are both in smell and taste very offensive and disagreeable. And they seem to answer this end, by suffocating as it were, the spirits, and damping their inordinate sallies; so that such stimulation ceases, and the fibres return to their natural tone and motions. For, as what is grateful to the senses gives an inexpressible emotion to the fine nervous filaments; so does what is fetid and disagreeable quite destroy that emotion, and deaden it.

See Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, Edinburgh, July 18, p. 213, and Win's letter of October 14, p. 323.

11. "toy-men": Shopkeepers who sell toys, that is, sporting articles, trinkets, and fancy goods (*OED*).
12. "Mr. Gill's": In Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, 69, appear the lines:

> Of all the Cooks the World can boast,
> However great their Skill,
> To bake, or fry, to boil, or roast,
> There's none like Master Gill.

13. "the Grove": The Orange Grove, a residential area near Bath Abbey, was so called because it contained an obelisk erected by Beau Nash in 1734 to honor the Prince of Orange.
14. "Spring Gardens": A place of public amusement and entertainment located across

the Avon and opposite the Orange Grove. Pleasure seekers were conveyed across the Avon by ferry. For "long-room," mentioned subsequently in this same sentence, see Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Scarborough, July 1, n. 1.

15. "a vulgar prejudice": Matt's anxiety was hardly a vulgar prejudice, for, as he claims, moist air was generally thought to be a predisposing cause of fever and rheumatism. Sir John Pringle (1707–82), noted physician, wrote extensively on the subject; see his *Observations on the Diseases of the Army*, 6th ed. (London, 1768). When first published in 1752, the *Observations* was favorably noticed by Smollett in Ralph Griffiths's *Monthly Review* 7 (July 1752): 52–56.
16. "decorations of the theatre": The Orchard Street Theatre, now a Masonic Temple, was opened in 1750. Some new decorations were added prior to the 1755 season. Simpson's Assembly Rooms contained another theater, but Samuel Derrick, in *Letters Written from Leverpoole*, 2:111, claims that Simpson was "in contract with the master of the . . . [Orchard Street Theatre], to keep it shut upon certain terms."
17. "the two public rooms": Thomas Harrison's Assembly Rooms ("The Lower Rooms") were erected in 1708 and enlarged several times. Harrison's Assembly Rooms later became Hayes's, Gyde's, and Simpson's. In 1728 Humphrey Thayer opened a second set of Assembly Rooms that later became known as Lindsay's and Wiltshire's. The term "Lower Rooms" was applied after 1771 to Harrison's in rivalry with a new set of Assembly Rooms built by the younger Wood in the upper town and called the "Upper Rooms." The rooms were indeed spacious, as Lydia claims, for Simpson's ballroom was ninety feet long, thirty-six feet wide, and thirty-four feet high, while Wiltshire's ballroom was eighty-six feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty feet high. Both sets of rooms were between the Orange Grove and the North Parade on a site that later became public conveniences called "The Bog."
18. "every subscriber has three tickets": See *Life of Nash*, 307–8: "After the family is thus welcomed to *Bath*, it is the custom for the master of it to go to the public places, and subscribe two guineas at the assembly-houses towards the balls and music in the pump-house, for which he is entitled to three tickets every ball night."

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, Bath, April 26

1. "frank": The superscribed signature of a person (for example, a member of Parliament) entitled to send letters post-free. Persons with the privilege of the frank could extend it to friends and acquaintances (*OED*).
2. "innocent as the child unborn": A variant of the proverbial "innocent as a newborn babe." The same variant appears in Swift's *Directions to Servants* (1745), but in Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, May 24, p. 85, the proverb is given

the phrasing "Innocent as the babe unborn." In Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, September 30, p. 276, the phrasing is "ignorant as a new-born babe." See *Proverbs*, 404.

3. "he is meat for their masters": A proverbial phrase echoing *2 Henry IV* 2.4.125–26: "I am meat for your master." On Smollett's allusions to Shakespeare in his novel (some of them questionable and not acknowledged in these notes to the text), see W. Arthur Boggs, "Shakespeare and Win," *American Notes & Queries* 3 (1965): 33–36, and Deborah D. Rogers, "Further Shakespearean Echoes in *Humphry Clinker*," *American Notes & Queries* 14 (1976): 98–102.
4. "trollopea": The trollopea or slammerkin was a loose sack unfastened at the waist. It was always used for informal dress and was popular from 1756 to 1760 (Cunnington and Cunnington).
5. "manty-maker": Dress-maker. A mantua was a loose gown (*OED*).
6. "the Prades . . . Harry King's row": Win means the Parades, the Squares, the Circus, the Crescent, the Octagon (a fashionable chapel on Milsom Street opened in 1767), the Bladud Buildings, and Harlequin's Row.
7. "brass varthing": A variant of the proverbial "not worth a brass farthing." See *Proverbs*, 81, and Tilley, 203.
8. "a": Dialect for "have" in the late eighteenth century; archaic.
9. "Aberga'nny": Abergavenny was popularly pronounced "Aberghenny," as Win's spelling suggests. See Defoe, *Tour*, 2:311: Abergavenny was then "a large well-built and well-inhabited Market-town . . . . It carries on a considerable Trade in Flanels, which the Country People manufacture at home, and bring hither to sell. It is a great Thorough-fare from the Western Parts of *Wales* to *Bristol* by *Chepstow*, and to *Gloucester* by *Monmouth* . . . ." Until the redistricting in 1974, the town was in the border county of Monmouthshire, England. Tabby indicates in later letters (to Mrs. Gwyllim, Bath, April 26, p. 43, and to Mrs. Gwyllim, September 18, p. 264) that she trades in flannel and wool at Crickhowell, about six miles northwest of Abergavenny, but in Breconshire, Wales. From these references Brambleton Hall can be situated just above Abergavenny and Crickhowell, but still in Monmouthshire.
10. "bumbeseens": Bombasine, a twilled or corded dress-material, composed of silk and worsted (*OED*).
11. "chamberlye": Urine (*OED*).
12. "pumpydoor": A pompadour was evidently another name for a pelisse, described in *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delaney* (London: Richard Bentley, 1861), 3:321, as "a long cloak made of satin or velvet, . . . lined or trimmed with silk, satin, fur . . . with slits for the arms to come out and a head like a capucin." It was named for Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV. For a capuchin, see Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, London, May 31, n. 8.
13. "turtle-water": A cosmetic wash containing powdered tortoise-shell.

Tabitha Bramble to Mrs. Gwyllim, Bath, April 26

1. "Noncompush": From L. *non compos* [*mentis*], that is, out of one's right mind.
2. "shirt off his back": A proverbial expression for giving away all of one's possessions; the expression dates back at least as far as Chaucer. *OED* cites this passage.
3. "four quarters": Presumably a quarterly return on an investment.
4. "trumps": The word appears to mean blustering, bellowing, as with sound like a trumpet (*OED*). Lewis M. Knapp emends to "frumps," meaning "sulks," in his Oxford English Novels edition of *Humphry Clinker* (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), 44, 357. See below, the textual notes, p. 461.
5. "for love nor money": A proverbial expression dating from at least the tenth century. See *OED* and *Proverbs*, 493.
6. "thunder . . . two barrels of beer": An ancient superstition still believed in some parts of Great Britain. The charm to prevent the souring, still in use, is to put a cold bar of iron across the top of the barrel. See Christine Chandler, *Every Man's Book of Superstitions* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1970), 57.
7. "purl water": A liquor made by infusing wormwood or other bitter herbs in ale or beer; taken as an appetizer (*OED*).

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, April 28

1. "our friend Ch——": Dr. Rice Charleton (1710–89), elected physician to the Bath General Hospital 2 June 1757, wrote several works on the Bath waters, including *A Chemical Analysis of Bath Waters* (Bath, 1750) and *A Treatise on the Bath Waters* (Bath, 1754).
2. "the king's-evil": Scrofula, which in England was supposed to be curable by the king's touch (*OED*).
3. "the cancer": Hard, round painful tumors (*OED*). See Dominiceti, *Medical Anecdotes*, 111–13.
4. "the *virus*": Poisonous substance produced in the body as a result of some disease (*OED*).
5. "the duke of Kingston's private Bath": Built between 1763 and 1766 on a site where recent excavation had discovered several old Roman baths, as mentioned subsequently in this same letter.
6. "mischievous to the constitution": In a letter to William Hunter dated from Bath, 2 October 1762, Smollett presents an entirely different opinion from Matt's about the Bath water: "I can feel a very sensible Effect from the waters. I have no sooner drank a large Glass of them hot from the Pump than my Face, my Hands, and Feet begin to glow. . . . I think I can plainly perceive these mineral waters opening up the obstructed Cappilaries, and restoring the Perspiration which in the Extremities had been in a great measure lost" (*Letters*, 109).

7. "London porter, and Dorchester table-beer": See Tabitha Bramble to Mrs. Gwyllim, Gloucester, April 2, n. 7. In the eighteenth century, beer made in Dorchester was considered the best in England.
8. "perry": A drink resembling cider but made from the juice of pears expressed and fermented (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Bath, April 30

1. "*chemists, fiddlers,* and *buffoons*": An allusion to Dryden's description of Zimri (George Villiers, duke of Buckingham) in *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681), lines 549–50: Zimri "in the course of one revolving Moon, / was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon."
2. "Abigail": From the name of the "waiting gentlewoman" in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Scornful Lady* (1616); possibly an allusion to the expression "thine handmaid" so frequently applied to herself by Abigail the Carmelitess in 1 Samuel 25: 24–31. *OED* cites this passage.
3. "mistook for some countess": See Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, May 8, pp. 62–64 and n. 4.
4. "mulatto heiress from St. Christopher's": The children of West Indian planters were common sights at the spas of England. The West Indian heiress was considered a desirable catch and appeared frequently in fiction and plays. (Smollett's wife, though not a mulatto, was a West Indian heiress. See Knapp, 38–41.) Beginning in the 1730s the Jamaican legislature passed a number of private acts allowing mulatto children the rights and privileges of white persons, especially the right to inherit the plantation. Saint Christopher's, better known as Saint Kitt's, was the first of the Leeward Islands in the West Indies colonized by the English (1624). See Winthrop D. Jordan, *White Over Black* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1968), 177–78. See also James Walvin, *Black and White.*
5. "tinman from the borough of Southwark": Southwark was an unfashionable London area known for its prisons, taverns, and manufactures. For details of the area, see Timbs, *Curiosities,* 739–41. A tinman was a tinsmith or dealer in tinware (*OED*).
6. "Wapping landlady": Wapping, a hamlet of Stepney, was inhabited primarily by fishermen and tradesmen serving fishermen. For details of the area, see Timbs, *Curiosities,* 815–16. The phrase "Wapping landlady" apparently came to be associated with a fat woman. The *Female Spectator* (1745) refers to a woman being "so very fat, that she might pass more for a *Wapping* Landlady than a Person of Condition." Goldsmith, in the *Bee,* no. 1 (6 October 1759), describes Mrs. Hannah Pritchard as "unwieldy with fat," "an actress that might act the Wapping Landlady without a Bolster"; see *The Works of Oliver Goldsmith,* ed. Arthur Friedman (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966), 1:362 and n. 1. As early as 1703 appeared a farce,

The Humours of Wapping, although little is known about it. In the spring of 1731 *The Sailor's Wedding; or, the Humours of Wapping* was given several performances and was revived occasionally at least over the next decade. The *London Stage* also lists *The Wapping Landlady,* a dance first performed at Covent Garden 26 April 1768. A painting, *The Wapping Landlady, and the Tars Who Are Just Come Ashore,* by Francis Hayman (1708–76), hung in one of the supper boxes in Vauxhall Gardens. There were also several engravings of the character. See James Granville Southworth, *Vauxhall Gardens: A Chapter in the Social History of England* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1941), 40; and see Sacheverell Sitwell, *Narrative Pictures: A Survey of an English Genre and its Painters* (London: B. T. Batsford, 1937), plate 40 and p. 103.

7. "Shoe-lane": An unfashionable London lane off Fleet Street. The designers of the crude woodcuts placed at the head of ballads and broadsheets worked there; the lane was also well-known for its sponging houses, where debtors were held until they either paid their debts or were put in prison for nonpayment. For details of the area, see Timbs, *Curiosities,* 349, and Cunningham, *London,* 640–41.
8. "the chancellor of England": Robert Henley, first earl of Northington (1708?–72), lord chancellor from 1761 to 1766, suffered repeatedly from the gout. He spent most of his free time at Bath, which he represented in Parliament from 1747 to 1757.
9. "a cut bob": After the 1730s, the hair of the bob wig was brushed back so that it framed the face and ended in a roll of bushy wave round the back of the neck. Such wigs were always used for informal dress and were worn by the working classes (Cunnington and Cunnington). The lord chancellor, then, was not wearing a wig connoting his station in life.
10. "the celebrated James Quin": James Quin (1693–1766) retired from the stage to Bath in 1751, living at 3a Pierrepont Street, around the corner from Matt's first lodgings on the South Parade. Quin, a great *bon vivant,* was famous for his wit and *bons mots.* Smollett satirized him as Bellower in *Roderick Random* and severely criticized his acting in *Peregrine Pickle;* see Howard S. Buck, *A Study in Smollett* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1925), 66–81. Smollett was later reconciled with Quin, and his description of the Bramble-Quin relationship at Bath may refer to his own experience when he was there in 1761 or 1765–66. A collection of *bons mots* and rather coarse humor was published in 1766 as *Quin's Jests; or, the Facetious Man's Pocket Companion.*
11. "Square-toes": From square-toed shoes, meaning an old-fashioned person with strict or narrow views on conduct (*OED*). See *The She-Gallant: or, Square Toes Outwitted* (London, 1767), reviewed in the *Critical Review* 23 (February 1767): 140–41.
12. "act the part of Falstaff": This was perhaps Quin's most famous role, one he lived off as well as on the stage.
13. "small turtle at the Bear": The Bear was one of the most fashionable inns at Bath.

Anstey's characters in *New Bath Guide* stayed there. Quin was a well-known lover of turtle, as noted by Charles Churchill, *The Times* (1764), in Churchill's *Works*, ed. Douglas Grant (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1956), lines 363–64: "The Turtle in luxurious pomp comes in / Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd and drest by QUIN." See Aline Mackenzie Taylor, "The Patrimony of James Quin: The Legend and the Facts," *Tulane Studies in English* 8 (1958): 55–106.

14. "sirreverence": Human excrement. *OED* cites this passage.
15. "nymphs of Avon-street": Avon Street in Bath "runs from . . . [King's Mead Square] Southward to the River; it . . . contains fifty-one Houses; which, from a regular and tolerable Beginning, have fallen into an Irregularity and Meanness not worth describing" (Wood, 2:336).
16. "Wiltshire's room": See Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Bath, April 26, n. 17.
17. "Billingsgate": The fish market in the City of London noted for vituperative language. See Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, May 24, n. 4.
18. "Puddle-dock": A wharf in Blackfriars, the district between Ludgate Hill and the Thames, inhabited by prostitutes and criminals.
19. "shake-bag": A cock released to fight (*OED*).
20. "main": A match fought between cocks (*OED*).
21. "*quails upon . . . porcofine*": The lines from *Hamlet* 1.5.20 are the Ghost's: "Like quills upon the fearful porpentine."
22. "game . . . Dunghill": "Game" means full of courage, possessing the spirit of the gamecock; "dunghill" means cowardly, not game (*OED*).
23. "St. Giles's parish": The village and parish of Saint Giles-in-the-Fields, on the south side of High Street, contained a large criminal element and was the site of Hogarth's *Gin Lane*. M. Dorothy George calculates that in 1750 "every fourth house at least was a gin-shop" (p. 42).
24. "mew": A coop or cage for confining fowls, especially when fattening them (*OED*).
25. "Mrs. Helen Gwynn": Eleanor "Nell" Gwynne (1650–87), famous Restoration actress and mistress of Charles II.
26. "John Dory": This was the name of a fish, presumably a comic term perhaps suggested by an old song or catch printed in 1609 that deals with the career of John Dory, captain of a French privateer. In *The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* (1755) Henry Fielding says that the John Dory "resembles a turbut in shape, but exceeds it in firmness and flavour." He then links the fish with Quin: "I was informed that Mr. Quin, whose distinguishing tooth hath been so justly celebrated, had lately visited Plymouth, and had done those honours to the dorée, which are so justly due to it from that sect of modern philosophers, who with Sir Epicure Mammon, or Sir Epicure Quin their head, seem more to delight in a fish-pond than in a garden" (*Works*, ed. W. E. Henley [London: Croscup and Sterling, 1913], 16:263). See also "On the Death of the celebrated Mr. J. Quin," *Gentleman's Magazine* 36 (January 1766) which begins: "Rejoice, *John Dory!*—he is dead, / Who upon thee so stoutly fed" (p. 34).

27. "*O tempora! O mores!*": This common Latin tag is from the second paragraph of Cicero's first oration against Catiline ("O Times! O Customs!").

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, May 5

1. "bill": A bill of exchange; that is, an order given by the writer (the "drawer") to the person addressed (the "drawee") to pay a certain sum on a given date to a third person (the "payee") named in the bill (*OED*).
2. "wheel machine": A large chair on wheels for invalids; usually called a Bath-chair (*OED*).
3. "lottery of life": This metaphor is repeated in Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Newcastle upon Tyne, July 10, p. 185. *OED* cites the second instance.
4. "General Advertiser": A newspaper founded in 1734 as the *London Daily Post and General Advertiser*; it became the *General Advertiser* ten years later, and finally in 1752 became the *Public Advertiser*. Matt uses the outdated name.

Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Bath, May 6

1. "Bath rings": Ornamented rings, manufactured in Bath and bought for souvenirs or gifts (*OED*).
2. "wonders . . . curiosity": An allusion to the Atticus passage of Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 212: "And wonder with a foolish face of praise."
3. "Dog-days": The period when either the greater Dog-star (Sirius) or the lesser Dog-star (Procyon) rises just before the sun; considered from ancient times to be the hottest and most unwholesome time of the year. Depending on the method of calculation the Dog-days fall somewhere between July 3 and August 15 (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Bath, May 6

1. "priest of Comus": Comus was the Roman god of revelry.
2. "the Three Tuns": This inn in Stall Street was frequented by Quin.
3. "left no stone unturned": A proverbial expression dating as far back as the time of Euripides. See *Proverbs*, 453, and Tilley, 634.
4. "*fidus Achates*": L. By Smollett's day, a proverbial expression meaning a faithful companion. In Virgil's *Aeneid*, Achates is the chosen companion of the hero in all kinds of adventures, and he is generally called "*fidus*," or "faithful Achates."
5. "*noli me tangere*": L. "Don't touch me"; from the Vulgate (John 20:17), where Christ tells Mary Magdalene after the Resurrection not to touch him because he has not yet ascended to the Father. The phrase came into medicinal usage

as the name for a species of ulcer or wart that was exasperated by most of the applications employed in the cure.

6. "Chowder . . . Swansey": The name of Tabby's dog is appropriate, since Newfoundland was famous for its fish stew called "chowder" (*OED*). The Welsh seaport of Swansea was described by Defoe, *Tour*, 2:317 as having "a very good Harbour . . . it stands on the River *Twye*, or Taw . . . ."
7. "the puny monarch": Derrick was called the "king of Bath." See Boswell, *Life*, 1:394 (n. 2), 455. Lydia, in her letter to Lætitia Willis, Bath, April 26, p. 38, says that "he might pass for the prince of Wales."
8. "Clerkendown": The view and fine air in the hills overlooking Bath made them popular for short excursions. The term is a corruption of Claverton Down.
9. "the red cow . . . Tom Thumb": An allusion to the old story in which Tom Thumb's mother ties him to a thistle while she milks the cow; the cow eats both the thistle and Tom Thumb. See John Ashton, *Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1882), 210. The same story was the subject of Fielding's popular farce *Tom Thumb: A Tragedy* (1730; revised as *The Tragedy of Tragedies: or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, 1731), which was repeatedly staged throughout the eighteenth century.
10. "wrong sow by the ear": A proverbial expression dating from at least as early as the sixteenth century. See *Proverbs*, 756, and Tilley, 621.
11. "a penitent sinner may be forgiven": An allusion to Luke 15:10.
12. "afraid . . . ballad or lampoon": Tabitha's fears were well founded. After Derrick's death on 28 March 1769, a compilation called *Derrick's Jests: or the Wit's Chronicle* promptly appeared. Derrick's connection with the volume is unknown, and it may have been a bookseller's attempt to capitalize on the publicity surrounding his death.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, May 8

1. "flying-machines": The name for a swift or express stage coach (*OED*).
2. "Chinese gudgeons": Chinese variety of the *gobio fluviatilis*, a small fish related to the barbel and used for bait; hence a dupe.
3. "undertaker": Most likely a contractor rather than a funeral director; the word is used with the latter, more familiar meaning in Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, May 29, p. 89.
4. "same dull figure": See *Life of Nash*, 304: "The balls . . . were to begin at six, and to end at eleven . . . . Every thing was to be performed in proper order. Each ball was to open with a minuet, danced by two persons of the highest distinction present . . . . This ceremony was to be observed by every succeeding couple, every gentleman being obliged to dance with two ladies till the minuets were over, which generally continued two hours. At eight the country-dances were to begin, ladies of quality, according to their rank, standing up first."

5. "Egyptian gale": Egypt and the Near East were thought to be the geographical origins of the plague. The source of the plague at Constantinople in 1720, for example, was traced by Dr. Emanuel Timone to Egypt. Timone's description of the plague was sent to the Royal Society in 1720 and published in its *Transactions*. See *The Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London* (London: C. and R. Baldwin, 1809), 6:450–55. See also Charles F. Mullett, *The Bubonic Plague and England* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1956), 251–65.
6. "spirit of hartshorn": Aqueous solution of ammonia (obtained from the horns of harts) used as smelling salts (*OED*). See Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 284–88, for details of the mixture and the different varieties.
7. "doctor Ch——": Rice Charleton. See Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, April 28, n. 1.
8. "impression of fetid effluvia": The air in crowded places was generally considered noxious. Sir John Pringle noted that "putrefaction of the air" was one of the main causes of sickness and was "perhaps the most fatal" but was also "the least understood" (*Observations*, 84n.).
9. "*a compound of villainous smells*": An allusion to Falstaff's line in *Merry Wives of Windsor* 3.5.91–93: "there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril."
10. "hungary-water": A distilled water made with rosemary flowers infused in purified spirit of wine and used as a perfume or cure-all (*OED*). The name is taken from a queen of Hungary for whose use it was first prepared. It was also called spirit of rosemary. See Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 386.
11. "spirit of lavender": A water made with lavender flowers and used as a perfume and rubbing lotion for "comforting the nerves"; also taken as a cordial "to the quantity of a tea spoonful." See Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 386–87.
12. "assafœtida drops": See Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Hot Well, April 18, n. 13, and Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Bath, April 26, n. 9.
13. "sal volatile": Ammonium carbonate, especially an aromatic solution of this compound used as a restorative in fainting fits (*OED*). See Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 299–300.
14. "*O Rus, quando te aspiciam!*": Incorrectly quoted from Horace *Satires* 2.6.60: "O rus, quando ego te aspiciam?" ("O countryside, when shall I behold thee?").

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Bath, May 10

1. "one Paunceford": Paunceford was evidently Alexander Campbell, a man Smollett and others had assisted, but who, after making his fortune, treated his benefactors with ingratitude. See Knapp, 290–92. For recent information about Alexander Campbell and a survey of his letters preserved at Ardchattan, see David Graham-Campbell, "The Original of Mr. Paunceford in *Humphry Clinker*," *Scottish Literary Journal* 4 (1977): 17–35.

2. "Simpson's": See Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Bath, April 26, n. 16.
3. "Mr. Serle": Presumably this is Smollett himself. There was a Mr. Serle's coffeehouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mark Akenside sent a letter to one Mr. Dyson there in April 1744. See *The Poetical Works of Akenside and Beattie*, ed. Alexander Dyce (Boston: Houghton, Osgood, 1864), 35.
4. "Stall-street": This street, located in the eastern quarter of Bath, runs by the King's and Queen's baths.
5. "Bath-rug": A large piece of woolen material used as a wrap (*OED*).

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, Bath, May 15

1. "flea in his ear": Proverbial and perhaps cant for "to suffer an unexpected rebuff."
2. "siserary": A popular corruption of *Certiorari* (*i.e.*, a writ issued by a superior court to the plaintiff who charges that he has not received justice or cannot have a fair trial in an inferior court), meaning a severe rebuke or scolding (*OED*).
3. "lite the candle at both ends": A proverbial expression dating from at least as early as the seventeenth century. See *Proverbs*, 91–92, and Tilley, 79–80.
4. "dish-clout": Standard eighteenth-century usage for "dish cloth." Pinning a dish-clout to a man or woman's tail was a punishment threatened by kitchen servants for interference with their work.
5. "cowitch": Cowitch or cowage, the stinging hairs from the pod of a tropical plant (*OED*). According to Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 210, cowitch "seems good for nothing; and is of no use but to gratify wanton people in playing tricks with it. . . . It is so pointed, as like a nettle to sting the flesh, but not with so painful a sensation; this causing only an itching; which continues so long, and at last will grow so troublesome, as to excite much pain in rubbing to allay it; so that it frequently occasions a flux of humours to the parts."
6. "I defy the devil": Quoted from *Twelfth Night* 3.4.91.
7. "*I'll watch their waters*": Proverbial and gross expression, meaning "to keep strict watch upon someone's activities."
8. "throw some of her fat into the fire": A proverbial expression dating from at least as early as Chaucer's day. See *Proverbs*, 247, and Tilley, 203.
9. "swinging": Huge, immense (*OED*).
10. "mare . . . potticary": Perhaps a historical reference, but not traced. A number of apothecaries served as mayors of Bath. Smollett may have known of two mayors who were probably apothecaries: Henry Atwood (senior), mayor in 1741, 1750, and 1758, and Samuel Bush, mayor in 1755 and 1763. Both of these men kept lodgings for those staying in Bath to take the waters, a common practice for local apothecaries.
11. "madam Betty": A female pet name or familiar name, once fashionable (as in Lady Betty), until it became popular among the lower classes (*OED*). It appears often

in literature as the name for a maid; see, for example, *Roderick Random*, chaps. 8 and 9.

12. "cruperal oaf": Corruption of "corporal oath," meaning an oath sworn when touching a sacred object, usually the Gospels (*OED*).
13. "madam Mopstick . . . merry bones": Possibly an allusion to the maid's work or to her figure, but "cry mapsticks" is apparently a vulgar, jocose perversion of "I cry you mercy." "Merry bones," or marrowbones, are the knees (*OED*).
14. "gallow manky": Calamanco, a glossy woolen material made in Flanders, woven with a satin twill and checkered in the warp so that the checks are seen on one side only (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Bath, May 17

1. "Tunbridge . . . Harrowgate": Tunbridge Wells, Kent, is a chalybeate spa (*i.e.*, its waters are impregnated with salts of iron) that enjoyed great vogue in the Restoration and early eighteenth century. Brighthelmstone is the ancient name (from the Domesday Book) of Brighton, which became celebrated for its air and its sea bathing during the middle of the eighteenth century. Frances Burney, Mrs. Thrale, and Samuel Johnson visited Brighton; George IV, when Prince of Wales, lived there in 1784. For Scarborough, see Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Scarborough, July 1; for Harrowgate (or Harrogate; sometimes phonetically Harrigate in the eighteenth century), see Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Harrigate, June 23.
2. "*morbi eruditorum*": L. Diseases of the learned.
3. "Tom Eastgate": Smollett may have taken his character's name from the medieval East Gate which stood in High Street close to Queen's College. The gate was demolished in 1771.
4. "on the foundation": On a scholarship (*OED*).
5. "gentleman-commoner": A commoner was one who paid for his board rather than being on the foundation. Gentlemen-commoners were a privileged class of undergraduates distinguished from ordinary commoners by special academic dress; they dined at separate tables, enjoyed various freedoms, and paid higher fees (*OED*).
6. "break no squares": Do no harm; make no mischief (*OED*).

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, May 19

1. "Golden-square": Smollett wrote to Dr. John Moore from London on 15 July 1765: "I live in Brewers Street by Golden Square" (*Letters*, 125). Smollett's landlady was presumably Mrs. Norton, the wife of John Norton, surgeon and inventor of Maredant's Antiscorbutic Drops. Norton had built a house on the south side

of Golden Square; see Knapp, 259. Sir Launcelot Greaves hires a house on the south side of Golden Square (see chap. 20).

2. "Mr. T——": Perhaps the painter John Taylor (1732?–1806). Some attempt has been made also to identify Mr. T—— as Thomas Gainsborough or William Taverner. See the "Correspondence" section of the *Times Literary Supplement*, 18 and 25 September 1937, where W. Roberts, L. F. Powell, and L. Rice-Oxley debate the case. For Taylor's landscape paintings, see Maurice Harold Grant, *A Chronological History of Old English Landscape Painters* (London: The Author, 1926), 1:122–23; and Arthur S. Marks, "An Eighteenth-Century American Landscape Painter Rediscovered: John Taylor of Bath," *American Art Journal* 10 (November 1978): 81–96. Smollett's promotional boost for this painter compares with similar remarks about young British artists whose works he noticed in the *Critical Review*. See Basker, 110–18, 143–46.
3. "p——ts": Parliaments. The solicitation of votes was commonplace, especially in Wales and the bordering county of Monmouthshire, where the counties and boroughs were usually dominated politically by two or three great families, each of which often presented candidates. In the boroughs the candidates had to solicit freeholders or freemen who were not of the gentry. See Namier and Brooke, *The House of Commons 1754–1790*, 1:458–69; and see Peter D. G. Thomas, "Society, Government and Politics," in *Wales in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. Donald Moore (Swansea: Christopher Davies, 1976), 23.
4. "G. H——": Presumably George Heathcote (1700–1768), sheriff, alderman, M.P., and, in 1742, lord mayor of London. In the *Continuation*, 3:441–46, Smollett apologized for misrepresenting Heathcote in his *Complete History* (4:575) and paid him eloquent tribute.
5. "exceptions . . . prove a general canon": A proverbial phrase dating from the time of Cicero. See *Proverbs*, 234.

Tabitha Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, May 19

1. "butter-milk . . . pigs": Buttermilk was often thought to be fit only for pigs.
2. "pad": A reference either to a road horse, an easy-paced horse, or a soft stuffed saddle without a tree used by country women (*OED*).
3. "rogered": Since the early eighteenth century at least, "to roger" has meant to have sexual intercourse with a woman. See Eric Partridge, *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, 7th ed. (New York: Macmillan, 1970), 1370.
4. "famous physician at the Hot Well": Unidentified; but see John Feltham, *Guide to All the Watering and Sea-Bathing Places* (London: R. Phillips, 1810), 120–21: "Dr. Keir observes, that consumptions have been stopped in their rapid career by the continued use of this water, and a strict milk diet." Perhaps the reference is to the

celebrated Dr. William Cullen (1710–90), who recommended buttermilk in his 1761 lectures at the University of Edinburgh; see *A Treatise of the Materia Medica* (New York: L. Nichols, 1802), 1:218.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, May 24

1. "Marlborough Downs": The valley of chalk uplands near the town of Marlborough in Wiltshire. Because of its situation on the road to Bath, Marlborough was a well-known coaching center. In his letter to Dr. Lewis, London, May 29, p. 89, Matt reveals that the coach had overturned between Chippenham and Marlborough. *Present State*, 3:139 describes Chippenham as "a large well built town upon the Avon, over which it has a bridge of sixteen arches." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 2:47.
2. "fairly": Completely, fully (*OED*).
3. "the sister Furies": The Roman version of the Greek Erinyes, the avenging goddesses Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megaera, whose special purpose was to punish failure in duty to parents.
4. "the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate": Smollett evidently refers to the type of the female fish-monger in Billingsgate, described by Timbs, *Curiosities*, 54, as a "scolding, impudent slut" who "wore a strong stuff gown, tucked up, and showing a large quilted petticoat; her hair, cap, and bonnet flattened into a mass by carrying a basket upon her head; her coarse, cracked cry, and brawny limbs, and red, bloated face, completing a portrait of the 'fish-fag' of other days."
5. "stayed to dine": Perhaps they dined at the Three Tuns (now the Ailesbury Arms); or at the Castle and Ball, a well-known coaching inn still in operation on the High Street, near the Market Hall. See the introduction, p. xxxix.
6. "pinking": Small, narrow; peering; blinking (*OED*).
7. "necessity has no law": A proverbial expression dating from Simonides and Plutarch. See *Proverbs*, 557, and Tilley, 493.
8. "the poors' rate": The Poor Law of 1601 (43 Eliz. I, c. 2) provided that the overseers of the poor in each parish should impose a tax on the inhabitants to furnish materials for the able-bodied to work, to provide relief for the impotent, and to supply apprenticeships for poor children.
9. "You stand convicted of . . . want": An allusion to Matthew 25:34–36.
10. "Spin-hill": Speenhill in Berkshire, near the village of Speenhamland. The Castle was the coaching inn known for its excellent accommodations. See Defoe, *Tour*, 2:59: "Part of *Newbury* is also known by the Name of *Spinham-lands*. For it arose out of the Ruins of an old Town, called *Spine*, the remains of which now join to *Newbury*, in respect to which it was called *New Borough*, and for shortness *Newbury*. It is noted, among other things, for two or three good Inns, where Travellers are well accommodated." From Marlborough to Speenhill, the travelers also

passed through Hungerford, a fishing resort that Smollett, in *Present State*, 3:155, describes as "not considerable" even though it is "situated upon a great road . . . . Its trout and cray-fish are reckoned very fine." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 2:57.

11. "a fool and his money . . . parted": A proverbial expression dating from at least as early as the sixteenth century. See *Proverbs*, 273.
12. "Salt-hill": A village on the road to Bath, two miles from Eton. The travelers perhaps dined at the Windmill, an inn known for its dinners; the inn provided post horses. See the introduction, pp. xxxvii–xl. Defoe, *Tour*, 2:67, observes that Salt-hill, like the "other towns beyond *Reading*," was noted only for "its Number of Inns, for the Accommodation of Carriers, etc." Reading was noted for its malt, meal, timber, sail-cloth, and woolen manufactures; see Defoe, *Tour*, 2:64–65, and *Present State*, 3:152. For further details of Newbury, see Defoe, *Tour*, 2:59, and *Present State*, 3:156.
13. "serve him all the days of his life": An allusion to Luke 1:75, part of the canticle "Benedictus" said at Morning Prayer. See *The Book of Common Prayer*.
14. "rowel": A circular piece of leather or other material, with a hole in the center, inserted between the flesh and the skin of a horse or other animal to cause discharge of humors (*OED*).
15. "single-stick . . . Nancy Dawson": Single-stick was a sport of fighting or fencing with one hand, using a stick fitted with a guard or basket. "Black-ey'd Susan," a popular song written by John Gay, was set to music by several composers; the most enduring setting, and the one Humphry probably knew, was that of Richard Leveridge. "Arthur O'Bradley" was a popular old ballad referred to by Ben Jonson, Thomas Dekker, and other Elizabethan dramatists. "Nancy Dawson" was a hornpipe, or dance to the accompaniment of a single instrument, usually a wind instrument; it was named after Nancy Dawson, who danced it to the tune of "Here we go round the mulberry bush" in *The Beggar's Opera* (1728). See the Everyman Library *Humphry Clinker*, ed. Lee, 345–46, and Kalman A. Burnim, " 'Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush'—with Dr. Arne and Nancy Dawson," in *Restoration and 18th Century Theatre Research* 4, no. 2 (1965): 39–48.
16. "*to dinner with what appetite you may*": An allusion to *Henry VIII* 3.2.201–4, where King Henry says to Wolsey:

> Read o'er this,
> And after, this, and then to breakfast with
> What appetite you have.

The allusion also appears in *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, chapter 12.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, May 29

1. "as the Irishman said": The Irishman is James Bramston and the remark appears in *The Art of Politicks* (London, 1729), 8:

> Where's *Troy*, and where's the *May-Pole* in the *Strand?*
> Pease, Cabbage, and Turnips once grew, where
> Now stands new *Bond-street*, and a newer Square;
> Such Piles of Buildings now rise up and down;
> *London* it self seems going out of *Town*.

The growth of London during the eighteenth century was astonishing to observers. Defoe, to be sure, had anticipated such growth in his *Tour*, 2:84–96. By the last quarter of the century Defoe's predictions had almost all been fulfilled. It is estimated that between 1700 and 1801 Westminster increased in population from 130,000 to 165,000, and the outparishes of Middlesex and Surrey from 226,900 to 379,000; the five parishes of Marylebone, Saint Pancras, Hammersmith, Kensington, and Chelsea—parishes not then counted as part of London—increased from 9,150 to 123,000. The number of houses in Chelsea rose from 350 in 1717 to 1,350 in 1795, while the number in Marylebone rose from 317 in 1723 to 577 in 1739 and to 7,764 in 1801. The population of metropolitan London increased from 575,000 in 1700 to 675,000 in 1750 and to 900,000 in 1801. See George Rudé, *Hanoverian London 1714–1808* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1976), 1–19. For further discussion, see Louis Landa, "London Observed: The Progress of a Simile," *PQ* 54 (1975): 275–88. See also M. Dorothy George, 24–25.

2. "I wonder . . . magnificence and utility": Blackfriars Bridge, designed by Robert Mylne of Edinburgh, was begun in 1760 and was opened for horse traffic in 1768 and carriage traffic in 1769; it was originally called Pitt Bridge. On Mylne's career, see A. E. Richardson, *Robert Mylne* (London: Batsford, 1955). Matt is perhaps being ironic with his comment about stumbling on such a work, for there was a competition among the London architects and a well-known controversy over the design. When Mylne's elliptical arches were adopted, his design was vigorously attacked. Samuel Johnson entered the fray against Mylne in favor of his friend John Gwynn. See Boswell, *Life*, 1:351–52. In Letter 29 of his *Travels*, Smollett observed: "I have not seen any bridge in France or Italy, comparable to that of Westminster, either in beauty, magnificence, or solidity; and when the bridge at Black-Friars is finished, it will be such a monument of architecture as all the world cannot parallel" (p. 247).

3. "bills of mortality": The records of burials and baptisms were kept and published weekly by the parish clerks for the parishes in the city of London proper ("within the walls"), the parishes outside the walls, the parishes in Middlesex and Surrey,

and the parishes in the city and liberties of Westminster. "Within the bills of mortality" thus meant within the metropolitan area of London but excluding the five parishes of Marylebone, Saint Pancras, Paddington, Kensington, and Chelsea. See M. Dorothy George, 21–28.

4. "swept all the inhabitants from the open country": For a striking parallel attack on the influx of citizens to London, see "The Present Mode of Living among the Citizens Exposed," *Gentleman's Magazine* 36 (May 1766): 219–20.
5. "*all tread upon the kibes of one another*": An allusion to *Hamlet* 5.1.139–41, where Hamlet says: ". . . the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe."
6. "hand-gallop": An easy gallop during which the horse is kept well in hand to prevent excess speed (*OED*).
7. "Ranelagh": An indoor amusement place opened in 1742, located east of Chelsea Hospital on the site of the gardens and villa belonging to the earl of Ranelagh at Chelsea. The chief activity was promenading around the circular floor of the main room, called the Rotunda, which was 185 feet in diameter and featured an orchestra playing in its center. For details, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 707–8. See also Mollie Sands, *Invitation to Ranelagh* (London: John Westhouse, 1946), and Warwick Wroth, *The London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century* (London: Macmillan, 1896), 109–218.
8. "Vauxhall": Originally called New Spring Garden because, after the Restoration, it supplanted the Spring Garden, Charing Cross (thereafter called Old Spring Garden). Vauxhall Gardens, situated on the Surrey side of the Thames at Lambeth, was a place for public entertainment, dining, and music. The name "Vauxhall" comes from Falkes or Faukes Hall, a mansion or hall built by Falkes de Breauté, lord of the manor in the early thirteenth century and captain of King John's mercenaries. For details, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 811–12, and Wroth, *London Pleasure Gardens*, 286–326.
9. "tin cascade": The "waterworks" was described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* 35 (August 1765): 354 as a "curious piece of machinery . . . representing a beautiful landscape in perspective, with a miller's house, a water-mill, and a cascade."
10. "Bedlam": Bethlehem Hospital for the insane dated from the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was founded as a priory just outside Bishopsgate. It was rebuilt in Moorfields in 1675–76, and over the entrance were placed the famous statues of Dementia and Acute Mania sculpted by Caius Gabriel Cibber (1630–1700). The hospital appears in the eighth scene of Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*. See *An Encyclopaedia of London*, ed. William Kent (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1937), "Bedlam."
11. "*sub dio*": L. A commonplace form of *sub divo*, under the open sky, in the open air (*OED*). The form is literally an error that Smollett repeats elsewhere in his works; see, for example, *Travels*, 196 (Letter 24).
12. "pot-valiant": Bold from inebriation (*OED*).

Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, London, May 31

1. "three stupendous bridges": They were London Bridge (built 1176–1209), Westminster Bridge (built 1739–50), and Blackfriars Bridge (see Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, May 29, n. 2).
2. "work of the giants": The Giants of Greek mythology, a wild and huge race who were kinsmen of the gods, hurled rocks and trunks of trees against heaven. They were destroyed by Heracles.
3. "the Persian Tales": The *Contes persans* of Pétis de la Croix were translated by Ambrose Philips in 1709.
4. "the famous Tenducci": Giusto Ferdinando Tenducci (c. 1736–c. 1800), an Italian castrato who lived most of his life in England; he sang in major operas and concerts and composed music, including "Ranelagh Songs." Smollett and Tenducci were in the King's Bench Prison at the same time. See Chambers, *Smollett,* 115. Smollett may have written a short lyric poem, "On Signor Tenducci's Singing *Jubal's Lyre,*" signed "By a Prisoner in the King's Bench." The poem was published in the *British Magazine* 2 (January 1761): 48; see Basker, 286. For the King's Bench Prison, see Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, n. 9.
5. "picturesque": When applied to literary style, picturesque meant vivid or graphic (see Matt's usage of the term in his letter to Dr. Lewis, Cameron, August 28, p. 241); when applied to scenes in nature or to scenes in human life, especially with comic or tragic overtones, the term meant suitable for pictorial representation (see Jery's usage in his letters to Watkin Phillips, London, June 11, p. 147, and November 8, p. 331). Painters like Raphael, Claude Lorrain, Poussin, and Hogarth might often be invoked. Through constant usage the term gradually became divorced from its strict association with painting and could be used to mean simply striking. This last meaning is evidently intended by Lydia. See Walter Hipple, *The Beautiful, the Sublime, and the Picturesque* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1957).
6. "the celebrated Mrs. ——": David Herbert suggests Kitty Clive (1711–85), comic actress and singer under Garrick at Drury Lane, but this identification seems unlikely. Gassman suggests other possibilities: Cecilia Young Arne (c. 1711–89), who sang at Vauxhall (though not after 1755) and was the wife of the composer Thomas Arne; Isabella Vincent (1735?–1802), who became one of the most popular vocalists at Vauxhall after her "discovery" and presentation by the proprietor in 1751; or Mrs. Weichsell, a popular ballad singer who first appeared at Vauxhall in 1766 and is shown in a famous Rowlandson drawing entertaining Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, and Mrs. Thrale there. None of these identifications, however, has been confirmed. See Gassman, 370–71, and John Riely, *Rowlandson's Drawings from the Paul Mellon Collection* (New Haven: Yale Center for British Art, 1977), 4–6, plate 1.
7. "scratch periwig": Popular after 1740, the scratch wig was of minimum size and was thus convenient for sport riding or business (Cunnington and Cunnington).

8. "capuchin": A cloak and hood made in imitation of the garment worn by capuchin friars (*OED*).
9. "Mrs. Cornelys' assembly": Theresa Imer (1723–97), a Venetian assuming the name of Cornelys, organized subscription balls, concerts, masquerades, and the like at Carlisle House, Soho Square. She died impoverished in the Fleet Prison. For Smollett's description of this famous prison, see *Peregrine Pickle*, chapters 105 through 112.
10. "rumpt gown": A gown with a bustle or false rump (*OED*).
11. "lappet-head": A head-dress with streamers attached (*OED*).
12. "lady Griskin": Her name means the lean part of the loin of a bacon pig or of beef (*OED*).
13. "rout": From Fr. *raout*, a fashionable gathering, evening party, or reception (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 2

1. "k—— or m——": King or minister. In this letter and in Jery's subsequent letter, London, June 5, Smollett seems to be conflating various political events that occurred at different times and representing them as simultaneous; exact identifications are therefore difficult.
2. "*deliciæ humani generis*": Suetonius's description of Titus in *De Vita Caesarum* is: "Titus . . . amor ac deliciæ generis humani" ("Titus . . . the darling and delight of the human race").
3. "Augustus . . . Marcus Aurelius, in philosophy": The virtues cited were traditionally ascribed to these Roman emperors. Augustus is Octavius Caesar Augustus (63 B.C.–A.D. 14), heir of Julius Caesar and noted as a liberal patron of Virgil and Horace. Titus Flavius Vespasianus (A.D. 9–79), Roman emperor from A.D. 69, was noted as a wise ruler who repaired the ravages of civil war, restored the Capitol, built the Temple of Peace, and began the Amphitheater (later called the Colosseum). Marcus Ulpius Nerva Trajanus (A.D. 52–117), emperor of Rome from A.D. 98, was noted as an emperor of moderation, sound judgment, and simple life. And Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (A.D. 121–180), emperor of Rome from A.D. 161, was noted as a Stoic philosopher.
4. "the duke of C——. . . Christendom": William Augustus, duke of Cumberland (1721–65), second surviving son of George II, crushed the Jacobite uprising at Culloden in 1746, and for his harsh treatment of the Scots he earned the title "the butcher." Smollett's poem *The Tears of Scotland* (1746) memorializes the Scottish defeat and Cumberland's atrocities. Cumberland, having disgraced himself at Klosterseven in 1757, quitted his military career and lived in relative obscurity until the opposition began to make use of him after the resignations of Pitt and Newcastle early in the decade of the 1760s. See *Atom*, vol. 1, n. 575, and vol. 2, n. 315.

5. "royal nephews": George III's younger brothers were Edward Augustus (1739–67), William Henry (1743–1805), Henry Frederick (1745–90), and Frederick William (1750–65).
6. "the queen": Charlotte Sophia (1744–1818).
7. "the favourite *yearl*": John Stuart, third earl of Bute (1713–92), favorite of George III but unpopular generally, resigned his position as first lord of the treasury on 8 April 1763, just two months after securing the Peace of Paris ending the Seven Years' War. Smollett edited the *Briton* (29 May 1762–12 February 1763), a ministerial paper, during Bute's administration. Following Bute's resignation, George Grenville (1712–70) was asked to form a new administration, which lasted until July 1765 when it was succeeded by the administration of the marquess of Rockingham (1730–82). For Smollett's relationship to the *Briton*, see Byron Gassman, "The *Briton* and *Humphry Clinker*," *Studies in English Literature* 3 (1963): 397–414. For details of Bute's relationship to George III, see James Lee McKelvey, *George III and Lord Bute* (Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1973).
8. "*shorn of his beams*": An allusion to *Paradise Lost* 1.594–96: "As when the Sun new ris'n / Looks through the Horizontal misty Air / Shorn of his beams."
9. "the grand pensionary": William Pitt (1708–78), the "Great Commoner," accepted a pension of £3,000 a year when he resigned from Bute's cabinet in 1761. He became the first earl of Chatham in 1766, also accepting a title for his wife, who became Baroness Chatham in her own right while his son became Baron Chatham. The arrangement allowed Pitt to remain in the Commons. In the same year he returned to office as lord privy seal after the failure of the Rockingham government. For the Rockingham administration, see P. Langford, *The First Rockingham Administration 1765–1766* (London: Oxford University Press, 1973). For Chatham's return to the administration, see John Brooke, *The Chatham Administration 1766–1768* (London: Macmillan, 1956). "Grand Pensionary" was the title given the first minister and magistrate of the state or province of Holland and Zealand in the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands (1619–1794). According to the *OED* this is the first instance of the title's use in print as a satirical nickname. Jery's subsequent reference to Pitt's "great eccentricity" recalls his long bout of madness or acute depression in 1767–68; see *Atom*, vol. 2, n. 446.
10. "those two satellites": The first, Gassman suggests (117–19, 373), is probably John Wilkes (1727–97), celebrated for his attack on the king in the *North Briton*, no. 45 (23 April 1763), and editor of the *North Briton* (5 June 1761–28 May 1763) in opposition to Smollett's paper. The second is probably Richard Grenville-Temple, Earl Temple (1711–79), Pitt's brother-in-law. On the *North Briton*, see George Nobbe, *The North Briton: A Study in Political Propaganda* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1939). For details of Wilkes's career, see George Rudé, *Wilkes and Liberty* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1962). Wilkes was patronized by Temple, who served in various administrative posts. For details of Temple's career, see J. Steven Watson, *The Reign of George III* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1960), 69–145

passim. For recent evidence suggesting that the "two satellites" are John Wilkes and Earl Temple, see Sekora, "Some Political Figures in *Humphry Clinker*," 272.

11. "ad—n": Administration.
12. "lord —": Not identified.
13. "happy genius": Perhaps a reference to Temple; or to Sir William Petty, second earl of Shelburne and first marquess of Lansdowne (1737–1805). Lord Shelburne took his seat in the House of Lords in 1761, at the age of twenty-four, and immediately joined Bute's cabinet. He acted as intermediary between Henry Fox (1705–74) and Bute; for the misunderstanding he created (that Fox, if he became a peer, would resign both his place in the Commons and his office as paymaster), as well as for his rapid rise under Bute, Shelburne earned the ironic reputation of being "that genius." See Watson, *The Reign of George III*, 95.
14. "lord —": Possibly a reference to Chatham.
15. "*lick up every knave and blockhead in his way*": An allusion to Pope's *Dunciad* B, 3.296: Cibber's dulness "shall never stray, / But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way."
16. "the old duke of N—": Thomas Pelham-Holles, duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and of Newcastle-under-Lyme (1693–1768), was in the cabinet nearly every year from 1724 to 1766. When he resigned from Bute's cabinet on 26 May 1762, many of his former supporters deserted to the side of Bute's administration. Smollett here reflects the general opinion that Newcastle was a ridiculous man—vain, pompous, and ignorant of common things, such as that Cape Breton was an island, as related in Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 5, p. 108. See the *Auditor*, no. 23 (25 November 1762) as reprinted in *Political Controversy: or, a Weekly Magazine of Ministerial and Anti-ministerial Essays* (London, 1762), 2:235–36. For details of Newcastle's career, see Reed Browning, *The Duke of Newcastle* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1975).
17. "My dear friend, Mr. A—": Possibly a reference to John Almon (1737–1805), bookseller, journalist, friend of John Wilkes, and the first publisher of Smollett's *History and Adventures of an Atom* in the late autumn of 1768 (dated 1769; this edition was withdrawn after only a few weeks). Almon was patronized by Earl Temple and other members of the opposition to the Bute administration. For recent evidence suggesting that Mr. A— is John Almon, see John Sekora, "Some Political Figures in *Humphry Clinker*," 271. If the reference is to Almon, it is not clear why Newcastle thinks he has been abroad.
18. "king of Prussia": Frederick II (1712–86), called Frederick the Great.
19. "Dymkymraig": A fictitious name (in modern Welsh, "dim Cymraeg") meaning "no Welsh," or "I can't speak Welsh"; similar to the Gaelic phrase "hu niel Sassenach" (in modern Gaelic, "chan eil"), meaning "no English," used in Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Argyleshire, September 3, p. 233. The fact that Matt is a member of Parliament from Wales and hopes to procure Jery a Welsh seat (Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Harrigate, June 26, p. 163) indicates that he is not just a prosperous county justice of the peace but is among the wealthiest and

most influential Welshmen of his day, belonging to one of the thirty or forty leading families of Wales that controlled parliamentary representation. His income would be in the range of £3,000 to £5,000. See Peter D. G. Thomas, "Society, Government and Politics," 19.

20. "Lincoln's-inn-fields": Newcastle lived at Powis House, nos. 66–67.
21. "a first-mover": A reference to Sir Robert Walpole, first earl of Orford (1676–1745), who controlled the government from 1721 to 1742 and was charged in Parliament with making himself "sole and prime minister." Newcastle was Walpole's secretary of state from 1724 to 1742.
22. "venal drudge": Newcastle spent his own money lavishly, but seldom or never bribed with public funds. He was an indefatigable worker for Walpole. See Ray A. Kelch, *Newcastle: A Duke Without Money* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974).
23. "president of the council . . . treasury": The office of first lord of the treasury, from the eighteenth century to the present, has usually (though not always) been held by the most powerful figure in the ministry (eventually known as "prime minister"). Newcastle was first lord from 1754 to 1756 and again from 1757 to 1762, though for much of that time he shared the leadership of the ministry with Pitt. Smollett is mistaken in giving him the post of (lord) president of the (privy) council; Newcastle never held this office, although at the presumed time of this letter, 1766, he was lord privy seal in the Rockingham ministry. Both of the latter offices were largely honorary, without departmental responsibilities, although Chatham was presently to succeed Newcastle as lord privy seal and to combine the office with that of "prime minister."
24. "*own withers . . . unwrung*": An allusion to *Hamlet* 3.2.242–43, where Hamlet says: ". . . let the galled jade winch, our withers are unwrung."
25. "no distinction of persons": An allusion to Colossians 3:25.
26. "*bon ton*": Polite or fashionable society (*OED*).
27. "*timeo Danaos et Dona ferentes*": Quoted from Virgil *Aeneid* 2.49: "I fear the Greeks even when bearing gifts" (in reference to the wooden horse).

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, June 2

1. "a private man": Sir Hans Sloane (1660–1753), a physician, was a great collector of books, manuscripts, and natural history. He succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as president of the Royal Society (1727), and on 20 July 1749 he willed his whole collection to the nation on the condition that £20,000 would be paid his family. In June 1753 Parliament passed an act accepting the collection and appointing trustees to manage it, thus founding the British Museum, which opened in 1759.
2. "series of medals": The nucleus of the British Museum holdings was Sir Hans Sloane's collection of coins and medals.
3. "*in terrorem*": L. For the purpose of terrifying or frightening.

4. “duty upon stamps and advertisements”: The first stamp tax (10 Anne, c. 18) in 1712 taxed newspapers, pamphlets, advertisements, and paper, and was designed primarily to control and regulate the press. Although the tax was revised during the eighteenth century in 1724, 1757, 1773, 1776, and 1789, it was more successful at raising revenue than in controlling “licentious, schismatical and scandalous” publications. See Frederick Seaton Siebert, *Freedom of the Press in England 1476–1776* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1952), 305–22.
5. “at Dettingen . . . periodical paper”: The Royal Horse Guards (“Blues”) were driven back by the French cavalry at Dettingen (June 1743) during the War of the Austrian Succession, but the united British and Hanoverian troops, led in person by George II, finally won the battle. The captain and the governor have not been identified. In his final note to *Advice* Smollett castigates a Hanoverian general for his actions at Dettingen. Roderick Random participates in the battle in chapter 44.
6. “Lugano, a town of the Grisons”: Lugano was not part of the Grisons, a region (now a canton) of eastern Switzerland. The city was taken from the duke of Milan by the Swiss Confederation in 1512 and was the capital of the southern Swiss canton of Lugano.
7. “morals, health, and industry of the people”: In 1736 the “Gin Act” (9 Geo. II, c. 23) placed a duty on liquor. In 1743 the process of repealing and replacing this act was opposed by (among others) Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London, whose position was similar to that taken here by Matt; see Edward Carpenter, *Thomas Sherlock, 1678–1761* (London: Society for the Preservation of Christian Knowledge, 1936), 278–80. Samuel Johnson gives an account of the parliamentary proceedings in “Debates in the Senate of Lilliput” in the *Gentleman's Magazine* from November 1743 through February 1744. See especially the speech written by Johnson for Sherlock in the supplement to volume 13 (1743), pages 676–77. The effects of spirit-drinking and the attempts to control it are described by M. Dorothy George, 27–42.
8. “*ipse dixit* of this new Pythagoras”: The phrase *ipse dixit*, used of Pythagoras by the Pythagoreans, means a dogmatic assertion made on the unsupported authority of the speaker; see Cicero *De Natura Deorum* 1.5.10. The author alluded to may be John Shebbeare (1709–88), a political pamphleteer and novelist with whom Smollett had quarreled during his *Critical Review* days and whom Smollett supposedly caricatured as Ferret in *Sir Launcelot Greaves*. See James R. Foster, “Smollett's Pamphleteering Foe Shebbeare,” *PMLA* 57 (1942): 1053–1100; and see Gassman, 37–39.
9. “rival bard”: Perhaps a reference to Charles Churchill (1731–64), poet and political ally of John Wilkes. Churchill assisted Wilkes on the *North Briton;* he attacked Smollett in *The Apology Addressed to the Critical Reviewers* (1761), caricatured Samuel Johnson in *The Ghost* (1762–63), and satirized the Scots in his *Prophecy of Famine* (1763). See Gassman, 39–43. Smollett had probably satirized Churchill earlier as

the drunken, belligerent poet Dick Distich in *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, chapters 23 and 24.

10. "Aristarchus": Presumably the celebrated Greek grammarian and critic Aristarchus (c. 180–c. 145 B.C.) of Samothrace, who was praised by Horace in *Epistles* 2.3.450 (*Ars Poetica*). The phrase "angel of dullness" suggests that Smollett may be alluding to Pope's ironic attack on Richard Bentley as Aristarchus in book 4 of the *Dunciad*.
11. "myrmidons": Unscrupulously faithful followers or hirelings; base attendants (*OED*). See also Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 11, n. 13.
12. "*difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti*": From Horace *Ars Poetica* 1.173: a peevish, querulous praiser of former times.
13. " 'change": The Royal Exchange, rebuilt after the Great Fire of 1666, was an imposing building whose upper galleries after 1739 housed insurance companies, law offices, and Lloyd's Coffee House. For details of the Exchange, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 322–25.
14. "does nothing . . . Malvolio in the play": In *Twelfth Night* 3.4.11, Maria says of Malvolio: "he does nothing but smile."

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, London, June 3

1. "in a huff": Proverbial for "angry."
2. "nose . . . grine-stone": A variant of the proverbial "To hold (keep, bring, put) one's nose to the grindstone." See *Proverbs*, 578, and Tilley, 501.
3. "crumlecks": Welsh word (*cromlechs*) for a "circle of standing stones."
4. "hillyfents . . . pye-bald ass": Queen Charlotte owned the elephants and the "pye-bald ass," a female zebra. These animals grazed in Saint James's Park and were the objects of much public curiosity and satire. See Austin Dobson, "The Topography of 'Humphry Clinker,' " in *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, 2d ser. (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1895), 138–67.
5. "crowns and wild beastis": Lions as well as the crown jewels were kept in the Tower of London, where they attracted much attention.
6. "play the dickens": The earliest recorded use of this now proverbial phrase.
7. "*Thou shalt not . . . neighbour*": Exodus 20:16.
8. "Sadler's-wells": A music house opened by Thomas Sadler in Islington in 1683 and associated with the spa called Islington Wells. In the 1760s, Sadler's Wells was a place where rope dancers, wire rope walkers, tumblers, and the like entertained.
9. "in the varsal world": Variant of the proverbial phrase "in the universal (whole) world."
10. "cheese-toaster": A fork for toasting cheese; used humorously in reference to a sword (*OED*).
11. "glory that shall be revealed hereafter": An allusion to Romans 8:18.

12. “puffed up with vanity”: Colossians 2:18: “vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind.”
13. “vanity and vexation of spirit”: Quoted from Ecclesiastes 1:14.
14. “the Tabernacle”: Presumably the church erected in 1741 for George Whitefield in Moorfields, approximately a mile north of the Tower; the original church was replaced by a large brick building in 1753. The reference may be to the chapel opened in 1756 on the west side of Tottenham Court Road in the more fashionable West End; known as The Tottenham Court Road Chapel, this building was enlarged in 1759.
15. “the A B C in gingerbread”: A plain cake, compounded with treacle, highly flavored with ginger, and cut into shapes of men, animals, letters of the alphabet, and so on, which were often gilded (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 5

1. “no more than one gown and cassock”: Newcastle had created twenty-six bishops; of these only one, Cornwallis of Lichfield, came to the last levee he gave before his retirement in 1762. See *Atom*, vol. 2, n. 314. Smollett may be recalling an anonymous poem entitled “The Levee: A Poem Occasion’d by the Number of Clergy at the Duke of Ne—le’s last Levee” (London, 1756). See Paul-Gabriel Boucé, “The Duke of Newcastle’s Levee in Smollett’s *Humphry Clinker*,” *Yearbook of English Studies* 5 (1975): 137–41. Smollett’s satirical attitude towards levees echoes that of Andrew Cochrane, writing to his wife from London in 1749: “Levees of all kinds are the greatest farce in nature. The king stops about five minutes; some are introduced to kiss his hands; others give petitions; he speaks a little to some great lord; all bow, fawn and cringe; then off goes Majesty . . . . The Minister’s levee is the greatest and throngest of all; stars of all kinds, Generals, Admirals, Bishops, and the Lord knows who, bowing low; he smiling and going round the whole company distributing his nothings” (*The Cochrane Correspondence Regarding the Affairs of Glasgow* [Glasgow: Maitland Club, 1836], 127).
2. “captain C——”: Unidentified and perhaps fictitious.
3. “duke of Ormond”: James Butler, second duke of Ormond (1665–1745), was exiled in 1715 because of his role in the Jacobite Rebellion of that year.
4. “Since Granville was turned out”: The reference is to John Carteret, first earl of Granville (1690–1763). Dismissed as secretary of state in 1744 as a result of maneuverings by Newcastle and his brother Henry Pelham, he remained a trusted advisor to George II; see *Atom*, vol. 1, n. 287. Granville again took office (as lord president of the council) in 1751 and remained a minister until his death in 1763.
5. “horse-tail”: In Turkey the horse-tail was an ensign denoting the rank of a pasha (*OED*).
6. “My dear sir Francis . . . excellency”: Perhaps a reference to Sir Francis Barnard (1711?–79), who was transferred from the governorship of New Jersey to that

of Massachusetts Bay in 1760. A scatological joke is embedded in this passage. Stewed prunes were commonly used as a laxative; in the *Atom*, Smollett had depicted Newcastle as having difficulty with control of his bowels. Prunes were also considered a prophylactic against syphilis, and they were served in brothels.

7. "Our good friends . . . Kickshaws": The Iroquois Confederation had been composed of six nations since about 1715, when the Tuscaroras were added to the Seneca, Mohawk, Cayuga, Oneida, and Onondaga nations. Perhaps the Tory-rories are the Tuscaroras, the Maccolmacks the Mohawks or the Micmacs, the Out-o'the-ways the Ottowas, the Crickets the Creeks, and the Kickshaws the Chickashaws. Cadwallader Colden (1688–1776), in *The History of the Five Nations* (1727; 3d ed., London, 1755), provided a thorough account of the Five Nations, the addition of the sixth Nation, and the British-French dealings with the Indians in general. For a discussion of Smollett's use of Indian materials in *Humphry Clinker*, see Thomas R. Preston, "Smollett Among the Indians," *PQ* 61 (1982): 231–41. "Tory-rory" originally meant "a state of hurry or excitement," but after 1680 the expression was abusively associated with Tory and used to mean "roaring, uproarious, roistering, boisterous" or "ruffianly" (*OED*). For "kickshaw" see also Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, September 30, n. 10.
8. "stinkubus, and wampum": Stinkibus, slang from "stink" plus the Latin "-ibus" ending, meant bad liquor, especially adulterated spirits (*OED*). *Wampum*, according to Colden, *History*, 1:3–4n., "is the Current Money among the Indians: It is of two Sorts, White and Purple: the White is worked out of the Inside of the great Conques [Conchs] into the Form of a Bead, and perforated, to string on Leather; the Purple is worked out of the Inside of the Muscle Shell; they are wove as broad as one's Hand, and about two Feet long; these they call Belts . . . ."
9. "scour the kettle . . . hatchet": Newcastle transposes the verbs in the traditional Indian metaphors. He evidently means boil the kettle, an expression for being in a state of peace; scour, polish, or brighten the chain, an expression for renewing the covenants or treaties made with the English; plant the tree, an expression for making peace; and bury the hatchet, an expression for ending war. See John Oldmixon, *The British Empire in America* (London, 1741), 1:247; Colden, *History*, vol. 1; and "Speeches of the Indian Chiefs," *Gentleman's Magazine* 25 (June 1755): 252–56.
10. "My dear Mr. Milfordhaven": Smollett is having further fun at the expense of the duke of Newcastle. Milford Haven is actually a town in Pembrokeshire, Wales. Smollett wrote of the town in *Present State*, 3:377: "Milford-haven is one of the finest harbours in Europe, and the best in the three kingdoms." Haverford West is seven miles north-northeast of Milford Haven in Pembrokeshire. The local seat in Parliament was held for fifty-two years (beginning in 1747) by William Edwardes (c. 1712–1801) of Johnston, for whom not a single speech is recorded and who, after 1760, is not known to have voted against any government. In 1761 Newcastle, who regarded himself as an ardent Whig, treated Edwardes as one of

the Henry Fox group but then wrote him off as "contra" in November 1762. See Namier and Brooke, *The House of Commons 1754–1784*, 2:382.

11. "C— T—": Charles Townshend (1725–67) was secretary of war (1761–62), paymaster general (1765), and chancellor of the exchequer (1766–67). He was generally described by his contemporaries as a brilliant but inconsistent and unreliable man. For details of his career, see Sir Lewis Namier and John Brooke, *Charles Townshend* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1964).
12. "the great political bully": William Pitt was notorious for his tyrannical attitude toward fellow ministers as well as for his hold over Parliament, especially during the administrations of 1757–61.
13. "to give the devil his due": A proverb used by Smollett as early as *Peregrine Pickle* (chapter 17). See *Proverbs*, 304, and Tilley, 153.
14. "preaching to the desert": Presumably an allusion to the familiar biblical image of the voice crying in the wilderness first used in Isaiah 40:3 and repeated in Matthew 3:3, Mark 1:3, Luke 3:4, and John 1:23.
15. "Spring-garden": A pleasure area near Whitehall and Charing Cross on the northwestern verge of Saint James's Park. For details, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 745–46. The name, according to Timbs, was derived from a "water-spring or fountain, set playing by the spectator treading upon its hidden machinery." Vauxhall Gardens replaced the Spring Garden as a favorite place of recreation for Londoners, and the area after 1661 contained houses, taverns, and ordinaries.
16. "to say black is the white of my eye": To find fault. This proverbial expression dates from the fifteenth century; see *Proverbs*, 64, and Tilley, 196.
17. "Society for the Encouragement of the Arts": The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, founded in 1754, was the predecessor of the Royal Society of Arts. Smollett praises the society highly in his *Continuation*, 5:434–36.
18. "Little Theatre in the Hay-market": Originally called the "Little Theatre" to distinguish it from the Haymarket Opera House or King's Theatre; made a Royal theater in 1767. Fielding produced many of his plays there, and the theater gained some importance after him under its managers Samuel Foote and George Colman the elder.
19. "ridotto . . . Rotherhithe": A ridotto was an entertainment of music and dancing attended by the fashionable, while a hop was an informal, unceremonious dancing party characteristic of Rotherhithe, a seaman's district (*OED*). For details of Rotherhithe, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 718–19.
20. "Dick Ivy": Unidentified and perhaps fictitious.
21. "Petty France": Spitalfields (so called from the Priory and Hospital of Saint Mary Spittle) was the area of London settled by French immigrants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. The French set up silk manufacturing in Spitalfields, which then became the center of silk weaving in London. For details of the area, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 743–45, and M. Dorothy George, 177–96.
22. "natural transition to the Fleet": The Fleet Prison stood on Fleet Lane at the

bottom of Ludgate Hill. The criminal district of Blackfriars extended from Ludgate Hill to the Thames, hence the reference to a "natural transition" to the Fleet Prison. For details of the Fleet area, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 344–53.

23. "Disputer and Ruddiman": Authors of popular Latin grammars. The Flemish Disputer, or Johannes Despauterius (c. 1460–c. 1520), was known for his *Commentarii Grammatici*. Thomas Ruddiman (1674–1757), an eminent Scottish grammarian and critic, published a common school text, *Rudiments of the Latin Tongue* (1714).

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, June 8

1. "fable of the monkey and the pig": Matt refers to a fable or jest, which must have been familiar to eighteenth-century readers. A search of dozens of jestbooks has discovered the fable as early as 1643 in *Le Facecieux Reveille-Matin* and as late as 1722 in *Nouveau Contes à Rire, et Avantures Plaisantes ou Recreations Françoises*. Undoubtedly it appeared in French jestbooks later in the century. No English version published before Smollett's death has been discovered, but an English translation, with an Italian translation on the facing page, appeared in 1779 in Evangelista Palermo's *The Amusing Practice of the Italian Language*. Palermo's English translation is given here with a few revisions and corrections.

> It is customary for monkeys to imitate in many respects the actions of men. A gentleman of the city of Marseilles happened to buy one, on purpose to please his children, which played the most comical tricks in the world. Among others, having observed one day how the servant-maid gave the pap to a small child, it resolved to do the same. One Sunday, while all of the family were gone to church to perform their devotions, the maid having left the pipkin full of pap by the fireside, the monkey took it up, and having a mind to feed the child, daubed his face all over with the pap, so that his eyes could not be distinguished from his nose; it then took his clothes, thinking to dress him as well as the maid; but did it quite the reverse, putting the child's feet into the sleeves of his frock, and his arms into the stockings; so that it was very droll to see the poor child dressed in this manner. In the interim he roared out as loud as he could, which obliged the monkey to leave him in that plight.
>
> The maid being returned from church, and finding him in such condition, he made still a greater noise. However, having somewhat quieted him, she asked who had dressed him in such a manner. The child, being scarce three years old, answered in his language, that it was the frightful monk, for they had always spoke of it by this name, on purpose to frighten and intimidate him.
>
> At last his parents came home, who likewise found him in the same pickle

as the maid did at first, which made them as much amazed as if he had fallen from the clouds.

Nevertheless the father, more judicious than the mother, immediately thought that the monkey had performed this fine work, which incited him to laughter: but the mother, who was very angry, foreseeing some greater mischief that this malicious animal might do another time to her children, wanted to have it killed that moment.

But this is not to be compared to what this animal did afterwards, as you shall hear by the sequel of the story.

It happened one day that, while all the family were gone to take a walk, the monkey contrived how he might get loose and shave the cat, after the manner of the barber, who used to come to shave the master of the house. To effect this, he tied the paws of the cat to the arm of a chair, with the small fillets of the child's cradle; he afterwards brought an old dish-clout from the kitchen, and tied it about her neck: then taking a plate that he found full of a black stuff, with which the maid used to black the shoes, and having mixed a little water with it, came and washed Mrs. Puss's face, who sung some outrageous tunes; and so well was it washed with blacking, that one could see nothing but the circumference of the eyes. After having done this, he cut the cat's whiskers with a pair of scissors which he found on the table, and then made a thousand skips and gambols about the chamber, turning everything topsy-turvy.

During these tricks, the gentleman and all his retinue came home, who seeing the cat so well trimmed, laughed almost to split his sides; and not being satisfied to have his pleasures alone, sent for all of his neighbors to come and see the works of his monkey, who laughed as much as himself. The gentleman, nevertheless, fearing that this creature would do greater mischiefs in the house during his absence, sent it for some time to one of his farmers, who had no children, desiring him to take particular care of it. The farmer had not had it a month, before it did him more damage than the amount of fifty crowns; sometimes tearing up all the peas and beans in the garden; sometimes catching hold of the fowls, and picking them alive; and sometimes climbing up the trees, eating and destroying the fruit: it likewise amused itself with breaking the earthen pots, or uncovering the top of the house. In short, there was no kind of mischief that it did not put in execution.

The farmer, being at last quite sick of keeping it, came to town on a market-day with his cart, on which he put a great fat hog and a barrel of wine to sell, and at the same time took the opportunity of returning the monkey to his master. This mischievous animal, being near the hog, was continually provoking and teasing it with his fingers under the tail: observing likewise, that it let such wonderful poops as the cart went along, he made a cork of hay to stop it behind; but this not being sufficient to hinder it from pooping, he pulled the bung out of the barrel of wine to stop up the place, which that disagreeable noise came from.

The wine in the meantime ran all about, without being perceived by the farmer; but when he arrived at the city, he found the barrel quite empty, so that he did not know what to do, never supposing that the monkey had played him such a trick. However, as soon as he sold the hog, he found the bung, which was still where the monkey had thrust it in. This put the farmer in such a rage, that had it not been out of respect to his master, whom he did not choose to disoblige, he would have directly killed the monkey. After having finished his market, the farmer did not fail to go to the gentleman's house on purpose to return his beast, and begged to be excused from keeping it any longer, on account of the mischievous tricks which it continually played him.

The gentleman, being sorry to understand his monkey was so vicious, determined to get rid of it at any rate. He then ordered it to be immediately fastened in his own chamber with an iron chain, to hinder it from doing any farther mischief. It happened some time after, that the gentleman fell ill of a windy cholic, which was very painful; he therefore, desiring to be quickly cured, sent directly for a physician, who gave a prescription, ordering the apothecary to carry it to him the next morning, which he did; but finding the gentleman in a profound sleep, durst not awake him, but left the medicine in a silver cup on the table, and told the valet to give it to him as soon as he awaked.

The monkey having got loose, jumped directly on the table, and finding the medicine very sweet, swallowed it without any difficulty. I believe there was no occasion for herb-broth to incite him to go to the close-stool; for in an hour after, you might have seen the monkey both besmearing everything and vomiting through the whole chamber: in short, it was excellent diversion to see him running here and there, overturning the chairs and stools.

The gentleman, hearing a great noise, immediately awoke, and seeing the postures and extraordinary gestures of the monkey, whose grinning made him chatter with his teeth like the keys of a spinnet, laughed so heartily, that he was quite well the next day. This was soon known through the whole city, and everybody laughed at it too.

A general, who happened to be then at Marseilles, hearing of the pleasant tricks of this monkey, bought it of the gentleman, but he did not keep it long; for as this monkey had seen the cannons fired at the entrance of the Duke of Guise, it got loose one day, and with a fire-brand ran upon the walls of the city, where finding a large battering cannon, set fire to it immediately; and while the priming was catching, the monkey ran quickly to the mouth of the cannon to see what would come out of it, but it went off, and the ball carried the monkey so far, that it was never known what became of it.

2. "*ben trovata*": It. A happy invention; well said. (The correct Italian spelling is *trovato*).
3. "may have his degree in his pocket": Unlike physicians and surgeons, apothecaries did not take university degrees but received licenses after their apprenticeships were completed. Enterprising apothecaries often saw the license as the first step to a degree, which they later took at such universities as Edinburgh or Leyden. The degree for physicians required a thesis written in Latin, while the degree for surgeons required only an English thesis. See Sir D'Arcy Power, "Medicine," in *Johnson's England*, ed. A. S. Turberville (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1933), 2:270–73.
4. "*in utrumque paratus*": From *Aeneid* 2.61, meaning "prepared for either venture."
5. "*busy haunts of men*": Possibly an allusion to *Romeo and Juliet* 3.1.53, where Benvolio says: "We talk here in the public haunt of men"; or to Milton, *L'Allegro*, lines 118–19: "Tow'red cities please us then, / and the busy hum of men."
6. "my town grievances": Matt's general attack on London food in subsequent passages of this letter contradicts Smollett's description in *Present State*, 2:220. See Martz, 128–29.
7. "the refuse fattens my pigs": See Tabitha Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Bath, May 19, p. 75 and n. 1.
8. "cat": A cat o'nine tails (*OED*).
9. "sea-coal": Coal, so called not because found in the sea, but because brought to London by sea; pitcoal (Johnson, *Dictionary*, 1755).
10. "open aqueduct": The open aqueduct was the artificial "New River" built in 1609–13 by Sir Hugh Myddleton to supply London with water from the Chadwell Springs, located between Hertford and Ware. For details of the "New River," see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 609–12. For Smollett's discussion of the building of the "New River," see *Present State*, 3:202–3.
11. "staved": To stave is to break up (a cask) into staves; or to break into and let out the contents. *OED* cites this passage.
12. "adulterated . . . at Oporto": Port was consumed in vast quantities after the Methuen Treaty of 1703, costing as little as 1*s.* 4*d.* a quart. Oporto, the sea port capital of Cauro Litoral province, shipped half of Portugal's wine. In *Present State*, 2:220–21, Smollett says that the English prefer the wines of Spain and Portugal, but "Even these are so sophisticated by the vinters and publicans, that there is little or no genuine wine sold by retail in the kingdom." See J. C. Drummond and Anne Wilbrahaven, *The Englishman's Food*, rev. ed. (London: Jonathan Cape, 1958), 201–3; and Frederick A. Filby, *A History of Food Adulteration and Analysis* (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1934), 105–73.
13. "The bread I eat in London . . . constitution": The adulteration of bread was the subject of several pamphlets in 1757 and 1758. Four of these were reviewed in Smollett's *Critical Review* in terms that anticipate Bramble's attitudes here; see the *Critical Review* 4 (October 1757): 296–98; 5 (January 1758): 74–75; 5 (May 1758): 443–45; 6 (October 1758): 349–51. See also Kahrl, 127, n. 21, and Paul-Gabriel Boucé, *The Novels of Tobias Smollett* (London: Longman, 1976), 279–82. For fur-

ther discussions of the adulteration of bread, see Drummond and Wilbrahaven, *The Englishman's Food,* 186–89, and Filby, *A History of Food Adulteration,* 67–104. For discussion of the background for Bramble's strictures on meat, vegetables, and milk, see Drummond and Wilbrahaven, 193–95, and Filby, 22–65.

14. "Dutchman's stomach": The English attributed overindulgence in food and corpulency to the Dutch (*OED*).
15. "right Colchester": Genuine oysters from Colchester, famous for oysters called Colchesters or Colchester natives (*OED*).
16. "barrow-bunter": A person employed in wheeling a barrow, specifically a small two-wheeled cart pushed by the shafts and used in London and its vicinity (*OED*).
17. "sour draff": The refuse or grains of malt after brewing or distilling (*OED*).
18. "guiltless of hops and malt": The adulteration of beer was forbidden by an act of Parliament as early as the reign of Queen Anne. See Filby, *A History of Food Adulteration,* 239.
19. "*cum grano salis*": This proverbial expression, "with a grain of salt," dates as far back as Pliny *Naturalis Historia* 23.8. See *Proverbs,* 330, and Tilley, 272.
20. "illiberal altercation": Perhaps an allusion to Smollett's past friendship with John Wilkes, which was bitterly and irrevocably ruptured in 1762 with the commencement of their rancorous political feud in the *Briton/North Briton* paper wars. See Knapp, 245.
21. "*jucunda oblivia vitæ*": Quoted from Horace *Satires* 2.6.62: "Ducere sollicitae jacunda oblivia vitae" ("[to drink in] a happy forgetfulness of life['s cares]").

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 10

1. "to dine with S——": This is Smollett himself, who lived in Old Chelsea from 1750 to 1763 and presumably often entertained hack writers. Smollett resided in Monmouth House, originally a sixteenth-century mansion (Lawrence House), once occupied by the duchess of Monmouth. The guests at this dinner, if historical, are unidentified. On Smollett's hospitality, see *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D.,* ed. John Moore (London, 1979), 1:cxciv–cxcv; and Alexander Carlyle, *Anecdotes and Characters of the Times,* ed. James Kinsley (London: Oxford University Press, 1973), 172.
2. "Calvert's entire butt beer": Entire butt was one of the synonyms for porter. Calvert's Brewery was one of the first to make porter. See Tabitha Bramble to Mrs. Gwyllim, Gloucester, April 2, n. 7. Goldsmith, in "The Adventures of a Strolling Player," *British Magazine* (October 1760), remarked that "Calvert's butt out-tastes champagne"; see *The Works of Oliver Goldsmith,* ed. Friedman, 3:134.
3. "for reasons that I need not explain": Debtors could not be arrested on Sundays.
4. "hat flapped": With the flaps of the hat pulled down. *Peregrine Pickle,* chapter 84, contains a reference to men with hats "flapped" over their eyes so that they "might not be known." See also Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, October 4, p. 298.

5. "Wat Wyvil, the poet": Identified by Knapp, 290, n. 40, as the minor poet William Woty (c. 1731–91), for whose *The Shrubs of Parnassus* (1760) Smollett subscribed.
6. "lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works": Presumably a reference to such freethinking works of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751) as *Reflections concerning Innate Moral Principles; A Letter occasioned by one of Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons; [Four] Essays addressed to Alexander Pope;* and *Fragments or Minutes of Essays. Reflections* was published in 1752. The other three works came out in 1753–54 as part of David Mallett's edition of Bolingbroke's works. A flood of anti-Bolingbroke pamphlets followed. See H. T. Dickinson, *Bolingbroke* (London: Constable, 1970), 297–313.
7. "Scotchman gives lectures . . . publishing by subscription": Smollett may be alluding to such a work as James Buchanan's *An Essay Towards Establishing a Standard for an Elegant and Uniform Pronunciation of the English Language* (London, 1766). William Kenrick (1725?–79), *Monthly Review* 33 (December 1765): 493, observed that "Mr. Buchanan himself does not appear to understand how English is pronounced by polite or just speakers." Smollett may be remembering that an Irishman, Thomas Sheridan, had been hired in 1761 by the Select Society of Edinburgh to give lessons in pronunciation; see W. Benzie, *The Dublin Orator: Thomas Sheridan's Influence on Eighteenth-Century Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (Leeds: University of Leeds School of English, 1972), 23–26. In Samuel Foote's *The Minor* (1760), quoted earlier by Smollett in the *Briton*, no. 13 (21 August 1762), Canker asks Foote to give a national portrait of a Scotchman. Foote responds, "If you mean merely the dialect of the [country], I can't think it either a subject of satyr or humour; it is an accidental unhappiness, for which a man is no more accountable, than the colour of his hair. Now affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a north Briton, struck with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter . . . ."
8. "*The Balance of the English Poets*": Probably a nonce title and perhaps an allusion to "The Poetical Scale," an essay that appeared in the *Literary Magazine* for January 1758 and rated the English poets from 1 to 20 (with 20 the highest score) in the categories of genius, judgment, learning, and versification. The essay has been attributed to Goldsmith and is reprinted in *Goldsmith's Works*, ed. J. W. M. Gibbs (London: George Bell, 1885), 4:417–23.
9. "liberties of the King's Bench . . . tipstaff for his companion": The King's Bench Prison was used primarily for debtors and those charged with libel. For a fee a prisoner could walk or live in the "liberties," areas outside of but near the prison. In term-time, that is, when the courts were in session, prisoners left the "liberties" accompanied by a "tipstaff" or bailiff to appear in court. For Smollett's description of the King's Bench Prison, see *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, chaps. 20–21.
10. "filbert walk": A walk or path bordered by cultivated hazel nut (or filbert) trees.
11. "jemmy boots": Handsome or elegant riding boots (*OED*).

12. "the Marshalsea court": This court, located at the Marshalsea Prison, was held by the Marshal of England over the servants of the King's Household, who numbered many thousands. The Marshalsea was in the prison district of Southwark and was used primarily for those charged with small debts. For Smollett's description of the prison, see *Roderick Random*, chaps. 61–64.
13. "Whitefield the methodist": See below, the second letter from Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 10, n. 13.
14. "Ashley's": Ashley's Punch-House in Fleet Street, the third door from Fleet Bridge, was established in or before 1735 by James Ashley, who claimed to be the first person to retail punch in small quantities. See James Caulfield, *Portraits, Memoirs, and Characters, of Remarkable Persons* (London: H. R. Young and T. H. Whitely, 1819–20), 3:25–27.
15. "captain Pistol in the play": Pistol is a character in *2 Henry IV* and *Henry V*. Perhaps the allusion is also to Theophilus Cibber, who was famous for his acting of Pistol but who, in the words of Thomas Davies, "mixed so much absurd grimace and ridiculous tricks in playing this part, that although the galleries laughed and clapped their hands, the judicious part of the spectators was displeased" (*Memoirs of the Life of David Garrick, Esq.* [London, 1780], 1:54–55). Smollett appears to have found the character of Pistol appealing, since he refers to it in chapters 11 and 46 of *Roderick Random* and in Letter 6 of the *Travels*. An illustration of Cibber as Pistol is to be included in the *Roderick Random* volume of the Georgia Edition of Smollett's works. Smollett and Cibber were friends in the 1750s and Cibber's works were well treated in the *Critical Review*. See Basker, 24–28.
16. "*larding the lean earth as he puff'd along*": An allusion to Prince Hal's description of Falstaff in *1 Henry IV* 2.2.108–9: "Falstaff sweats to death, / And lards the lean earth as he walks along." For the historical background to the foot-race see Earl R. Anderson, "Footnotes More Pedestrian Than Sublime," *Eighteenth-Century Studies* 14 (1980): 56–68.
17. "slip of sheep-skin": A court order written on a piece of sheepskin or parchment (*OED*).
18. "the Old Bailey": The Sessions House adjoining Newgate Prison on Old Bailey Street. See Cunningham, *London*, 475–77.
19. "cordwainer": Dealer in cordovan leather; a shoemaker (*OED*).
20. "Smithfield": An open area of west London, in the shape of an irregular polygon and used as a market and a place for jousts, tournaments, executions, and burnings. Saint Bartholomew's Fair was held there. The area was sometimes called West Smithfield (Jery gives it this name in a subsequent paragraph of his letter) to distinguish it from a lesser place of the same name in east London. For details of the area, see Timbs, *Curiosities*, 731–32.
21. "fitted me like a glove": According to the *OED* this is the earliest recorded use of this now familiar phrase.
22. "bulk": A framework or stall projecting from the front of a shop (*OED*). Crop-

dale may be partially based on Samuel Derrick, whom Johnson remembered for his ready wit and for sleeping on bulks in his indigent early days in London. See Boswell, *Life*, 1:457.

23. "St. Martin's church": The church of Saint Martin-in-the-Fields, consecrated in 1726, attracted vagrants into its deep Corinthian hexastyle portico. See Timbs, *Curiosities*, 179–80.
24. "he would have rid to the devil": Derived from a proverbial expression of the seventeenth century (or perhaps earlier): "Set a beggar on horse-back, and he'll ride to the devil." See *Proverbs*, 41.
25. "an act for the relief of insolvent debtors": The Insolvency Act of 1761, passed at the accession of George III, freed prisoners in custody before 25 October. See Smollett, *Continuation*, 4:201–5.
26. "sell . . . as the produce of his brain": Smollett writes: "I have been abused, reviled and calumniated, for satires I never saw; I have been censured for absurdities of which I could not possibly be guilty" (*Letters*, 85). See Lewis M. Knapp, "An Important Smollett Letter," *Review of English Studies* 12 (1936): 76.
27. "a literary journal": The *Critical Review*, founded in 1756; Smollett was an editor and major contributor until 1763. See Knapp, 170–95. Smollett's editorship of the *Critical Review* brought him many quarrels with authors unhappy at the reviews and also with the editors of rival publications. See Basker, especially chaps. 7 and 8; and see Claude E. Jones, *Smollett Studies* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1942), section 2.
28. "in petto": It. In one's breast; undisclosed.
29. "Salmon": Thomas Salmon (1679–1767), historian and geographical writer, accompanied George Anson on his voyage around the world. The *Gentleman's Magazine* 37 (January 1767): 48 lists his death: "Thos. Salmon. Gentleman Pensioner. He went round the world with Lord Anson."
30. "Psalmonazar": George Psalmanazar (1679?–1763), a Frenchman whose real name is unknown, was a brilliant impostor whom Smollett met in 1759. He pretended to be a Formosan, wrote a fraudulent description of Formosa (1704), which he claimed belonged to Japan, and invented a Formosan language. He later repented, worked as a literary hack, lived an exemplary life, became a friend of Samuel Johnson, and died piously. See Boswell, *Life*, 3:443–49, and Smollett's *Miscellaneous Works*, ed. Robert Anderson (Edinburgh: Stirling and Slade, 1820), 1:176.
31. "Guy": Thomas Guy (1645?–1724), printer and bookseller, made a fortune selling Bibles and became a noted philanthropist and founder of Guy's Hospital, which was completed just before his death.

Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, June 10

1. "etuis": Fr. A small case, usually ornamented, for small articles such as needles and toothpicks (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 10

1. "Bull and Gate": An inn in Holborn. Tom Jones stays there on his arrival in London. Sir Launcelot Greaves and his party also spend the night there on their first arrival in London, chapter 19.
2. "Longacre": A spacious street running east and west between Saint Martin's Lane and Drury Lane, largely inhabited by coachmakers. See Timbs, *Curiosities*, 534–35.
3. "methodist meeting . . . congregation within": Probably the building was the West Street Chapel, leased by John Wesley 1743–91 from the church of Saint Giles-in-the-Fields. The Chapel, now converted to commercial use, still stands; Wesley's pulpit is in the north aisle of Saint Giles.
4. "peculiar graces": A "grace" is an embellishment consisting of additional notes introduced into vocal or instrumental music, but not essential to the harmony or melody (*OED*).
5. "livery of an earthly master": An allusion to Matthew 6:28 and Luke 16:13 ("no man can serve two masters").
6. "admonition of the spirit": See the review of an anti-Methodist book in the *Critical Review* 11 (June 1761): 497–98. The reviewer recommends the "performance to all those unfortunate persons, who have been deluded into the notion, that to gain heaven they must shut their ears to the dictates of reason, [and] wait for the divine impulse . . . ." The *Critical Review*'s anti-Methodist stance under Smollett's editorship was praised by Frances Brooke in the *Old Maid*, no. 22, 10 April 1756. For anti-Methodist attitudes in the period, see Albert M. Lyles, *Methodism Mocked: The Satiric Reaction to Methodism in the Eighteenth Century* (London: Epworth Press, 1960).
7. "no light . . . king's taxes": Matt's series of puns on *light* presumably leads him here to recall that light was also used to mean window and that windows in private homes were taxed. The window-tax act, passed in 1696, was made even more stringent in 1746. For the Methodist background, see Byron Gassman, "Religious Attitudes in the World of *Humphry Clinker*," *Brigham Young University Studies* 6 (1965): 65–72.
8. "farthing candle to the sun at noon": This expression is adapted from Edward Young's *Love of Fame* (Satire 7, published in 1726 as "Satire the Last" of *The Universal Passion*): "How commentators each dark passage shun, / And hold their farthing candle to the sun" (*Works*, ed. James Nichols [London: William Tegg, 1854], 1, Satire 7, lines 98–99).
9. "your weak brain": See Smollett's comments in *Continuation*, 4:121–22: "Weak minds were seduced by the delusions of a superstition stiled Methodism, raised upon the affectation of superior sanctity, and maintained by pretensions to divine illumination."
10. "chosen vessel": Quoted from Acts 9:15.
11. "suffer for conscience sake": An allusion to Matthew 5:10–11; perhaps also an

ironic allusion to Romans 13:5, where Christians are admonished to obey civil authorities "for conscience sake."

12. "reward your labour": An allusion to 1 Timothy 5:18. See also Matthew 20:1–16.
13. "Mr. W—'s preaching": George Whitefield (1714–70), an associate of the Wesleys and an eminent preacher, promoted the Augustinian tendency of early Methodism.
14. "by the example and success of a weaver": See the lines from a poem entitled "The Methodist" by Evan Lloyd, *Gentleman's Magazine* 36 (1766): 335:

> Ev'ry *mechanic* will commence
> Orator, without *mood* or *tense* . . . .
> The *bricklay'r* throws his *trowel* by,
> And now *builds mansions in the sky;*
> The *cobler*, touch'd with *holy pride*,
> Flings his *old shoes*, and *last* aside,
> And now devoutly sets about
> Cobbling of *souls*, that *ne'er wear out.*

The poem is reprinted in Augustan Reprints, ed. Raymond Bentman (Los Angeles: William Andrews Clark Library, 1972). James Matthews, "brought up to the trade of a weaver," was among the six Methodists at Saint Edmund Hall, Oxford, who were expelled by the vice-chancellor in 1768. See *The Oxford Book of Oxford*, ed. Jan Morris (1978; reprint Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987), 137; and see Boswell, *Life*, 2:187.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, June 12

1. "virtue is its own reward": A proverbial expression dating from Claudian. See *Proverbs*, 861, and Tilley, 699.
2. "the incomparable Hogarth": Smollett satirized the public character of Hogarth as Pallet in *Peregrine Pickle*, but in several other works accorded him the kind of conventional praise represented by this passage. See Ronald Paulson, "Smollett and Hogarth: The Identity of Pallet," *Studies in English Literature* 4 (1964): 351–59; *Hogarth's Graphic Works* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1970), 1:17; and the discussion in *Hogarth: His Life, Art, and Times* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1971), 2:130–33, which Paulson describes (2:436, n. 1) as "a revision" of the argument in his article of 1964. Smollett commented enthusiastically on works by Hogarth in the *Critical Review*. See, for example, *Critical Review* 1 (November 1756): 479–80; and see Basker, 221, 225, 251.
3. "justice Buzzard": Perhaps Sir John Hawkins (1719–89), an active magistrate and justice of the peace for Middlesex from 1761.

4. "Blackheath": This heath, lying about six miles from London on the road to Canterbury and Dover, and south of Greenwich Park, was notorious for its highwaymen.
5. "Clerkenwell prison": The Clerkenwell Bridewell (in the eighteenth century usually called a house of correction or detention) was erected in 1615 northeast of the present Clerkenwell Close; it was rebuilt in 1774–75, rebuilt again in 1818, and finally closed in 1877. See *An Encyclopaedia of London*, 525: "Many Popish priests were imprisoned there, and Pepys mentions an attack upon it by L[ondon] apprentices in 1668. Jack Sheppard and his mistress, Edgeworth Bess, were prisoners here in 1724." See also Timbs, *Curiosities*, 693.
6. "trial at Rochester": Humphry would have to be taken to Kent for trial because Blackheath is in that county.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, June 11

1. "whore of Babylon": An allusion to Revelation 17:1,5–6.
2. "Mr. Martin": See the introduction, p. xxxi.
3. "mittimus": L. A warrant, under the hand and seal of a justice of the peace or other proper officer, directing the keeper of a prison to receive into custody and hold in safe-keeping, until delivered in due course of law, the person sent and named in the warrant (*OED*).
4. "like a moth about a candle": A variant of the proverb "The fly (moth) that plays too long in the candle singes its wings at last." See *Proverbs*, 271, and Tilley, 224.
5. "lime-twigs": Twigs smeared with bird-lime to catch birds (*OED*).
6. "Turenne": Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, vicomte de Turenne (1611–75), was marshal of France. A great military leader, Turenne was noted for his simple life, quiet courage, and generosity to his soldiers.
7. "Rabbit him": A meaningless imprecation similar to "drat it" (*OED*).
8. "garnish": A fee demanded by prison inmates of a new prisoner and used to stand a round of drinks. See John Bender, *Imagining the Penitentiary* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987), especially pp. 27–28. Bender's study illuminates Smollett's various prison scenes.
9. "Hounslow": This heath was famous for its highwaymen. The Great West Road or Hounslow Turnpike crossed the heath before entering Brentford. See *Present State*, 3:219: "Hounslow lies on the western road, and is chiefly noted for its grand inns and heath, over which the Roman highway passes, where numberless robberies have been, and still are committed."
10. "turn over a new leaf": A proverbial expression dating from at least as early as the sixteenth century. See *Proverbs*, 486, and Tilley, 373.
11. "no remedy but patience": The earliest recorded instance of this proverbial expression is in Horace *Odes* 1.24.19. See *Proverbs*, 670, and Tilley, 568.

12. "clear as the sun at noon": A proverbial expression dating from at least as early as the sixteenth century. See *Proverbs*, 126, and Tilley, 640.
13. "myrmidons": Beginning in the eighteenth century the term was applied contemptuously to bailiffs, watchmen, and other inferior administrative officers of the law (*OED*). It originally referred to a warlike race of men inhabiting ancient Thessaly, whom Achilles led to the siege of Troy (*Iliad* 2.684).
14. "shop the evidence": To "shop" means to imprison (*OED*); "evidence" here means witness. Thus, enough information will be discovered concerning the criminal activities of the witness against Clinker to jail him.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, London, June 14

1. "lord chief justice": Presumably a reference to William Murray, Lord Mansfield (1705–93), the eminent eighteenth-century Scottish jurist.

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, London, June 14

1. "gates of hell . . . again him": Quoted from Matthew 16:18.
2. "gould, seven times tried in the fire": An allusion to Zechariah 13:9, 1 Peter 1:7, and other biblical passages. See *Proverbs*, 315; Tilley, 266; and see Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Scarborough, July 1, n. 8.
3. "tuck up": Win means that Clinker has been taken up or apprehended as a thief; but "tuck up" was also eighteenth-century slang for hanging a criminal (*OED*).
4. "sheep in the midst of wolves and tygers": An allusion to Matthew 10:16 and Luke 10:3.
5. "flew open at his command": An allusion to Saint Peter's escape from prison as recorded in Acts 12:5–11.
6. "Ould Scratch": A name for the devil derived from Old Norse *skratte:* wizard, goblin, monster (*OED*).
7. "fruit of generation and repentance": An allusion to Matthew 3:8 and Luke 3:8.
8. "worldly wisdom . . . sight of God": An allusion to Saint Paul's discussion of being a fool for Christ's sake in 1 Corinthians 1:17–31.
9. "pray without seizing": That is, "pray without ceasing," quoted from 1 Thessalonians 5:17.

Tabitha Bramble to Mrs. Gwyllim, London, June 14

1. "good and faithfull sarvant": An allusion to the parable of the talents in Matthew 25:21.

2. "great will be your reward in haven": Adapted from Matthew 5:12.
3. "Martinmass": November 11 is the Feast of Saint Martin, traditionally the day for holding fairs and slaughtering cattle for winter provisions (*OED*).
4. "bitchmast": Beechmast, that is, fruit of the beech tree used as food especially for swine (*OED*).
5. "no better than he should be at bottom": A proverbial expression dating from the seventeenth century; usually applied to women. See *Proverbs*, 568, and Tilley, 47.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Harrigate, June 23

1. "wears a solitaire": The solitaire was a black tie placed over a piece of linen or cambric folded to form a high neckband; it was almost always worn with a bag wig, but occasionally with a pigtail wig (Cunnington and Cunnington).
2. "rappee": A coarse snuff made from the darker and ranker tobacco leaves, and originally obtained by rasping a piece of tobacco (*OED*).
3. "his hair *en queue*": The queue was a lock of hair hanging down and tied with a black ribbon on the nape of the neck (Cunnington and Cunnington). In Letter 7 of his *Travels*, Smollett observes: "every soldier in this country [France] wears a long queue . . . and this ridiculous foppery has descended even to the lowest class of people" (p. 61).
4. "Barnet": A residential suburb of London in Hertfordshire; site of a fifteenth-century church and a grammar school built in 1573.
5. "Hatfield": An ancient Hertfordshire market town famous for Hatfield House, built in 1607–11 just east of the town.
6. "Stevenage": An ancient Hertfordshire town known for good coaching inns; Alleyn's Grammar School was built there in 1562.
7. "dine with us at Hatfield": See the introduction, p. xxxix.
8. "At supper": See the introduction, p. xl.
9. "Save a thief . . . cut your throat": A proverbial expression; the second clause varies from occurrence to occurrence. Smollett's version is found in William Camden's *Remaines Concerning Britain*, 1614. See *Proverbs*, 700, and Tilley, 654.
10. "Wetherby and Boroughbridge": Wetherby, in Yorkshire in the West Riding, "is a good Trading Town, but has nothing remarkable in it" (Defoe, *Tour*, 3:167). Boroughbridge "is a considerable town. It takes its name from a stone bridge over the Ure, whose arches are very lofty. The chief support of it is hardware . . . ." (*Present State*, 2:334); here Edward II defeated the duke of Lancaster in 1322.
11. "Harrigate-water": Water from the mineral wells at Harrogate (popularly pronounced as Jery's spelling indicates) in Yorkshire. The Old Spa had water impregnated with iron, while the new one, the Sulphur Wells, supposedly contained sulphur. According to Feltham, *Guide*, 254, the water of the Sulphur Wells was "found serviceable in scurvy, scrophula, and cutaneous diseases." For further

details of the Harrogate waters, see Edwin Lee, *The Baths and Watering-Places of England*, 2d ed. (London: W. J. Adams, 1848), 37–49.

12. "five separate inns": They were the Queen's Head, dating from about 1660; the Old Swan, dating from about 1700; the Sinking Ship or Royal Oak, 1736; the Crown, 1740; and the Dragon, dating from the 1760s. See the introduction, p. xxxix.
13. "The ladies treat with tea in their turns": Visiting Harrogate in 1763, Alexander Carlyle commented on the practice: "The Ladies Gave afternoons Tea and Coffee in their Turns, which coming butt once in 4 or 5 weeks amounted to a Triffle" (*Anecdotes and Characters*, 222).
14. "a fox . . . snare": A variant of the proverb "An old fox cannot be taken by a snare." See *Proverbs*, 271, and Tilley, 240.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Harrigate, June 26

1. "the roads . . . grievance": The turnpike roads, despite the tax, were indeed allowed to fall into disrepair. See William Albert, *The Turnpike Road System in England 1663–1840* (Cambridge: The University Press, 1972), especially 132–69.
2. "Newark": See Defoe, *Tour*, 2:378–79: Newark "is a very handsome well-built Town, situate on the Trent," with a market place that "is a noble Square" and containing the ruins of the famous castle "built here by *Alexander* Bishop of Lincoln, in the Reign of King *Stephen;* and the Town took its Name from that New Work." From Stevenage to Newark the travelers passed through Huntingdon and Grantham. Huntingdon, a country town, was the birthplace of Oliver Cromwell. Both Cromwell and Samuel Pepys were educated in its grammar school, and the poet William Cowper lived there with the Unwins from 1765 to 1767. Of Grantham Smollett writes, in *Present State*, 2:426: "Lying on the north road, it is full of inns, populous, well built, and flourishing . . . . It was here the great Sir Isaac Newton received his first education."
3. "New Inn": Presumably this is the Dragon in upper or High Harrogate. See the introduction, p. xxxix.
4. "a wild common": The accuracy of Matt's description of the wild and bleak common can be discerned in an engraving of 1772 by Moses Griffith, servant of the antiquary Thomas Pennant, who visited the wells in 1777. The engraving hangs in the Royal Pump House Museum in Harrogate.
5. "Dr. Shaw": Peter Shaw (1694–1763). Shaw, who practiced medicine at Scarborough, was physician-extraordinary to George II in 1752, and from 1754 was physician-in-ordinary to George II and George III. He translated several medical and clinical works and was involved in the "sulphur controversy." Smollett may be referring to *An Inquiry into the Contents, Virtues and Uses of the Scarborough Spaw-Waters* (1734), or to Shaw's translation of F. Hoffman's *New Experiments and Observations upon Mineral Waters* (1746).

6. "*Pace tanti viri*": L. With all due deference to such a great man.
7. "a German doctor": Possibly Anton von Stoerck (1731–1803), who wrote a treatise on the use of hemlock that was reviewed in the *Critical Review* 10 (August 1760): 122–34.
8. "external use of sea-water": Smollett had published his treatise entitled *An Essay on the External Use of Water* in 1752.
9. "Burdock": The name signifies a coarse weedy plant, common on waste ground, bearing large leaves and prickly flower-heads called burs (*OED*).
10. "Saracen's-head . . . Bear": The Saracen's Head was a famous tavern and coaching establishment on the north side of Snow Hill, outside Newgate Prison. The Turk's Head was either the coffeehouse in the Strand or the more famous one on Gerard Street, where the "Literary Club" founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Samuel Johnson met. The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap burned down in the Great Fire of 1666, was rebuilt in 1668, and was demolished in 1831; it is celebrated as the place frequented by Falstaff and Prince Hal. The Bear was presumably the tavern at the Southwark end of old London Bridge, on the west side of High Street, which was torn down in December 1761 when the houses were removed to widen the bridge. For details of these taverns, see Cunningham, *London*, 58–59, 261, 387–88, 649–50, 677.
11. "fox-hunter *before the Lord*": An allusion to Nimrod, a "mighty hunter before the Lord" (Genesis 10:9).
12. "Star and Garter": This famous tavern, known for its wines, was in Pall Mall, the fashionable street of clubs and exclusive homes. For details about Pall Mall, see Cunningham, *London*, 490–500, and Timbs, *Curiosities*, 635–39.
13. "the count de Melville, with his lady": Characters from *Ferdinand Count Fathom;* see the introduction, p. xliii. The apothecary Grieve mentioned later is Fathom himself.
14. "signor Macaroni": A term of sarcasm first used about 1764 to describe young men who returned to England from travel and affected continental tastes and fashions; hence a fop or dandy (*OED*).
15. "Country gentlemen . . . another fashion": At least one contemporary author advised country squires to remain on their estates and live simple lives to combat the rising prices. See John Trusler, *The Way to be Rich and Respectable* (London, 1750).
16. "*caravansera*": Caravanserai, the name for a kind of inn in Eastern countries where caravans put up; typically a large quadrangular building with a spacious court in the middle (*OED*).
17. "*O che burla!*": It. O, What a joke! (*Burla* is a joke, especially one at the expense of another.)
18. "October": Ale brewed in October (*OED*).
19. "Redstreak": A girl with red cheeks, from the red-streaked apple highly esteemed for making cider (*OED*).

20. "caps": Holster-caps, leather cases for pistols fixed to the pommel of a horseman's saddle (*OED*).
21. "generous allowance . . . industry and moderation": At the conclusion of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* (chapter 67), Melvile had settled on Fathom an annuity of £60, which at first he accepted and apparently put to wise use before deciding to forego it and establish his independence.
22. "Mr. Pimpernel": His name signifies *Anagallis arvensis*, *Field* or *Scarlet Pimpernel*, a small annual found in cornfields and waste ground, which formerly held a place in the pharmacopœias of Great Britain. By the eighteenth century it was little used, largely because of its numerous painful side effects. See Charles F. Millspaugh, *American Medicinal Plants*, rev. ed. (New York: Dover, 1974), 424–26.
23. "Furnival's-inn": An Inn of Chancery attached to Lincoln's Inn, situated in Holborn, east of Gray's Inn Road.
24. "*Dedimus*": L. A writ empowering one who is not a judge to act in place of a judge (*OED*).
25. "Mr. Micklewhimmen": Robert B. Heilman argues that Micklewhimmen is modeled on Falstaff. See "Falstaff and Micklewhimmen," *Review of English Studies* 22 (1946): 226–28. In the Scottish dialect "mickle" means great or much; there is no "whimmen," but "whimmer," which means to cry feebly like a child or to whimper, would seem appropriate. There is also an obvious reference to "whim." A "whim-wham" is a fanciful or fantastic object. The pronunciation of the word in the *OED* quotation from Mrs. D'Anvers' *Academia* (1691) suggests that Smollett's readers would have identified "-whimmen" with "whim-wham":

> The Yat's [gate's] all hung about with whimwhoms,
> As Fishes Bones, and other thungums.

26. "pot of Acheron": Presumably an allusion to the boiling confluence of Acheron and Cocytus, rivers in Hades. See *Aeneid* 6.295–98 (Rolfe Humphries translation):

> From here, the road turns off to Acheron,
> River of Hell; here, thick with muddy whirling,
> Cocytus boils with sand. Charon is here,
> The guardian of these mingling waters . . . .

27. "Stygian bath": A reference to the River Styx, the principal river of Hades, whose waters were powerfully corrosive.
28. "two pounds of blood, and more": As a result of the bath Matt has become heated and is running a fever. The "violent hæmorrhage" is an involuntary blood letting, probably through a nose bleed. In a physician's blood letting six to twelve ounces of blood were normally drawn, and it was believed that the amount of blood lost

was in direct ratio to the state of health. Since Matt loses twenty-four ounces of blood "and more," he is very healthy indeed. The good state of his health is further indicated by the fact that he plans to exercise. See "Of Bleeding," in William Buchan, *Domestic Medicine* (Edinburgh, 1769), 270–71.

29. "*what . . . cannot be cured, must be endured*": A proverbial phrase found as early as *Piers Plowman* (B, Passus 10.439). See *Proverbs*, 161, and Tilley, 135.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Scarborough, July 1

1. "Long Room": An "Assembly or ballroom supported by subscribers"; see Alan S. Taylor, "The Royal Touch," *Scarborough Mercury* (9 November 1961), 7.
2. "*hi joci in seria ducunt mala*": A misquotation from Horace *Ars Poetica*, lines 451–52: "hae nugae seria ducunt / In mala" ("these trifles will lead to serious troubles"). This joke is reminiscent of one played on Mrs. Trunnion in *Peregrine Pickle*, chapter 14.
3. "jallap": A purgative drug obtained from the tuberous roots of several winding plants; the active principle is the resin contained in the tubers (*OED*). For details of this drug, see Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 184–86.
4. "Rippon for doctor Waugh": The *Scots Magazine* 38 (March 1776): 163 lists his death: "Feb. 26. At Edinburgh, Dr. Gilbert Waugh of Shaw, late physician at Rippon, Yorkshire." Ripon, an old monastic town, is about eleven miles from Harrogate.
5. "villication": Perhaps an invented word to refer to action of the jallap on the villi, the numerous hairlike or fingerlike vascular projections on certain mucous membranes of the body, such as the small intestine. Smollett may mean "Vellication, or Irritation of the Fibres and Membranes" (see Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 170).
6. "the soot took fire": Philip M. Griffith suggests that this fire scene and the one at Sir Thomas Bullford's (Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, October 3, pp. 287–88) may be comic inversions of the fire scene in Richardson's *Clarissa*. See "Fire-scenes in Richardson's *Clarissa* and Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*," *Tulane Studies in English* 11 (1961): 39–51.
7. "leaped naked out of bed": Naked in the eighteenth century often meant having on only an undergarment (*OED*). See the letter from Joseph Andrews to his sister Pamela: Lady Booby was "naked in Bed" (*Joseph Andrews*, ed. Martin C. Battestin [Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1967], bk. 1, chap. 6, p. 31).
8. "Fire purifies gold": Proverbial; from "The same Fire which purifies gold burns straw" (Lyly, *Euphues*, 1578). See Tilley, 216; and see Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, London, June 14, n. 2.
9. "*foro conscientiæ*": L. In the forum of conscience.
10. "the castle . . . impregnable": The castle at Scarborough, "founded by *William le*

Gros, in the Time of King *Stephen*, and repaired and inlarg'd afterwards by King *Henry* II.," was actually "demolished in the late Civil Wars" (Defoe, *Tour*, 3:187). See also *Present State*, 2:351. The Brambles saw only the remains of the castle.

11. "two public rooms": One was Newstead's and the other Donner's. In the 1730s Donner's was called the Long Room and was "kept by Mr. *Vipont*, Master of the *Long-room* at *Hampstead*" (anon., *A Journey From London to Scarborough* [London, 1734], 39). Both of the assembly rooms were on Long Room Street (now Saint Nicholas Street). See James Schofield, *An Historical and Descriptive Guide to Scarborough and Its Environs* (York, 1787). Donner's room was evidently the better known. See R. B. Sheridan, *A Trip to Scarborough* (1777), 1.2, where Lord Foppington tells Young Fashion, "I may dine with some friends at Donner's." According to Louise Brindley, "The Royal," *Scarborough Evening News* (9 June 1976), 15, "It is almost certain that the Neptune Ballroom of the Royal Hotel now occupies the site . . . [of Donner's]." Brindley further notes that Donner also opened a hotel on Long Room Street sometime after 1775.
12. "bathing machines": Jery's description of the machines seems very accurate, from the few extant engravings and pictures. The bathing machines were discontinued shortly before 1922. See "Where Have All the Bathing Machines Gone?" *Scarborough Mercury* (5 October 1967), 3; and for a picture of one of the machines, see the *Scarborough Mercury* (19 October 1967), 3. For pictures of the various styles of bathing machines used at Scarborough and other seaside resorts, see also Christopher Marsden, *The English at the Seaside* (London: Collins, 1947), 10–11, 13, 19–21.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Scarborough, July 4

1. "the Castle, the Minster, and the Assembly-room": The castle at York, originally a fortress dating from early Norman times, contains a complex of buildings. Until the end of the eighteenth century Clifford's Tower had been the chief prison in the royal fortress of York Castle; the tower was damaged in 1684, but the new Debtors' Prison was not completed until 1705. As Matt notes, the county assizes were held in the prison. A new building to hold the assizes was planned in 1765, started in 1773, and completed in 1777. See I. P. Pressly, "The Castle of York" (York Corporation, n.d.), 13, 14, and 20. York Minster is one of the largest and grandest of English gothic cathedrals, parts of it dating from the twelfth century. The foundation stone for the Assembly Rooms was laid by the lord mayor in 1731 with much pomp and circumstance. Arthur Young later described the building as designed by the earl of Burlington "on the plan of an *Egyptian* hall" and "surrounded by very magnificent *Corinthian* pillars"; see *A Six Months Tour through the North of England*, 2d ed. (1771; Reprints of Economic Classics [New York: Augustus M. Kelley, 1967]), 1:181.

2. "Saracen rather than Gothic": The association of the saracenical with gothic architecture comes from Sir Christopher Wren, who erroneously applied the term to the lighter gothic (*OED*). The medieval period was generally called barbarous, although the contempt for it, reflected in Matt's letter, was changing to admiration that included a revival of gothic architecture and even the building of ruins.
3. "idea of propriety and proportion": See the parallel sentiments of Arthur Young after viewing York Minster: "I never met with anything in the proportion of a gothic cathedral, that was either great or pleasing. . . . What a glorious area would 220 feet long by 100 high, form, if the breadth was proportioned! But how disgusting is a disproportion in any of the dimensions!" (*A Six Months Tour*, 1:180).
4. "a design of Palladio": The style of the Italian architect Andrea Palladio (1518–80) was based on the stateliness and proportion of ancient Roman buildings; introduced into England by Inigo Jones in 1620, it became the leading architectural style in eighteenth-century England.
5. "the fane": The temple (*OED*).
6. "make the beach more accessible to invalids": From Donner's and the inn area, the most direct route to the beach would have been down the very steep bluff overlooking the sea.
7. "H——t": William Hewett (1693–1766) was widely known for such eccentricities as those Matt goes on to mention. See *N & Q* 11 (1873): 42–43, 204. Hewett was tutor to John Manners, marquis of Granby (see below, n. 15). He was an indefatigable traveler and one of the "demoniacs" who frequented John Hall-Stevenson's Skelton or Crazy Castle in Cleveland, Yorkshire. For Hewett's epitaph, see [John Hall Stevenson], *Crazy Tales; and Fables for Grown Gentlemen* (London, 1780), 121–22.
8. "like Death in the Revelations": "And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat upon him was Death, and Hell followed with him" (Revelation 6:8).
9. "epithet of Demonstrator": Samuel Pegge, *Anonymiana* (London, 1809), 288, says that Hewett was "called the *Demonstrator*, from a story told of him; that in a dispute with some Turks, about the paradise of Mahomet furnished with *Houris* [nymphs], he observed to them, that Christians were better qualified for the enjoyment of them than Turks or Jews. His *Demonstration* may as well be suppressed; but the story adds, the Turks said, if that was the case, they would turn Christians." Smollett's pun on "parts" in the next sentence leaves little doubt about the nature of the demonstration.
10. "no religion but that of nature": Matt characterizes Hewett as a deist who denies revelation and bases knowledge of God and morality purely on what can "reasonably" be derived from nature. Works like Matthew Tindal's *Christianity as Old as the Creation, or the Gospel a Republication of the Religion of Nature* (1730) expressed the deist position.

11. "the cardinal Camerlengo": Camerlengo is a title in the Roman Catholic Church for the cardinal whose duty it is to supervise the property and temporal rights of the Holy See, especially when the Pope dies; he verifies the death of the Pope and makes preparations for the conclave, which he directs. During the eighteen-year reign of Benedict XIV (see below, n. 12) there were three camerlengos: Hannibal Albani, serving from 24 March 1719 to 23 February 1747; Silvia Valenti Gonzaga, serving from 25 February 1747 to 28 August 1756; and Jerome Colonna di Sciarra, serving from 27 September 1756 to 18 January 1763. In Letter 30 of his *Travels* Smollett praised the villa of Cardinal Albani.
12. "Benedict XIV": Prospero Lorenzo Lambertini (1675–1758) reigned as Pope Benedict XIV from 1740 to 1758. Smollett's depiction of Benedict as generous to Protestants reflects the attitude of the time. Called the "scholar's pope" by Montesquieu, Benedict founded four academies and purchased books and manuscripts for the Vatican library. Horace Walpole praised him, and Voltaire dedicated his play *Mahomet* (1742) to him.
13. "Voiturin": French term for the driver of a hired carriage. In Letter 8 of his *Travels* Smollett writes: "Another way of travelling in this country [France] is to hire a coach and four horses; . . . but when I went to the bureau, where alone these voitures are to be had, I was given to understand, that it would cost me six-and-twenty guineas . . . . These carriages are let by the same persons who farm the diligence [a stage-coach]; and for this they have an exclusive privilege, which makes them very saucy and insolent" (pp. 64–65). See also William Edward Mead, *The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1914), 57.
14. "Vetturino": Italian term for the driver of a hired carriage. The vetturino system was the Italian version of the French voiturin system. See Mead, *The Grand Tour,* 64–66.
15. "the M— of G—": John Manners, marquis of Granby (1721–70), lieutenant-general, and colonel of the Royal Horse Guards ("Blues"); he died at Scarborough of gout in the stomach.
16. "died in 1767": Hewett actually died 27 May 1766, not 1767.
17. "house of Vanini in Florence": Mrs. Mary Vanini, or Vannini, an English widow living at Florence, hosted Smollett and his wife in 1764; in 1769 she witnessed along with them the wedding of George Renner and Anne Curry, friends of Smollett. See *Travels,* Letter 27, and Knapp, 283–84.
18. "Pomponius Atticus": Titus Pomponius Atticus (109–32 B.C.), Roman philosopher and writer who died after five days of voluntary starvation following the discovery that he had a mortal disease.
19. "chalybeate": A reference to the Scarborough chalybeate spring, which is impregnated with salts of iron. In *Present State,* 2:352, Smollett also refers to "the chalybeate waters" of Scarborough.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Newcastle upon Tyne, July 10

1. "*prætereuntium digito monstratus*": An allusion to Horace *Odes* 4.3.22: "quod monstror digito prætereuntium" ("I am pointed out by the fingers of the passersby").
2. "Whitby": See *Present State,* 3:353–54: "Whitby, i.e. the White Town, stands on the river Esk, where it falls into the sea. It is a well built town, and has a commodious harbour, and a great number of ships, besides those that are built for the coal trade. A good deal of corn and butter are sent from hence to London . . . ." See also Defoe, *Tour,* 3:194.
3. "Stockton": See *Present State,* 2:322: "The town is well built and agreeable. . . . The place is famous for its ale . . . the inhabitants drive a considerable trade with London for lead, butter, and bacon." See also Defoe, *Tour,* 3:194.
4. "in the straw": In child-bed; lying-in (*OED*).
5. "lingels": The leather straps of a horse's harness (*OED*).
6. "Gisborough": Smollett writes in *Present State,* 2:426 that Guisborough (pronounced as spelled in the novel) is "a handsome town, pleasantly situated about four miles from the mouth of the Tees, where it has a harbour. . . . The hills about this town and Whitby abound with veins of iron, alum-earth of several colours, ochre, and murrey." See also Defoe, *Tour,* 3:193. The Bramble family perhaps stayed at the Black Swan, an inn more than five hundred years old situated on the Great North Road. See the introduction, p. xxxix.
7. "resolved to dine": See the introduction, p. xxxviii.
8. "Darlington": An ancient town about thirty miles southwest of Stockton, noted for its formerly collegiate church of Saint Cuthbert (1180–1220).
9. "took up our quarters for the night": See the introduction, p. xxxix.
10. "Sunderland": From this industrial town at the mouth of the Wear, Martin could catch passage to London.
11. "trimmed with Brandenburgs": Ornamental facings on the breast of an officer's coat (*OED*).
12. "scald head": A head diseased with ringworm or other scalp affections (*OED*).
13. "spatterdashes": Long gaiters or leggings to prevent the trousers or stockings from being spattered, especially in riding (*OED*).
14. "a resurrection of dry bones": An allusion to the biblical valley of dry bones described in Ezekiel 37.
15. "Wounded at Ticonderoga": Presumably a reference to the unsuccessful attack of 1758 during which General George Augustus Howe (1725?–58) was killed. Ticonderoga is in northeastern New York.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Morpeth, July 13

1. "budget": Figuratively meaning a collection or stock of something, from a pouch, bag, or wallet (*OED*).

2. "justice of the *quorum,* and *crusty ruttleorum*": L. Justice "of the *quorum*": a justice whose presence is necessary to constitute a bench; "*crusty ruttleorum*" (*i.e.,* L. *custos rotulorum*): the principal justice of the peace in a county, who has the custody of the rolls and records of the sessions of the peace (*OED*). For a discussion of the custos rotulorum in Wales, see Peter D. G. Thomas, "Society, Government and Politics," 21.
3. "Llewellyn, prince of Wales": Presumably Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, or Llywelyn II (d. 1282), who started the reconsolidation of territorial power in Wales, declared himself Prince of Wales in 1258, was recognized as such by England's Henry III, but was finally killed while campaigning against Edward I. Tabby's pride of ancestry reflects a trait attributed to the Welsh. See Defoe, *Tour,* 2:333: the Welsh "value themselves much upon their antient Heroes, as *Caractacus,* Owen ap Tudor, Prince Lewellin; and particularly upon the Antiquity of their Families, and laugh at a Pedigree, that can't be trac'd higher than the Conquest." Smollett echoes these lines in *Present State,* 3:351. English travelers often noted with amusement the Welsh delight in ancestry. See Francis Jones, "The Old Families of Wales," in *Wales in the Eighteenth Century,* ed. Moore, 32. In *Roderick Random,* chapter 25, Morgan traces "his own pedigree in a direct line from the famous Caractacus, king of the Britons."
4. "Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago": See the introduction, pp. xxxi–xxxiv.
5. "covenanters": Subscribers to the National Covenant signed 28 February 1638, which proclaimed loyalty to the crown and to the true religion but denounced the liturgical innovations being forced by Charles I on the Church of Scotland; or subscribers to the Solemn League and Covenant of September 1643, designed to impose Presbyterianism on England and Ireland, as well as Scotland.
6. "Lismahago . . . place in Scotland so called": Lesmahagow is an area in the county of Lanark, six miles from the town of Lanark and twenty-two miles from Glasgow.
7. "*Sed genus . . . nostra voco*": From Ovid *Metamorphoses* 13.140–41, but the original passage begins "nam genus": "Now, as to race and ancestry and deeds / That men have done before us, those I call / No merit of our own" (Rolfe Humphries translation).
8. "jesuitical": Having the character ascribed to the Jesuits; deceitful, dissembling; practising equivocation, prevarication or mental reservation of truth. *OED* cites this passage.
9. "adopted son to a venerable sachem": See Colden, *History,* 1:5, 9–10: "When they have subdued any People, after they have satiated their Revenge by some cruel Examples, they adopt the rest of their Captives . . ."; prisoners "are presented to those that have lost any Relation in that or any other Enterprize. If the Captives be accepted, there is an End to their Sorrow from that Moment; they are dressed as fine as they can make them . . . and enjoy all the Privileges the Person had, in whose Place they are accepted . . . . If a young Man or Boy be received in

Place of a Husband that was killed, all the Children of the Deceased call that Boy Father. . . ."

10. "passing through the different whigwhams or villages": See Colden, *History,* 1:9: "poor Prisoners . . . undergo severe Punishments before they receive the last doom of Life or Death. The Warriors think it for their glory, to lead them through all the Villages of the Nations subject to them . . . ; and there to shew their Affection to the Five Nations . . . draw up in two Lines, through which the poor Prisoners, stark naked, must run the Gauntlet. . . ."
11. "mangled by the women": See Colden, *History,* 1:9: "it is always observed, the Women are much more cruel than the Men. . . ."
12. "his death-song, the *Drimmendoo*": Colden, *History,* 1:144, asserts that all Indians prepare for death when prisoners by "singing their Death Song." The *Drimmendoo* is an old Irish folk song entitled "Draoigheanán donn" or "Drynaun dhun" (Dear Black Cow). Gaelic "Drioman-dubh" means a black cow with a white back. The name has been applied to at least three melodies in Ireland and one in Scotland, and this lament for the loss of a cow was adapted as a Jacobite song. It is not certain which version is referred to here. See *The Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland,* ed. George Petrie (Dublin: The University Press, 1855), 1:114–16; and see James C. Dick, *The Songs of Robert Burns and Notes on Scottish Songs by Robert Burns* (1903, 1908; reprint, Hatboro, Pa.: Folklore Associates, 1962), 362.
13. "warriors and the matrons . . . pared from the victim": Colden, *History,* 1:144–45, 194–96, includes two very similar descriptions of torturing prisoners.
14. "burning coal in the socket": Smollett uses almost the same words to describe this torture in "The History of Canada," *British Magazine* 2 (March 1761): 154: "then they pulled out one of his eyes, and thrust a burning coal in the socket."
15. "females were fuddled with dram-drinking": See Colden, *History,* 1:14: "It is strange, how all the *Indian* Nations, and almost every Person among them, Male and Female, are infatuated with the Love of strong Drink. . . ."
16. "game of the platter": Smollett presumably refers to a game of chance described as follows by Thomas Hutchinson:

> Another game they called hub bub, the same the French called jeu de plat, the game of the dish among the Hurons. They took five small pieces of bone, flatter than a die and longer, black on the one side and white on the other, these they put into a small wooden tray or platter, and giving it a stroke on the ground the bones all flew into the air, and the gamesters whisk their hands to and fro among the bones, and then smite themselves on the breast and thighs, crying out, hub, hub, hub, so as to be heard at a great distance. According as the bones happened to be more or less of one colour, so they won or lost. Whilst any one continued to win he held the tray, and upon his losing gave it to the next.

See *The History of the Colony and Province of Massachusetts-Bay*, ed. Laurence Shaw Mayo (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1936), 1:395. The first volume of Hutchinson's *History* was published in Boston in 1764 and in London in 1765. Other sources suggest a different game called the game of the moccasin, an Indian contest of guessing and gambling by shuffling leaden balls under (usually) four moccasins and making it appear that each moccasin covered a ball when one or more actually did not. See *A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles*, ed. Sir William A. Carigie and James R. Hulbert (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1942), 3:1534, 1765; see also *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico*, ed. Frederick Webb Hodge, Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 30 (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1912), pt. 1, p. 485. The English game of Thimblerig is approximately the same as the game of the moccasin, except that it uses three thimbles (*OED*).

17. "Lismahago was elected sachem": See Colden, *History*, 1:5: "some of their Captives have afterwards become their greatest *Sachems* and *Captains*."
18. "the Badger tribe": There is no known tribe by the name of Badger among the Miamis. See Kahrl, 139.
19. "Occacanastaogarora . . . *nimble as a weasel*": This name is probably Iroquoian rather than Algonquian. See Kahrl, 139. Smollett may be satirically expanding Cannassatego, the name of the heroic North American Indian in John Shebbeare's *Lydia; or, Filial Piety* (London, 1755); but Cannassatego was also a historical chief of the Onondaga Nation. See James R. Foster, "Smollett's Pamphleteering Foe Shebbeare," 1076.
20. "*did seriously incline . . . dangers he had past*": An allusion to *Othello* 1.3.145–50, 167, where Othello says:

> These things to hear
> Would Desdemona seriously incline . . .
> and with a greedy ear
> Devour up my discourse . . .
> She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd.

21. "minionette": A light, fine lace (*OED*).
22. "pouch, or pocket, of woven grass": See below, n. 27.
23. "*Alliance between Church and State*": Probably an allusion to William Warburton's *Alliance between Church and State: or the Necessity and Equity of an Established Religion and a Test Law demonstrated* (1736).
24. "some holy man . . . these poor heathens": Possibly a satiric allusion to Thomas Bray (1656–1730) and the extensive missionary activities of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (SPG) he founded in 1700 as a companion organization to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge (SPCK). Bray was greatly interested in the colonial missions, especially among the American

Indians. See W. O. B. Allen and Edmund McClure, *The History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge* (1898; reprint, New York: Burt Franklin, 1970); and see W. K. Lowther Clarke, *A History of the S.P.C.K.* (London: S.P.C.K., 1959).

25. "*Salve regina*": An anonymous medieval hymn to the Virgin Mary often attributed to Saint Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153).

26. "creed of saint Athanasius": This ancient Christian creed that begins with the Latin words "Quicunque vult" is usually but erroneously attributed to Saint Athanasius, the famous archbishop of Alexandria (A.D. 293?–373) who, during the reign of Constantine (A.D. 280?–337), defended the Trinity and the divinity of Christ against the Arian heresy that Christ was only man. On certain feast days in the Church of England the Athanasian replaces the Apostles' Creed at Morning Prayer. Smollett alludes to the Trinitarian or Arian controversy, still very alive in the 1770s, that had been evoked by the questioning of the Trinitarian doctrine in Samuel Clarke's *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity* (1712). Subscription to the Articles of Religion, required of the clergy, included subscription to the Athanasian Creed. See Norman Sykes, *From Sheldon to Secker* (Cambridge: The University Press, 1959), 140–87.

27. "a purse of silk grass": A purse made from one of several species of lustrous grass (for example, aloe, agave, and yucca) native to America and the West Indies (*OED*).

28. "Doncaster . . . abuse of the Scotch nation": Smollett writes in *Present State*, 2:336–37, that Doncaster is "a large populous town, upon the Don or Dan. . . . [It] has a good market for corn, cattle, etc. several fairs, and good inns, being a great thoroughfare, upon the high road, from London to Scotland . . . ." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 3:101. Engraved verses, especially satirical verses, on the windows of inns along the Great North Road to Scotland and at the various spas were a variety of graffiti much in vogue during the eighteenth century. See Mary Claire Randolph, "Diamond-Satire in the Eighteenth Century," *N & Q* 17 (1943): 62–65.

29. "village cock . . . his own dunghill": A variant of the proverb, "A cock is bold on his own dunghill," dating from Seneca. See *Proverbs*, 130–31, and Tilley, 107.

30. "risibility . . . a rational creature": The notion that human beings are the only creatures capable of laughter goes back at least as far as Aristotle (*Parts of Animals* 3.10). Smollett mentions *animal risible* as early as *Roderick Random*, chapter 17. See also *Idler*, no. 1, in the *Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1963), 2:4 and n. 5.

31. "*The Ever-green* . . . Allan Ramsay": *The Evergreen*, an anthology of Scots poems (mainly from the Bannatyne MS), was published by the Scottish poet Allan Ramsay (1686–1758) in 1724. Ramsay was well known for his pastoral drama *The Gentle Shepherd* (1725).

32. "an excellent writer . . . *elbow-room*": A reference to John Armstrong (1709–79), Scottish physician, essayist, and poet, whose most popular work was *The Art of Preserving Health* (1744). His poem *A Day: An Epistle to John Wilkes* (1761) occa-

sioned some public controversy and a quarrel with Wilkes himself. The phrase "the mind's elbow room" occurs in *A Day:*

> When Dinner comes, amid the various Feast,
> Then crowns your genial Board, where every Guest,
> Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home,
> And none e'er sign'd for the Mind's Elbow-room.

Armstrong was a friend of Smollett. See Lewis M. Knapp, "Dr. John Armstrong, Littérateur, and Associate of Smollett, Thomson, Wilkes, and Other Celebrities," *PMLA* 59 (1944): 1019–58.

33. "*He's gentle, and not fearful*": Speaking of Ferdinand, Miranda says: "O dear Father, / Make not too rash a trial of him, for / He's gentle and not fearful" (1.2.467–69).
34. "Spenser . . . ydrad": From *Faerie Queene* 1.1.1 and 1.2.9.
35. "altered the sound of our vowels": A reference to the great vowel shift. On Lismahago's theory of English, see the introduction, pp. xxxiii–xxxvii.
36. "the worship of Cloacina . . . delicacy and decorum": Cloacina (L. the cleanser) was a surname for Venus, whose statue stood at the place where the Romans purified themselves and were reconciled with the Sabines after the rape of the Sabine women. Smollett uses the phrase ironically to mean "using the privy." In Letter 12 of his *Travels* Smollett writes: "At Nismes in Languedoc, where we found the temple of Cloacina in a most shocking condition, the servant-maid told me her mistress had caused it to be made on purpose for the English travellers; but now she was very sorry for what she had done, as all the French who frequented her house, instead of using the seat, left their offerings on the floor, which she was obliged to have cleaned three or four times a day" (p. 107).
37. "Felton-bridge": This bridge crossed the Coquet River at the little town of Felton.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Tweedmouth, July 15

1. "that bridge": The James VI Bridge, a fifteen-arch structure built in 1611–24.
2. "Berwick": Smollett writes in *Present State,* 2:273, that Berwick is "a large fortified town on the north side of the river Tweed, formerly belonging to Scotland . . . . Before the union of the Two *crowns,* it was a perpetual bone of contention between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, and possessed alternately by both nations . . . ."
3. "city of Durham . . . a confused heap": The ensuing description of Durham echoes *Present State,* 2:317–20.
4. "from the top of Gateshead Fell": Presumably a reference to Beacon Hill or Beacon Loft, to which the parish of Gateshead Fell rises; it was noted for the extensive

views it presented. The ensuing description of Newcastle echoes *Present State*, 2:268–70.

5. "Morpeth and Alnwick": *Present State*, 2:272, describes Morpeth as "a neat little market-town," which, because it lies "on a much frequented post road, is well supplied with inns for the accommodation of travellers"; Alnwick is described as "a little walled town, seated near the river Alne, neat and cleanly."
6. "noble house of Piercy, earls of Northumberland": Of Alnwick Castle, home of the Percys, Smollett writes in *Present State*, 2:272: "It was once the most noble castle in the North of England, and still retains evident marks of its former magnificence."
7. "lord B——'s inglorious peace": Bute secured the Peace of Paris (10 February 1763) that ended the Seven Years' War. The terms of the treaty, not thought to be as favorable as they could have been, made the Peace quite unpopular with many. See J. Steven Watson, *The Reign of George III* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1960), 86–88. Lismahago's defense of Bute's treaty echoes passages in Smollett's *History and Adventures of an Atom* (1769), particularly the atom/narrator's concession that, for all his faults, Bute ("Yak-strot") "made a peace, which, if not the most glorious that might have been obtained, was, at least, the most solid and advantageous that ever Japan had concluded with any power whatsoever" (*Atom*, p. 124).
8. "Scots abounded . . . army and navy of Great-Britain": See *Present State*, 2:10: "The English service, . . . both by land and sea, abounds with Scotch officers . . . ."
9. "Mr. Addison says . . . an Englishman": An allusion to *Spectator*, no. 383 (20 May 1712). Sir Roger de Coverley prefers all things English, thus having "honest Prejudices which naturally cleave to the Heart of a true *Englishman*."
10. "from three to seven years": Until the Bill for Triennial Parliaments of 1694, the crown could keep a Parliament in existence as long as it pleased. In 1716 the Septennial Act extended the life of Parliament to a maximum of seven years.
11. "vilest reptile . . . shining merit": Lismahago echoes Smollett's own view as expressed in a letter to William Huggins (c. 1760): "I cannot without Mortification reflect that it is in the power of the lowest Reptile to asperse my Morals as a man, and impeach my Reputation as a writer" (*Letters*, 95).
12. "two thirds of the jury . . . verdict": Only a simple majority was required. See Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Edinburgh, August 8, n. 5.
13. "like Antæus": In Greek mythology Antæus is a giant wrestler whose strength is invincible unless he is lifted from the earth, his mother, who gives him renewed strength.
14. "*paternus lar*, or *patria domus*": L. The paternal hearth, or paternal home.
15. "Wesley's meeting in Newcastle": John Wesley was in Newcastle in early May 1766. According to the *London Chronicle* (10–13 May 1766), Smollett had recently been in Newcastle on the way to Scotland. It is possible, then, that Smollett heard the sermon mentioned in the text.

16. "to him . . . that important affair": Possibly this is a slip on Smollett's part, since Jery is not in correspondence with Dr. Lewis; or perhaps Smollett uses the term *discussion* in an alternative legal sense, meaning to investigate or examine (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, July 18

1. "brocard": Obsolete form of *brocade* (*OED*).
2. "*painted Jezabel*": An allusion to 2 Kings 9:30–37. Jezebel was the evil wife of Ahab (1 Kings 16:31; 19:1–2; 21:1–29). *OED* cites this passage. See Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, Edinburgh, July 18, p. 212.
3. "fellow-lodgers at Berwick": Perhaps there is a discrepancy, for Matt's last letter is dated from Tweedmouth, and it hardly seems likely the travelers would stay a night in both towns. More likely Tweedmouth has simply been submerged into Berwick, the larger and better known town, as it still is in casual references.
4. "Coldstream": In *Present State*, 2:132, Smollett describes Coldstream as "a small market-town, situated on the Tweed, in the neighbourhood of a monastery, which has long been demolished." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 4:47.
5. "the bird was flown": A proverbial expression dating from at least as early as the sixteenth century (*OED*).
6. "Leighlin Oneale . . . Ter-Owen the Great": Presumably Macloughlin refers to Owen Roe O'Neill, a younger kinsman to the O'Neills of Tyrone. O'Neill gained fame for his defense of Arras in the Netherlands against Louis XIII (1640) and fought valiantly in the Great Rebellion of the Irish Catholics against Puritan England (1641–53).
7. "Mr. Coshgrave . . . Shuffolk-street": Suffolk Street was a fashionable street just off Pall Mall. "Coshgrave" [Cosgrave] was perhaps an historical fashioner (that is, a tailor) with a shop on the street.
8. "came like a tief": Biblical; the day of the Lord will "come like a thief in the night." The phrase occurs several times in the epistles of Paul and Peter and in Revelation.
9. "ninth part of a man": An allusion to the proverb, "Nine tailors make a man"; that is, it takes nine tailors to outfit or make a complete man. Since Macloughlin next says, "the devil burn my soul," Smollett may also be recalling the variant meaning that "Nine tailors [*i.e.*, tellers or strokes of a bell] make a man." To mark the death of a man, parish churches in England tolled the bell nine times; a woman received six tellers (*OED*). See *Proverbs*, 567, and Tilley, 649.
10. "mountains of Tulloghobegly": Presumably a reference to the hills in county Tyrone near Tullaghoge or Tullyhog, residence of the Justiciars of Tyrone, who inaugurated each O'Neill chief of Ulster.
11. "bug": A nickname given by the Irish to Englishmen, who were said to have introduced bugs into Ireland. See Francis Grose, *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar*

Tongue (1796), ed. Eric Partridge (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1963), 58. *OED* admits the word on the authority of this passage and defines it as "? A person of assumed importance."

12. "Judas Iscariot . . . carried the bag": An allusion to the kiss betraying Christ and to Judas as treasurer for the disciples. See John 13:29 and Luke 22:47–48.
13. "Mrs. Humphreys": See the introduction, pp. xl–xlii. *Present State*, 2:274 describes Tweedmouth as "a neat village . . . provided with a church and good inns for travellers."
14. "could not go to Scotland but by sea": On 1 March 1754 Smollett wrote to Alexander Carlyle that in England "Ignorance prevails to such a degree that one of our Chelsea Club asked me if the weather was good when I crossed the Sea from Scotland" (*Letters*, 33).
15. "red-shanks of Ireland": Celtic inhabitants of Ireland (and the Scottish Highlands) were called "red-shanks," in allusion to the color of the legs reddened by exposure (*OED*). See Letter 36 of the *Travels* for Smollett's harsh view of the French peasantry.
16. "entered Scotland": Much of the description of Scottish scenery, life, customs, and character comes from *Present State*. See Martz, 136–80.
17. "Dunbar": See *Present State*, 2:130, where Dunbar is described as "a neat little town, with a good market, and a secure harbour, which the inhabitants have built with great labour and expence."
18. "we lay at a country inn": See the introduction, p. xl.
19. "Haddington . . . decay": Jery's description echoes *Present State*, 2:129: "At present the town of Haddington bears marks of decay."
20. "fortified castle . . . royal palace at the bottom": See Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Edinburgh, July 18, nn. 11, 12, 13.
21. "first thing that strikes the nose": See Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, Edinburgh, July 18, n. 5.
22. "The inn at which we put up": Presumably this was the White Horse Inn or White Horse Stables, built in 1623 at the bottom of the High Street in White Horse Close. The Close was named after Mary Stuart's palfrey. See the introduction, p. xlii. The inn is now a private residence; for a description of it as it was in the eighteenth century, see Robert Chambers, *Traditions of Edinburgh* (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1869), 187–89.
23. "Mr. Mitchelson": Samuel Mitchelson (d. 1788) was a writer to the signet (*i.e.*, a lawyer having the exclusive privilege of preparing crown writs and other legal papers bearing the signet or seal of the Court of Session, the supreme civil court). He was also one of the directors of the Musical Society of Edinburgh. See *N & Q* 3 (1956): 262. He was a friend of Smollett, with whom he corresponded; see *Letters*, 127.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Edinburgh, July 18

1. "*alga marina*, or sea-weed": See Defoe, *Tour*, 4:48: "The Truth is, the Soil hereabout is very good, and the Sea-ware, as they call the Weeds which the Sea casts up, abundantly supplies the Defect of Marl, Chalk, or Limestone . . . ."
2. "a noble park . . . the Duke of Roxburgh": See John Macky, *A Journey Through Scotland* (London, 1723), 26: "joining to *Dunbar* is another delicious Seat of the Duke of *Roxborough* call'd *Broxmouth:* It consists of a Body and two Wings, and a fine pav'd Court between the Wings . . . the whole in the middle of a fine Park." The duke was John Ker, third duke of Roxburghe (1740–1804).
3. "Lesley, at the head of a Scotch army": David Leslie and his troops took position against Cromwell on Doon Hill overlooking Dunbar. Events progressed much as Matt goes on to describe them here. Bishop Burnet's *History of His Own Time* (1715) is the authority for the interference of the ministers in Leslie's handling of the army. The psalm Cromwell allegedly ordered to be sung was Psalm 68:1: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered." For another account, probably by Smollett, see "The History of Scotland," in *The Modern Part of the Universal History* (London, 1784), 41:433.
4. "Philistines in Gilgal": An allusion to 1 Samuel 13.
5. "a gentleman's house": Perhaps a reference to the property of Newmills, which the notorious adventurer Colonel Francis Charteris (1675–1732) named Amisfield after the home of his father, Sir John Charteris. Colonel Charteris was a gambler and thief who, becoming rich, was almost a symbol of successful evil. Pope satirized him in Epistle 3 of the *Moral Essays* and in Epistle 4 of the *Essay on Man*. Charteris is the man in the doorway of the inn in Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, plate 1.
6. "lord Elibank": Patrick Murray, fifth Baron Elibank (1703–78), a lawyer and military man, was interested in literature and enjoyed a close relationship with such writers as Lord Kames, David Hume, William Robertson, and Alexander Carlyle. Samuel Johnson visited him in 1773.
7. "Lothian": A region including the Scottish counties of Linlithgow, Edinburgh, and Haddington.
8. "Musselburgh . . . Mr. Cardonel": Musselburgh is described in *Present State*, 2:125 as "an ancient burgh of regality, and market-town" but "thinly inhabited," subsisting "chiefly by a manufacture of coarse woollen stuffs, and by its corn market." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 4:59–62. Mansfeldt de Cardonnel of Musselburgh, a commissioner of the customs, was, according to Alexander Carlyle, "not a Man of much Depth or Genius; But he had a Right Sound Understanding and was a Man of Great Honour and Integrity and the most agreeable Companion that ever was" (*Anecdotes and Characters*, 112).
9. "Dr. C——": Alexander Carlyle (1722–1805), liberal minister of the Kirk at Inveresk (near Edinburgh), was known as "Jupiter Carlyle" because of his good looks. A friend of Smollett and of all the major Edinburgh "literati," he left vivid

portraits of many men in his *Anecdotes*—misleadingly called his *Autobiography* by his first editor, John Hill Burton, in 1860.

10. "Scots make their way in every quarter of the globe": See *Present State*, 2:10: "they [the Scots] do not confine themselves to Great-Britain, but travel over the face of the earth in the different capacities of soldiers, sailors, merchants, scholars, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries. They swarm in the East and West-Indies, as well as upon the coast of Guiney. There is hardly a town in Europe, or even in Asia, where we do not find some Scotsmen reputably settled."
11. "Edinburgh . . . to much advantage": Alexander Campbell writes to the contrary in *A Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain* (London, 1802), 2:318: "From Musselburgh to Edinburgh is about five miles. There is nothing remarkable to be met on the way, till within a short distance of the city, when a most striking view of its peculiar situation is seen to great advantage."
12. "the Castle": The earliest remains of the castle-fortress of Edinburgh date from the eleventh century, although some form of structure has been there from at least the seventh century, when Edinburgh was supposedly founded by Edwin, king of Northumbria, from whom the city derived its name. Mary, Queen of Scots, gave birth to James VI (James I of England) in one of the castle's rooms.
13. "Holyrood house": The chief royal palace in Scotland; residence of Mary, Queen of Scots, for six years. Originally founded as an abbey by King David I in 1128, the house became a royal residence under James V, who built the northwest towers. The remaining part of the palace was finished during the reign of Charles II. The royal chapel of Holyrood Abbey was greatly damaged during the Reformation, but its present state of ruin is due to the collapse of an over-heavy stone roof erected in 1758. See *Present State*, 2:120.
14. "Canongate": See Defoe, *Tour*, 4:65: the High Street of Edinburgh "From the Palace-gate Westward, . . . is called the Canongate, as belonging to the Canons of the Abbey, which is a kind of Suburb by itself, as *Southwark* is to *London*." The Augustinian canons regular founded Holyrood Abbey. See also *Present State*, 2:113–15.
15. "Nether Bow, which is now taken away": See *Present State*, 2:114: The Netherbow, one of the city gates, "is grandly ornamented, and crowned with towers and spires . . . ." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 4:70. The gate was removed in 1764.
16. "the Lucken-Booths": A row of houses with shops on the first floor; the name means "locked shops." The description here accords with that of Thomas Pennant, *A Tour in Scotland* (Chester, 1771), 49: Luckenbooth row "stands in the middle of High-street, and, contributes to spoil as fine a street as most in *Europe*." The Lucken-booths were torn down in 1817.
17. "Middle-Row in Holborn": A block of houses jutted into the street at the end of Gray's Inn Lane in Holborn. The houses were removed in 1868.
18. "a market-cross": The ancient Mercat Cross of Edinburgh was torn down amid great protest in 1756. In 1886 a reconstruction was erected on the original site.
19. "lord Sommerville's garden": James, thirteenth Lord Sommerville (1727–96),

lived at the nearby estate of Drum, acquired by his family through marriage in 1375. Actually only the pillar of the cross, not the fifteen-foot tower on which it stood, had been moved to the garden. See Gassman, 285–86.

20. "move . . . to an Exchange": The Exchange, now the City Chambers, was described by Pennant, *A Tour in Scotland*, 49, as "a handsome modern building . . . of no use, in its proper character; for the merchants always chuse standing in the open street, exposed to all kinds of weather."
21. "Parliament-close . . . Charles II": Smollett writes in *Present State*, 2:117, that "in the heart of the city" is a "noble quadrangle . . . adorned with a fine equestrian statue of Charles II. At one side of the square is the parliament-house . . . ." For a more detailed description of Parliament Close, see Defoe, *Tour*, 4:68–69.
22. "fixed in a steeple hard by": See *Present State*, 2:116–17: the Church of Saint Giles has "a very lofty tower, with a large open cupola of curious workmanship, representing an imperial crown, and furnished with a set of well toned bells on which all manner of tunes are played every day except Sundays, between the hours of eleven and twelve . . . ."
23. "widow gentlewoman, of the name of Lockhart": See the introduction, p. xlii.

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, Edinburgh, July 18

1. "Spanish owl": Spanish wool, a variety of rouge, but also wool of Spain mixed with wool of England (*OED*). The former meaning seems intended here.
2. "Issabel . . . blood": The story is told in 2 Kings 9:30–37.
3. "took a French leave": This is the earliest recorded use of this now proverbial expression for "to leave without permission or notice" (*OED*).
4. "geaks": Jakes; that is, privies (*OED*).
5. "*gardy loo*": Warning cry before throwing dirty water from chamber pots out the window, from the French *gardez l'eau*, meaning "beware of the water." In older usage *garder* was a transitive verb. See the fourth meaning in Emile Littré, *Dictionnaire de la langue française*, édition intégrale (Paris: Editions Jean-Jacques-Pauvert, 1956), tome 3:2053: "Craindre, se méfier. «Gardez le froc», La Font., *Herm.* Vieilli in ce sens." Smollett writes in *Present State*, 2:116:

> At ten of the clock every window is opened, and such a general deluge of these materials poured forth, that the whole air is impregnated with a most unsufferable odour, and the foot passenger in the most imminent danger of being overwhelmed with the most substantial part of the annoyance.
>
> In former times, the dispersers of these benefits taught, in all probability by their polite allies, the French, were accustomed to give warning, by calling aloud *gardez l'eau;* but now all that ceremony is laid aside, and woe will be upon the head of that man, who presumes to walk down the wynd at or

about the hour of evacuation, without crying out *hold your hand* incessantly, until he finds himself fairly housed.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Edinburgh, August 8

1. "Doric dialect": A broad or rustic dialect of English. *OED* gives no example of this specific usage before the late nineteenth century, although a more general application to rustic dialect occurs early in the seventeenth century.
2. "Mr. R— C—": Robert Cullen (d. 1810), a Scottish advocate, was appointed a lord of the Session in 1796. He was noted as a mimic.
3. "cartel": A written agreement, originally relating to an exchange of prisoners (*OED*).
4. "negros' heads . . . markets": The history Jery refers to is, perhaps, *A New Account of Some Parts of Guinea and the Slave Trade* (1734; reprint, London: Frank Cass, 1971), by Captain William Snelgrave. Snelgrave observes: "There were likewise brought by the Soldiers some thousands of dead Peoples Heads in the Court . . . and as the proper Officers received them, they paid the Soldiers *five Shillings* for each Head" (p. 38). He further reports that Mr. Robert More "saw many strange things, especially human Flesh sold publickly in the great Market-place [at the king of Dahomey's camp]" (p. 53). *Critical Review* 26 (November 1768): 384 gave a favorable review to *A Short Account of that Part of Africa, Inhabited by the Negroes . . . with Quotations from the Writings of several Persons of Note . . . and a Large Extract from a Pamphlet, Lately Published in London on the Subject of the Slave Trade.*
5. "Murray of Baliol-college": Possibly an allusion to the Rev. Gideon Murray, who was at Balliol from 1729 to 1736, a generation before Jery. Smollett may have known Murray from his brother, Patrick Murray, fifth Baron Elibank.
6. "fruit now in season": For similar comments on the abundance of fruit in Scotland, see *Present State*, 2:7, and Defoe, *Tour*, 4:17. The effectiveness of fruits and certain vegetables against scurvy was not understood until the Scottish physician Dr. James Lind published his *Treatise on Scurvy* in 1753.
7. "report . . . satisfaction of the populace": The exhibition of the Scottish crown jewels to satisfy the Edinburgh mob may be a historical incident. Many anti-unionist pamphlets urged the Scots to see the jewels, as they were going to be taken to London if the Treaty of Union passed the Scottish Parliament. See John Hill Burton, *The History of Scotland* (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood, 1898), 8:138–39.
8. "paultry daubings . . . imagination": See *Present State*, 2:120: "In one gallery we see the portraits of the Scottish kings from the first Fergus . . . to William III, prince of Orange: but they are, for the most part, paultry pieces, drawn from the imagination of the painter; and indeed one may perceive that the majority have been painted by one hand." Jacob de Wet or James de Witt (1640–97), a Dutch

painter, agreed to paint 110 portraits within two years for £120 per annum. The contract, which still exists, is dated 1684. See Oliphant Smeaton, *The Story of Edinburgh* (London: J. M. Dent, 1905), 246–47; and see Michael Bryan, *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, rev. ed. (London: George Bell, 1894), 1:408, "De Wett."

9. "a well-conducted concert": See Topham, *Letters*, 376: "One of the principal entertainments in Edinburgh is a Concert, which is supported by subscription. . . . [The managers] have a weekly Concert in an elegant room . . . which is styled St. Cecilia's Hall."
10. "The Scots are all musicians": See Topham, *Letters*, 377–78: "Indeed, the degree of attachment which is shewn to Music in general in this country, exceeds belief. It is not only the principal entertainment, but the constant topic of every conversation; and it is necessary not only to be a lover of it, but to be possessed of a knowledge of the science to make yourself agreeable to society."
11. "one nobleman . . . universally admired": Probably a reference to Thomas Alexander Erskine, sixth earl of Kellie (1732–81), who was known as "The Musical Earl." He was a talented violinist, composer, and director of the concerts at Saint Cecilia's Hall in Edinburgh.
12. "a new theatre": The Theatre Royal opened in December 1769 at a cost of £5,000, including the scenery.
13. "the hunters ball": Presumably a reference to the annual ball given by the Caledonian Hunt, a society of Scottish nobility and gentry who patronized field sports. Burns dedicated the second edition of his poems (1787) to the Hunt. The ball was held yearly at Holyrood House in February or March and was one of the highlights of Edinburgh social life. Commenting on the ball held in 1758, the *Scots Magazine* 20 (April 1758): 210 states: "This was the most numerous and splendid meeting of the kind that has been in Edinburgh for many years." Smollett displaces the dating of the ball from February/March to July/August.
14. "the Leith races": The port and village of Leith (about a mile from Edinburgh) were granted to Edinburgh in 1329 by Robert Bruce. From 1661 on the yearly horse races, held in the Leith Sands in July, drew enormous crowds from Edinburgh and from various parts of Scotland. They were celebrated in Robert Fergusson's poem "The Leith Races" (1773). Smollett wrote of them in *Present State*, 2:125: "Here are horse-races every year for the king's plate; and on these occasions Edinburgh is crowded with the best company in Scotland."
15. "miss R——n": Perhaps a reference to Miss Cecilia Renton, who married Smollett's nephew Alexander Telfer; or possibly to her sister Eleanora.
16. "lady directress of the ball": Probably this was Miss Nicky Murray, sister of Lord Mansfield. See Topham, *Letters*, 349: "As long as Mrs. Murray obliges the Public with her assistance, the City of Edinburgh cannot wish for a more agreeable entertainment, than their Assemblies . . . ." Ordinary dances were held from 1720 to 1766 in Old Assembly Close on the High Street between Saint Giles and the Tron Church. From 1766 to 1784 they were moved a few doors down the High Street to New Assembly Close, in the mansion of Lord Elibank's ancestors.

17. "Ballymawhawple": A comical name made up on the analogy of the many Irish place-names beginning with Bally-.
18. "Seceders": The Secession from the Kirk, led by Ebenezer Erskine and three other ministers, began in 1733 and was formalized in 1737 as the Associate Synod. The Secession began primarily as a reaction against the 1732 act of the General Assembly of the Kirk restoring the right of patronage in filling a ministerial vacancy. See Henry G. Graham, *The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century* (London: A. and C. Black, 1901), 372–82.
19. "Mr. Moffat": Perhaps a historical person, but not identified.
20. "a game called golf . . . incredible distance": Jery's description of golf echoes *Present State*, 2:14: "Goff [sic] is a game at ball played on an open common, like cricket; but the ball is much harder, and instead of bats, they use clubs faced with horn. A ball struck with one of these, by an expert player, will fly to an incredible distance."
21. "senator of justice": Judges of the Court of Session were called senators.
22. "cawdies": The cawdies or caddies, a group of poor messenger boys, were organized under a captain called the constable of the cawdies. See Topham, *Letters*, 87, where they are described as "a Society of men who constantly attend the Cross in the High-street, and whose office it is to do any thing that any body can want, and discharge any kind of business. . . . Whether you stand in need of a *valet de place*, a pimp, a thief-catcher, or a bully, your best resource is to the fraternity of Cadies."
23. "The best in Christendom . . . beggar's bennison": The familiar abbreviation for "the best cunt in Christendom," according to Francis Grose, was "a health formerly much in vogue" (*A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 33). Smollett mentions it in *Roderick Random*, chapter 56. "Gibb's contract," abbreviated for "Rob Gibb, and stark luif and kindness," was a common toast in Scotland supposedly based on Rob Gibb, court fool of James V, who settled the complaints of the king's petitioners one day by telling them, "I have served the king the best part of my life without fee or reward, *out of stark luif and kindness*, a principle I seriously recommend to you all to carry home with you and adopt" (John Jamieson, *An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, rev. John Longmuir and David Donaldson [New York: AMS Press, 1966], 2:375). "The beggar's bennison" was a good luck wish: "May your prick and purse never fail you" (Grose, *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 33). Smollett may have been familiar with The Most Ancient and Puissant Order of the Beggar's Benison and Merryland, Anstruther, which flourished from 1732 to 1836. This club was dedicated to sexually explicit speeches and actions. A branch was formed in Edinburgh in 1776. See Norah Smith, "Sexual Mores and Attitudes in Enlightenment Scotland," in *Sexuality in Eighteenth-Century Britain*, ed. Paul-Gabriel Boucé (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1982), 58–59. See also Alan Bold's introduction to the *Records* of the Order (1892; reprint, Edinburgh: Paul Harris, 1982). Smollett's friend John Cleland appears to have had some ties to the organization. See Peter Sabor's

introduction to *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), xiv and n. 19.

24. "John Bull and his sister Moggy": "Moggy" is a variant form of Maggie, a playful shortening of Margaret. The passage is perhaps an allusion to John Arbuthnot's *John Bull Still in his Senses* (1712), in which John Bull (England) has a sister Peg (Scotland); but the names were commonplace by the 1760s. In December 1760 there appeared a pamphlet, possibly by David Hume, entitled *The History of the Proceedings in the Case of MARGARET, Commonly called PEG Only Lawful Sister to JOHN BULL, Esq.* (dated 1761); it was reviewed in *Critical Review* 10 (December 1760): 451–53. Generally attributed to Adam Ferguson, the pamphlet has been given to Hume by its recent editor, David R. Raynor; see *Sister Peg: A Pamphlet Hitherto Unknown: By David Hume* (Cambridge: The University Press, 1982). Roger L. Emerson, "Recent Works on Eighteenth-Century Scottish Life and Thought," *Eighteenth-Century Life* 11 (1985): 104, questions the attribution to Hume, as does Richard B. Sher in his review of Raynor's edition in *Philosophical Books* 24 (April 1983): 85–91.
25. "dule": Dole, grief, sorrow (*OED*).
26. "with a toom poke at his lunzie": With an empty bag at his side.
27. "Mr. M'Corkindale": Perhaps a historical person, but not identified.
28. "overtaken": Drunk, intoxicated (*OED*).
29. "the *kingdom of Fife*": Fife, a county occupying the peninsula between the Firths of Forth and Tay, has been known since ancient times as the "kingdom of Fife," perhaps because of the long continuance of an independent king or perhaps simply because it has always been one of the richest and most self-contained provinces in Scotland. See Defoe, *Tour*, 4:150–51: "The Shire itself takes its Name from *Fyfus*, surnamed *Duffus*, to whom it was granted by King *Kenneth* II. for Valour against the Picts, about the year 840. His Posterity were first called Thanes of *Fife*, and afterwards Earls by *Malcolm* II. about the year 1057, and endow'd with greater Privileges than any other Earls of the Kingdom . . . ."
30. "St. Andrew's . . . venerable city": See *Present State*, 2:83: "St. Andrews was formerly a beautiful city. . . . At present, all its magnificence and splendour are faded . . . ."
31. "noble and elegant . . . that part of Scotland": See *Present State*, 2:78: "Fife is the most populous province in Scotland, and exhibits a greater number of fine seats belonging to gentlemen and noblemen, than are found in any other shire of the kingdom." Defoe, *Tour*, 4:149–50, provides a comparable description: "There are four or five Places of Note in the middle of the County . . . : *Kinross*, *Lesly*, *Falkland*, *Malvil*, *Balgony*, and *Cowpar*; the last a Town, the others great Houses, and one, viz., *Falkland*, a Royal Palace, and once the most in Request of all the Royal Houses in *Scotland*."
32. "so long as the brig of Stirling stands": See Defoe, *Tour*, 4:132: "The Bridge of *Stirling* has only four Arches; but they are very large, and the Chanel widens considerably below it."

33. "Carfax": The crossroads at the very center of Oxford, from Middle English *carfuks*, four forks (*OED*).

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Edinburgh, August 8

1. "the union": The Treaty of Union, uniting Scotland and England under one parliament, was ratified on 16 January 1707.
2. "Their college of justice": See Defoe, *Tour*, 4:69: "At the South-east Part of the Parliament-house, is a Door from what they call the Outer-house (where the Lord Ordinary sits) into the *Inner*, where sit the other Fourteen Judges, or Lords of Session; which is the supreme Civil Judicature of *Scotland*."
3. "Scottish legislation . . . the civil law": Civil or Roman law rather than common law tended to dominate Scottish justice. See *Present State*, 2:20: "The Scots are governed by their own laws, deduced partly from the feudal system of government, and partly built on the civil law, and the law of nature and nations."
4. "method of examining witnesses apart": Presumably a reference to the practice described as follows by Topham, *Letters*, 301–2: "In all the trials which came before this Court [Commissary or lower court], the evidences there given, are taken down in writing. . . . The testimony, likewise, in this Court, is given by Interrogatories . . . ."
5. "constitution of their jury": The jury was composed of fifteen men chosen by the defendant from forty-five men, and the verdict required only a simple majority; see Topham, *Letters*, 296. In *Present State*, 2:20, Smollett writes: "The justice court for causes, criminal and civil, consists of a justice-general, justice clerk, and five other judges, who are lords of session. These, assisted with a jury or pannel of fifteen, try and decide all causes by a majority of the pannel."
6. "university of Edinburgh": The ensuing description of the University of Edinburgh echoes *Present State*, 2:119, and Defoe, *Tour*, 4:72.
7. "the infirmary": The Royal Infirmary, founded in 1736.
8. "several hospitals": Heriot's Hospital, founded in 1628; Watson's Hospital, founded in 1738; Trades Hospital, founded in 1704; Merchant's Hospital, founded in 1707; Trinity Hospital, an almshouse founded in the fifteenth century by Mary of Gueldres, wife of Scotland's James II; and Orpheus Hospital, founded in 1734.
9. "general work-house": See *Present State*, 2:119: "Edinburgh contains divers other hospitals, [and] a workhouse like that of Glasgow . . . ."
10. "ministers . . . moderation": See *Present State*, 2:17–18: "The clergy of Scotland, in order to preserve their influence among the people, have affected an uncommon austerity in their manners and way of living, and even imposed it, in a great measure, upon the laity of their communion. . . . At the Revolution, a great number of ignorant fanatics were admitted to ordination in the church of Scotland. . . . This old remnant of fanatics is now almost worn out, and generally succeeded by a set of ministers, who, by their learning, taste, and liberal sentiments, would do honour to any religion."

11. "a professor from the cathedral of Durham": According to David Fraser Harris, *Saint Cecilia's Hall in the Niddry Wynd* (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 1899), 150, the professor was Cornforth Gilson, who came to Edinburgh around 1753. Robert Morris (b. 1743), an unscrupulous lawyer who ran off with his ward (the illegitimate daughter of Frederick Calvert, sixth Lord Baltimore), relates Gilson to *Humphry Clinker* in his diaries: "*14 June* [1774 at Edinburgh]. . . . The Evening I spent as usual at Ward's. There a Mr. Mason, whom I had just interchanged a few words with once before an dinner-time came & sat down with me: One Dr. Gilson, a musical Professor, very drunk soon came & join'd us, with his bottle of Claret, which from being the worst in the world he insisted upon to be the best. Mason let me know, this Dr. Gilson, was a Character taken off in Humphrey Clinker. His sense shone through his ebriety" (*Radical Adventurer: The Diaries of Robert Morris, 1772–1774*, ed. J. E. Ross [Bath: Adams and Dart, 1971], 200).
12. "such as . . . Wilkie": The two Humes are David Hume (1711–76), the philosopher and historian, and John Home (1722–1808), clergyman and author of the celebrated play *Douglas* (1756). Robertson is William Robertson (1721–93), noted historian and author of such works as the *History of Scotland 1543–1663* (1759) and the *History of Charles V* (1769). Smith is Adam Smith (1723–90), famous economist, moralist, and author of the *Wealth of Nations* (1776). Wallace is Robert Wallace (1697–1771), minister and writer on population and author of *Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind* (1753). Blair is Hugh Blair (1718–1800), minister of the High Church, Edinburgh, professor of rhetoric at Edinburgh University, and author of the noted *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (1783). Ferguson is Adam Ferguson (1723–1816), philosopher and historian, whose works include the *Essay on Civil Society* (1766) and *History of the Roman Republic* (1782). Wilkie is William Wilkie (1721–72), the "Scottish Homer," author of the *Epigoniad* (1757), an epic in nine books based on the *Iliad*, book 4. Smollett reviewed Hume's *History of Great Britain* and, perhaps, other works by these writers in the *Critical Review*. Hume and Robertson were contributors to the *Critical Review* under Smollett's editorship; see Basker, 151–53, 222, 225.
13. "Dr. Carlyle . . . figure with the rest upon paper": Dr. Alexander Carlyle published very little in his lifetime; even his *Anecdotes and Characters* did not appear until 1860. He probably contributed to the *Critical Review*; see Basker, 151.
14. "Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yester, and lord Hopton's": Dalkeith House, noted for its park covering one thousand acres, was the seat of the duke of Buccleuch. It was described by Smollett in *Present State*, 2:127 as "the largest and noblest modern house in all Scotland." Pinkie House, built by the earl of Dunfermline in the reign of James VI, belonged to the marquis of Tweeddale, and to Smollett, it was "one of the most magnificent seats in Great Britain" (*Present State*, 2:126). Yester House, surrounded by extensive plantations and pleasure grounds, was the seat of the marquis of Tweeddale. Hopeton or Hopetoun House was built by Charles Hope, first earl of Hopeton or Hopetoun, and received from Smollett (*Present*

State, 2:111) exactly the same description as that accorded to Pinkie House. For detailed descriptions of these great estates, see Defoe, *Tour,* 4:144 (Dalkeith), 60–61 (Pinkie), 51 (Yester), 95 (Hopeton House).

15. "Mr. Philip Miller of Chelsea": Philip Miller (1691–1771), noted botanist, gardener, and writer on gardening (*The Gardener's and Florist's Dictionary,* 1724), was gardener of the Botanic Garden at Chelsea (1722–67). According to an entry for 6 October 1769 in the *Life of Johnson,* 2:77, Boswell remarked that "England was obliged to us [Scots] for gardeners, almost all their good gardeners being Scotchmen." Miller knew Smollett when the latter lived in Chelsea; see Smollett's letter to him in *Letters,* 74. He was also an occasional contributor to the *Critical Review;* see Basker, 151.
16. "prudish": Formal or rigid (*OED*).
17. "Dr. Gregory": John Gregory (1724–73), Scottish physician, professor at Aberdeen University in 1755 and at Edinburgh University in 1766, was a writer of medical books.
18. "Mr. Smollett": James Smollett of Bonhill, Smollett's cousin, was a judge of the lower or Commissary Court (the supreme court that decided matters of probate and divorce). After Smollett's death, James erected a monument to his cousin on the banks of the Leven, for which Samuel Johnson assisted with the inscription. See Boswell, *Life,* 5:366–68, 564; and see Samuel Johnson, *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,* ed. J. D. Fleeman (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1985), 312–13.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Argyleshire, September 3

1. "*Ultima Thule*": This was the name given by Polybius to a land six days' sail north of Britain that he assumed to be the most northerly region of the world. Pliny and Tacitus identified the Shetland Islands as Thule.
2. "Deucalidonian sea": A play on "Caledonia" and "Deucalion's Flood"; Deucalion was the mythical king of Thessaly during whose reign the whole world was flooded.
3. "in a gentleman's house": Although subsequently identified in Jery's letter as Dougal Campbell, it is not clear who the "gentleman" is. Robert Chambers writes in *Smollett,* 157–58: "The castle where the Clinker party found so much that was characteristic of old Highland life, answers in some respects to Craignish, the seat of Campbell of Jura, situated on a peninsula of Nether Lorn, about twenty miles from Inverary, and near the ferry to the north point of the island just mentioned. The 'Jura' of that day was Archibald Campbell, Esq. whose father had bought the fee-simple of the island. The striking feature of identity with the personage in the novel, is the fact that the Campbells of Jura were heritable keepers of the castle of Craignish, which was mainly a huge old tower, of the kind indicated in the narrative." See also below, n. 26.
4. "stately castle . . . a question": Inverary Castle, seat of the duke of Argyll, was be-

gun in 1746 for Archibald Campbell, third duke. Jery's skepticism is well founded, for the fourth duke did little on the castle. Robert Mylne (the architect of Blackfriars Bridge in London) undertook the interior decoration of the castle for the fifth duke, from 1772 to 1782. See *Present State*, 2:48–49.

5. "*fire everlasting, prepared for the devil and his angels*": Quoted from Matthew 25:41.
6. "Linlithgow . . . elegant royal palace": At the royal castle of Linlithgow, Mary, Queen of Scots, was born. Defoe, *Tour*, 4:134, describes the castle as standing "on a rising Ground, which runs into the Lake, in form of an Amphitheatre, and has a Descent resembling Terrace-walks. There are two Towers at each Corner of the Court, with Apartments, and a curious Fountain in the Middle, adorned with several fine Statues, from whence the Water rises to a good Height. A noble Park also belongs to it."
7. "Stirling . . . fine old castle": Stirling Castle, standing like Edinburgh Castle on a lofty rock, is of great antiquity, but its origin is not certainly known. See Defoe, *Tour*, 4:130: "The Castle is not so very difficult of Access as that at *Edinburgh*, but is esteemed equally strong. . . . The Walls, and all the Outworks, are so firm, that they seem in as good Condition, as if they had been lately built.

   The Palace and Royal Apartments are very magnificent, but are all in Decay . . . ."
8. "Glasgow is the pride of Scotland": This comment and Matt's discussion in his letter to Dr. Lewis, Cameron, August 28, echo Defoe, *Tour*, 4:116–24. See also *Present State*, 2:103.
9. "Mr. Moore": Dr. John Moore (1729–1802), Scottish physician. Moore, like Smollett, was apprenticed to the surgical instructor, John Gordon (d. 1772). After accompanying the eighth duke of Hamilton on the Grand Tour, Moore moved to London, where he published well-received accounts of his travels and three novels. In 1797 he published an edition of Smollett's *Works*, including an important biography. Smollett wrote extensively to Moore; see *Letters*.
10. "an university": Later referred to as the college by Matt, the University of Glasgow was founded in 1450 during the reign of James II. Construction of the chief parts of the old college, located in High Street, began in 1632. Smollett was perhaps a student at Glasgow University about 1735; see Knapp, 10–11. In *Present State*, 2:104, Smollett calls the university one of "the greatest ornaments of Glasgow." He is repeating opinions he had expressed in a review of *The Defects of an University Education . . . and [the] Necessity of Erecting at Glasgow, an Academy*, *Critical Review* 13 (February 1762): 161–63.
11. "inkle-manufacturer": Maker of linen tape, an item much in use during the period (*OED*).
12. "Mr. John Wesley": John Wesley (1703–91), the leader of Methodism, visited Scotland many times. He was preaching in Scotland during June 1766; as Smollett was also there, the two may have met.
13. "Dumbarton . . . a castle": See Robert Heron, *Scotland Delineated*, 2d ed. (Edin-

burgh, 1799), 207: the castle "stands on a vast rock, with two tops of unequal height, steep on every side, rising to the height of five hundred feet, amid a plain, unconnected with any high ground for the space of a mile, overlooking the Leven and the Frith of Clyde." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 4:129–30: "as one very knowingly said, *Dumbarton* is the Lock of the Highlands, and *Stirling* Castle keeps the Key."

14. "the elegant Buchannan": George Buchanan (1506–82), noted Scottish humanist, tutor to Mary, Queen of Scots, and to James VI. Buchanan wrote Latin poetry and a history of Scotland (*Rerum Scoticarum Historia*, 1582); he was universally admired for his Latin style.
15. "*arx inexpugnabilis*": L. Impregnable stronghold. Actually Buchanan wrote, "Haec arx, ut quae insuperabilis videretur . . ."; see Martz, 163.
16. "a chopine of two-penny": Two-penny ale in the quantity of a chopin, a liquid measure equivalent to a Scottish half pint or about a quart of English wine-measure (*OED*).
17. "table-beer of England": See Tabitha Bramble to Mrs. Gwyllim, Gloucester, April 2, n. 7.
18. "whisky": Whiskey was primarily a Highland drink until 1750. See Henry G. Graham, *The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century* (London: A. and C. Black, 1901), 529.
19. "geneva": A liquor made in Holland, distilled from grain and flavored with the juice of juniper berries. Gin is the shortened form of geneva and was originally intended as a British imitation. It was often thought in the eighteenth century that geneva was distilled or obtained by fermentation from juniper berries (*OED*).
20. "confluent small-pox": The eruption in smallpox when the vesicles run together (*OED*).
21. "duke of Argyle": The current duke was John Campbell, fourth duke of Argyll (c. 1693–1770). For the important political, social, and economic activities of the dukes of Argyll during the eighteenth century, see Eric Cregreen, "The Changing Role of the House of Argyll in the Scottish Highlands," in *Scotland in the Age of Improvement*, ed. Nicholas T. Phillipson and Rosalind Mitchison (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1970), 5–23.
22. "disarmed by act of parliament": The Disarming Act was passed in 1746, and the Act for the Abolition of Heritable Jurisdictions in Scotland was passed in 1747. Both acts were punitive responses to the support given the Pretender by Highland clans during the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745. For the texts of the acts, see *English Historical Documents*, ed. D. B. Horn and Mary Ransome (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1957), 10:656–64.
23. "Fingal . . . Poems of Ossian": Fingal is the hero of *Fingal*, a poem about Morven, the legendary third-century kingdom of northeast Scotland. The poem was supposedly written in Gaelic by an ancient Scots bard named Ossian and translated by James Macpherson in 1761 (dated 1762). This poem and *Temora* (1763) were probably written by Macpherson himself, but a storm of controversy arose over

their authenticity. Smollett, if Jery speaks for him here, is evidently pro-Ossian, as were the reviews of the various Ossianic works in the *Critical Review*. See *Critical Review* 12 (December 1761): 405–18; 13 (January 1762): 45–53; 15 (February 1763): 120–26; 15 (March 1763): 200–209. "Ossianic" language and imagery became the rage of Europe. See *Ossian* (Paris: Editions des musées nationaux, 1974).

24. "the laird of Mackfarlane": Walter Macfarlane (d. 1767), chief of the Clan Macfarlane, was a noted antiquarian and genealogist and a friend of James Boswell. The second son of John Macfarlane of Arrochar and of Helen, daughter of Robert, second viscount Arbuthnot, he succeeded his father in 1705.
25. "Sassenagh, or Saxons": This passage is the first illustration recorded in the *OED* for *sassenach*, the name given by the Gaelic inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to their "Saxon" or English neighbors. The corresponding Welsh form is *Seisnig*.
26. "one of his castles": Perhaps a reference to the castle of Dunstaffnage, or Saint Stephen's Mountain, owned by the duke of Argyll in the 1760s and governed at the time by a hereditary captain; see *Present State*, 2:49. But possibly Jery means the castle of Craignish; see above, n. 3.
27. "His piper": The source for the ensuing description of the piper seems to be *Present State*, 1:434–35: "Another constant menial of the household is the musician, or bag-piper, whose business and privilege it is to wake the laird and his family in the morning with the sound of his instrument; to play for a certain length of time in the great hall, with a silken flag, or broad ribbon, affixed to his chanter-pipe; to walk in procession before his master to church, sounding the march or pibroch, of the family; to entertain him and his guests at all festal meetings; in time of war, to march at the head of the clan, and animate them to battle with martial tunes, composed for the purpose."
28. "leaving the corpse behind": In a letter to Robert Chambers, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe wrote of having heard that "the mistake respecting the funeral of a Lady whom her sons forgot, mentioned in *Clinker*, took place at Billie, the Lady, Mrs. Hume, was murdered by Norman Ross, her servant" (*Letters of Sir Walter Scott and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe to Robert Chambers* [Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1904], 22–23). A similar incident occurred at the funeral of the Lady of Culloden, as recorded in the *Memoirs of the Late Right Honorable Duncan Forbes, Esq. of Culloden* (London, 1748). Smollett may have heard of Lady Forbes's funeral through John Armstrong, a friend of John Forbes, the son of Duncan Forbes. Most of the funeral ceremonies and customs Smollett describes here were abandoned by the late 1760s. Evidently Smollett was synthesizing various material from *Present State*, 2:15–16; see also Martz, 148–51.
29. "*coronach*": The term usually refers to the ceremony of mourning rather than to the group of mourners. The *OED* cites this passage to illustrate the variant usage.
30. "Sir George Colquhoun": According to Robert Chambers, Sir George Colquhoun of Tilliquhoun was a lieutenant-colonel in the Dutch service (Chambers, *Smollett*, 156).

31. "*Gaellys*": Obsolete form of gillies, attendants on Highland chiefs; now attendants on sportsmen hunting or fishing in the Highlands (*OED*).
32. "cakes and bannocks": The Scottish cake is a thin-baked brittle type of oaten-bread. A bannock in Scotland is home-made bread, usually unleavened, large, oval, flattish, and made of barley or pease-meal (*OED*).
33. "kilderkin of ale": The kilderkin is a cask with holding capacity for sixteen gallons of ale or eighteen gallons of beer (*OED*).
34. "bickers": Bowls or dishes for drinking (*OED*).

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Cameron, August 28

1. "Alloa": Smollett writes in *Present State*, 2:76, that Alloa is "a sea-port of considerable trade, which owns a good number of ships, and prosecutes divers profitable manufactures [sea-cloth, rope]."
2. "a flourishing iron-work": Probably a reference to the Carron Works near Falkirk, established in 1759 by two Englishmen, John Roebuck and Samuel Garbett, and one Scotsman, William Cadell. See Henry Hamilton, *The Industrial Revolution in Scotland* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1932), 155–61.
3. "serviceable to the crop": Early in the eighteenth century, when Sir Archibald Grant (1696–1778) of Aberdeenshire received the estate of Monymusk from his father, Lord Cullen, he found the land almost barren and used the "holling of stones" from the fields and the building of dykes to fulfill "the double function of clearing the fields of boulders and giving protection to crops and plantations" (Henry Hamilton, *An Economic History of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century* [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1963], 61–62).
4. "colliquative sweats": A disease characterized by profuse discharge of perspiration causing the body to waste away (*OED*).
5. "marl": Soil consisting of clay and lime.
6. "a rack rent": A very high, excessive, or extortionate rent; a rent equal (or nearly equal) to the full value of the land (*OED*).
7. "a venerable cathedral": The cathedral at Glasgow, supposedly erected over the grave of the Celtic Saint Mungo or Kentigern, was consecrated in 1197 and completed in 1450. It is described by Smollett in *Present State*, 2:104, as "a vast pile of Gothic building, . . . ornamented with two spires, one of which rising from a square tower in the middle of the cross, is surprisingly high and beautiful."
8. "the Cross": See *Present State*, 2:103: "The houses are in general lofty, built of hewn stone, and near the cross, or market-place, supported upon arched pillars, which form a commodious piazza before the shops, and give an air of nobleness to the buildings."
9. "Greenock and Port-Glasgow": See Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Cameron, September 6, nn. 16, 17.

10. "Mr. Moore": See Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Argyleshire, September 3, n. 9.
11. "Mr. Cochran": Andrew Cochrane of Cochrane (c. 1692–1777), provost of Glasgow in 1744–45 and 1748–50, helped to obtain £10,000 from Parliament in 1749 as reimbursement for funds he was compelled to supply the Jacobite army on its retreat from England. See the *Cochrane Correspondence*, 126–31.
12. "Mr. P——": A reference to either Pitt or Henry Pelham.
13. "Dr. John Gordon": Gordon was the surgeon to whom Moore and Smollett had been apprenticed. See Knapp, 12–13, 23–26.
14. "city workhouse, infirmary": See *Present State*, 2:106: "At a small distance from the harbour, stands the town workhouse, with an infirmary, built with elegant simplicity. The institution is founded upon an excellent plan, conducted with great sagacity, and proves such an effectual provision for the poor, that there is not a beggar to be seen within the precincts of Glasgow."
15. "Mr. G——ssf——d": John Glassford (1715–83), owner of an extensive fleet of ships, was a large-scale tobacco merchant and one of the founders of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce.
16. "Dumbarton . . . Dumbritton": Dumbarton was early called Dunbritton, meaning the Briton's Rock. Bede called it Alcluyd, or Rock upon the Clyde. Matt uses the early form of the name below.
17. "same neighbourhood gave birth to St. Patrick": The "neighbourhood" is Old or West Kilpatrick, about ten miles from Glasgow.
18. "Antonine": Antoninus Pius, Titus Aurelius Fulvius (A.D. 86–161), emperor of Rome, A.D. 138–61.
19. "to make a navigable canal . . . Friths": The Forth-Clyde Canal or "Great Canal," begun in 1768, opened for navigation in July 1790.
20. "Paisley and Renfrew": For descriptive details beyond those supplied here by Matt, see Defoe, *Tour*, 4:113–14.
21. "flowered lawn": A fine linen embellished with flower-like patterns (*OED*).
22. "*Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The Black Book of Paisley*": The *Scotichronicon* was written partly by John of Fordoun in the fourteenth century and partly by Walter Bower, who continued it to the year 1437; it was not by the monks of Cluny. The "Black Book of Paisley" is one of the early manuscripts of the work, the first attempt to give a connected history of Scotland from its beginnings to the death of James I in 1437. The confusion about authors carries over from Smollett's account in *Present State*, 2:99. The monks of Cluny acquired the Abbey of Paisley in 1164 and there copied one of the manuscripts of the *Scotichronicon*. In Smollett's day the abbey buildings were used as a palace or "place" by the earl of Dundonald, whose family received them from the earl of Abercorn in 1653. See Gassman, 309, and see "Paisley Abbey: A Short History 1160–??" (a pamphlet published by Paisley Abbey).

23. "earl of Dundonald": The current earl was Thomas Cochrane, eighth earl of Dundonald (1691–1778).
24. "Lago di Garda . . . Geneva": Lago di Garda was the Lacus Benacus of the Romans; largest of the north Italian lakes, it is rarely calm, becoming as rough as the sea during a storm from the north (see Virgil *Georgics* 2.160). The Lake of Albano, about twelve miles southeast of Rome, was formed in the basin of an extinct volcano, and on its bank lay Alba Longa, the capital of the ancient Latin league. Lago di Vico is near Viterbo; Smollett, in Letter 29 of his *Travels*, praised it as a lake "whose banks afford the most agreeable rural prospects of hill and vale, wood, glade and water, shade and sun-shine" (p. 245). Lake Bolsena, the ancient Lacus Vulsiniensis in central Italy, contains rocky islets. Lake Geneva, the famous lake in Switzerland and Haute-Savoie, France, is shaped as a crescent generally, with the Alps and the Jura as background. Praise of the lakes was typical of eighteenth-century travelers. See Thomas Nugent, *The Grand Tour*, 2d ed. (London, 1756), 3:159–60, 185–86, 297–98, 351–52, 354–55.
25. "Ode to Leven-Water": The "Ode" first appeared in *Humphry Clinker*, although Smollett had praised the Leven in *Present State*, 2:94. Within the month the "Ode" began to be published separately. See *Town and Country Magazine* 3 (June 1771): 327.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Cameron, September 6

1. "captain of a man of war . . . by God": Captain Robert Mann (d. 1762) was Smollett's neighbor in Chelsea. George, Baron Anson (1697–1762) rose to be first lord of the admiralty (1751) and admiral of the fleet (1761) after making a famous voyage around the world (1740–44), described in his *Voyage* (1748). The description of the Island of Juan Fernandez, appearing in the *Voyage*, was reprinted in Smollett's *British Magazine* 1 (1760): 193–97. Mann visited Scotland in 1757. See *Letters*, 57. For details of Mann's naval career, see Knapp, 115, n. 40.
2. "a venerable druid . . . oaks of his own planting": A reference to Donald Govan, known as the "Old Admiral," who had once owned Cameron House. See Archibald R. Colquhoun, *Dan to Beersheba* (London: W. Heinemann, 1908), 1–2, and Joseph Irving, *The History of Dumbartonshire*, 2d ed. (Dumbarton: The Author, 1860), 359. See also Kahrl, 127, n. 24.
3. "Lady H— C—": Lady Helen Colquhoun (1717–91), wife of Sir James Colquhoun and granddaughter of the fifteenth earl of Sutherland.
4. "Earl of Breadalbine": The current earl was John Campbell, third earl of Breadalbane (1696–1782), who had been a supporter of Sir Robert Walpole.
5. "attacked and defeated two armies . . . service": A reference to the Jacobite victories over the English at Prestonpans (September 1745) and at Falkirk (January

1746). The Jacobite army, under Prince Charles Edward Stuart, advanced into England about six miles beyond Derby on the road to London. For a detailed presentation of this facet of the "Rebellion of 1745," see David Daiches, *Charles Edward Stuart* (London: Pan Books, 1973), 92–175.

6. "legislature . . . disarmed these mountaineers": See Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Argyleshire, September 3, n. 22. The ensuing account of conditions in the Highlands echoes Smollett's earlier discussion in *Complete History*, 4:686.
7. "*feudal system . . . patriarchal*": The feudal system was a set of legal relationships, whereas the patriarchal system was based on personal loyalty. Interest in the idea of "feudal" or medieval Europe was growing, encouraged by such works as Bishop Richard Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* (1762).
8. "a battle . . . the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns": The whole story of this battle is told in James Browne, *The History of Scotland, Its Highlands, Regiments and Clans* (Edinburgh: Francis A. Niccolls, 1909), 2:110–12.
9. "Mr. Cameron of Lochiel": Presumably a reference to Charles Cameron (d. 1776), son of Donald Cameron, who supported Charles Edward in the " 'Forty-Five" and fled with him to France. Charles Cameron, obtaining leases from the crown on part of his father's forfeited possessions, returned to the family estate. He held a commission in the seventy-first Highlanders, to which he added a company of clansmen raised by himself. The regiment was ordered into foreign service while Cameron lay ill in London, and the Camerons refused to move without him. He rushed to Glasgow to appease them, but his strength gave out and he died. See *DNB*, under "Cameron, Donald."
10. "a proclamation and act of parliament . . . the late war": Smollett presumably refers to the Militia Act of 1757. In the year of the act's passage, according to George S. Pryde, *Scotland from 1603 to the Present Day* (London: T. Nelson, 1962), 66, William Pitt "sanctioned the levying of Highland regiments, which gave Britain valuable service in the Seven Years War."
11. "Ila, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill": Islands of the Inner Hebrides; for descriptive details beyond those given here by Matt, see *Present State*, 1:497–99, 502–5, and Defoe, *Tour*, 4:255–56, 257–58.
12. "Macdonald . . . formerly resided": On the island Ila or Islay formerly stood Finlaggan Castle of John of Islay, who assumed the title "Lord of the Isles" in 1354 and was the founder of Clan Donald.
13. "one Mackcrain": Gillouir Mack Crain or Mackirain was mentioned by Martin Martin in his *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland* (1703), and Martin's account was taken over by Smollett in *Present State*, 1:503. See Martz, 144.
14. "John duke of Argyle": John Campbell (1678–1743), second duke of Argyll. On the duke's examination of the sunken Armada ship, see Defoe, *Tour*, 4:234–36. For a brief history of attempts to raise the Spanish galleon, including that by the duke of Argyll, see Ralph D. Paine, *The Book of Buried Treasure* (1911; reprint, New York: Arno Press, 1981), 183–220.

15. "Icolmkill . . . his habitation": See *Present State,* 1:499–502, and Defoe, *Tour,* 4:258. The island was an early center of Celtic Christianity; Saint Columba is supposed to have landed there in 563.
16. "Greenock": Defoe, *Tour,* 4:114, observes that Greenock "seems not to be an antient Place, but to be grown up in later Years by being a good Road for Ships to ride in that come into, and go out from *Glasgow,* as Ships for *London* do in the *Downs.* The Town is well-built, has many rich trading Families in it, and a Castle to command the Road. It is the chief Place in the West of Scotland for the Herring Fishing . . . ."
17. "Newport-Glasgow": Defoe, *Tour,* 4:117 calls the port of Glasgow "*Newport-Glasgow,* which stands near the *Clyde's* Mouth, and is an Harbour for Ships of the greatest Burden. Here it is on a good wharf or Quay the Merchants load and unload."
18. "Caithness": In *Present State,* 2:25, Smollett remarks that "Caithness, otherwise called the shire of Weick, is the most northern county of all Scotland . . . ."

Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, Glasgow, September 7

1. "miss R—t—n": See Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Edinburgh, August 8, n. 15.
2. "Aimwell": One of the beaux in George Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* (1707).

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, Glasgow, September 7

1. "land of the living": A common phrase in the Old Testament; see, for example, Job 28:13 and Psalms 27:13.
2. "gone to pot": A proverbial phrase dating from at least as early as the sixteenth century (*OED*).
3. "n'er a bottom": The notion that the lake has no bottom is evidently popular folklore, but it has not been traced.
4. "musician": Win apparently means "magician"; she repeats the error in her letter to Mary Jones, October 4, p. 295. That the lake was created by a magician may have been a notion of popular folklore, but it has not been traced.
5. "*waves . . . floating hyland*": See the *Gazetteer of Scotland,* 2d ed. (Edinburgh: W. Chalmers, 1806), "Lomond, Loch":

> The common people in the neighbourhood say, that Loch Lomond has been long famed for three wonders, viz. fish without fins, waves without wind, and a floating island, though upon examination none of these will be found strictly true. Vipers are said to abound in some of the islands, and so far am-

> phibious as to swim from one to another. The second wonder is by no means peculiar to this lake, but is observed in all great expanses of water in a calm succeeding storm. In 1755, when Lisbon was thrown down by an earthquake, the waters of Loch Lomond were greatly agitated: they rose rapidly several feet above the usual level, and as rapidly sunk several feet below it, continuing to ebb and flow for some hours, when it again became calm. At present no floating island exists; but a small piece of ground, attached to the W. side of Inch-Conagan, is said to have floated above the surface of the lake.

A volume entitled *Dumbarton, Vale of Leven, and Lochlomond* (Dumbarton: Bennett and Thomson, n.d.) includes (p. 181) the following from Donald Macleod, a native of Dunbartonshire: "From immemorial time there have been three wonders for which the loch has been famed—

'Waves without win'.
Fish without fin.
And the Floating island.' "

6. "Kiarmann": Presumably Win means Ptarmigan, the western shoulder of Ben Lomond, rising 2,398 feet between Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond.
7. "a taster": A tester or sixpence (*OED*).
8. "birth day soot": Sometimes cited as the first recorded use of this now proverbial expression for "naked," but Smollett had used the expression as early as *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, chapter 41.
9. "*all cats in the dark are grey*": Adapted from an old proverb: "when candles be out (at night) all cats be gray." See Tilley, 80.
10. "sounded": Swooned (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Carlisle, September 12

1. "*land of cakes, where bannocks grow upon straw*": The name "Land of Cakes" (*i.e.*, of oaten-bread) was applied in fun to Scotland, especially to the Lowlands (*OED*). Jery's italics suggest a quotation, but it has not been identified.
2. "laird of Ladrishmore": Probably a fictitious person, but Ladrishmore is part of the estate owned by the Haldanes of Gleneagles in Dumbartonshire. John Irving, *Place Names of Dumbartonshire* (Dumbarton: Bennett and Thomson, 1928), 41, refers to "Ledrishbeg and Ledrishmore. Lands on the Drymen road beyond Haldane's Mill." The Haldanes received the land when the earldom of Lennox was divided in 1493. See Joseph Irving, *The History of Dumbartonshire*, 88, 361, 372.
3. "wood of Drumscailloch": Jery perhaps means Druimcaillich, but that wood is in the Cairngorm mountains in Invernesshire. Possibly, however, he refers to

another piece of Haldane land, "Drummakill," which the family also received during the division of the earldom of Lennox. See Irving, *History of Dumbartonshire*, 88.

4. "Lanerk": *Present State*, 2:102–3 observes that "Lanerk, the county-town, is a royal borough, and seat of a presbytery; but in other respects thinly inhabited, and of little importance."
5. "noble and stupendous cascade": See *Present State*, 2:103: "At the distance of a few miles from the town [Lanark] the river tumbles over a precipice forty feet high, producing a catarack that roars with a hideous noise, deafening those who live in its neighbourhood."
6. "a small borough . . . repaired": Perhaps a reference to Abington, through which the travelers would have passed on the way to Drumlanrig and Dumfries. According to an oral communication from Mr. Donald Brander, who lives near the area, Abington still has an eighteenth-century blacksmith shop such as would have been used to repair the Bramble carriage.
7. "whose name was Brown": Robert Anderson, "Life of Graeme," in *Works of the British Poets* (London, 1794), 11:415, claims that Martin White of Milton, near Lanark, was the original of Captain Brown.
8. "lord Clive": Robert Clive (1725–74), famous soldier and virtual ruler of Bengal, India, from 1757 to 1760, was created Baron Clive of Plassey (in the Irish peerage) in 1762. He died partially defamed because of parliamentary attacks on his early rule in India.
9. "Drumlanrig . . . Queensberry": Drumlanrig, in Dumfriesshire, belonged to Charles Douglas, third duke of Queensberry (1698–1778). The castle, built between 1675 and 1689, is a mixture of classical and Scottish traditions. See Defoe, *Tour*, 4:103: "Drumlanrig, like Chatsworth in Darbyshire, is like a fine Picture in a dirty Grotto, or an Equestrian Statue set up in a Barn."
10. "wool of Galloway": The district of Galloway includes both Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtownshire. See *Present State*, 2:149: the wool of Galloway "turns out to great advantage." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 4:14: "The most remarkable Places in *Scotland*, for good Wool, are Galloway and Tweedale . . . ."
11. "Dumfries": *Present State*, 2:146 describes Dumfries as "a large flourishing royal burrough" whose "houses are well built and commodious" and whose "streets are open and spacious . . . ." See also Defoe, *Tour*, 4:99–102.
12. "Carlisle": In *Present State*, 2:282, Smollett praises Carlisle as "a small but thriving city. . . . The houses are commodious and well built, the inhabitants wealthy, and trade chiefly in fustians, of which there is a considerable manufacture in the place."
13. "treacherous Syrtes": Two large quicksands off the northern coast of Africa (*OED*). See Defoe, *Tour*, 6th ed. (London, 1761–62), 3:300–301: "The Water drives in with such Rapidity over this level coast that no Horse can out-run it, but the Tide still gains upon the Rider, and at length washes him away. . . . Many

Persons of good Family and Fortune have been thus lost by their Impatience, which . . . hurried them over the Sands while the Tide was coming in."

14. "ring as a remembrance of his master": Mourners were sometimes given rings containing, or fashioned from, the hair of the deceased.
15. "a subaltern's half-pay": The pay received by a subaltern, an officer in the army below the rank of captain, when not in service or when retired. Lismahago receives "two and forty pounds a year" (Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, October 26, p. 329). See the introduction, p. xxxviii.
16. "Peak of Derbyshire and Buxton Wells": See Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Manchester, September 15, n. 14.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, Manchester, September 15

1. "cale or cole": Cabbage (*OED*).
2. "big": Usually spelled bigge, a Scottish variant of barley (*OED*).
3. "sowens or flummery of oat-meal": Sowens is made of starchy matter extracted from the bran or husks of oats; the extract is steeped in water, allowed to ferment slightly, and prepared by boiling. Flummery is a synonym for sowens (*OED*) but is also a Scots delicacy made of milk, cream, egg yolks, rosewater, sugar, and nutmeg thickened over boiling water and then sprinkled with currants steeped in sack. See Marjorie Plant, *The Domestic Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1952), 89.
4. "the duke of Argyle . . . the earl of Hyndford at Carmichael": Roseneath House (only ruins remain) was on the east bank of the Gareloch, westward from Dumbarton. Mount Stewart, seat of the earl of Bute, is on the island of Bute in the Firth of Clyde. Finlayston House is about sixteen miles across the Firth of Clyde from Dumbarton. Blantyre House, Bothwell Castle, Hamilton Palace (now demolished), Douglas Castle (only the tower remains), and Carmichael House (now demolished) are all in the county of Lanark.
5. "nephew . . . his great fortune": The long and celebrated legal battle between the duke of Hamilton and Archibald Douglas for the duke of Douglas's fortune was finally settled by the House of Lords in 1769 in favor of Archibald, Douglas's nephew. The duke had died in 1761. See Lillian de la Torre, *The Heir of Douglas* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1952). Archibald did not finish the great house planned by his uncle.
6. "The dutchess": Catherine Hyde (1700–1777), daughter of Henry Hyde, earl of Clarendon. She was the "Kitty" of Prior's "The Female Phaeton" (1718). See Austin Dobson, "Prior's Kitty," in *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, 19–30.
7. "vulgar notions of spirits and omens": The "superstitions" of the Highlands, celebrated in Collins's "Ode" (1749), were famous, especially the power of "second sight" or prevision of an occurrence, a phenomenon that even Samuel Johnson re-

fused to disbelieve absolutely. See Smollett's discussions of Highland superstitions and "second sight" in *Present State,* 1:432, 460–63.

8. "but little honoured in his own country": An allusion to Matthew 13:57, Mark 6:4, and John 4:44.
9. "den of thieves": Quoted from Matthew 21:13, Mark 11:17, and Luke 19:46.
10. "*manes*": Spirits or shades of the dead (*OED*). See *Travels,* Letter 32.
11. "take opportunity by the forelock": A proverbial phrase deriving from Phaedrus's translation of *Aesop's Fables,* fable 8, book 5 (*OED*).
12. "olla": A Spanish dish of meat and vegetables (*OED*).
13. "Manchester": In *Present State,* 2:307–8, Smollett observes that "Manchester, though no more than a village . . . is nevertheless one of the most flourishing places in England, large, opulent, well built. . . . [It] is adorned with handsome streets . . . ."
14. "Chatsworth, the Peak, and Buxton": Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, contains the greatly admired mansion of Chatsworth, much expanded and changed after 1818. Seat of the Cavendishes, dukes of Devonshire, it is now termed the Palace of the Peak. See *Present State,* 2:390–92, and Defoe, *Tour,* 3:85–90, for detailed descriptions of the mansion as it appeared in the eighteenth century. The Peak of Derby is a hilly district in Derbyshire at the southern end of the Pennine Chain. Buxton is a spa whose waters have been known since the time of the Romans; the fifth duke of Devonshire developed the site as a fashionable resort during the late eighteenth century.

Tabitha Bramble to Mrs. Gwyllim, September 18

1. "*Devil's Harse . . . Hoyden's Hole*": Devil's Arse-a-peak, or Peak Hole, is a large cavern with an entrance 42 feet high and 120 feet wide, a great inner concave, and an underground river. See *Present State,* 2:394. Hoyden's Hole is perhaps Elden Hole, whose depth "could never yet be discovered, notwithstanding several Attempts have been made to find its Bottom" (Defoe, *Tour,* 3:84). In *Present State,* 2:392, Smollett writes, "Elden-hole makes the third wonder or curiosity of the Peak. It is a dreadful chasm in the side of a mountain, of an unfathomable depth; so that a line and plummet of near nine hundred yards, has been let down without reaching the bottom." A discussion of Peak Hole, with pictures, appears in *Gentleman's Magazine* 34 (December 1764): 570–72.
2. "baiting an ass": The proverbial expression to "bate an ace," to abate some little thing, dates from at least as early as the sixteenth century (*OED*). See Tilley, 2.
3. "bring forth fruits of repentance": An allusion to Matthew 3:8 and Luke 3:8.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, September 20

1. “Fabricius, Cincinnatus, and Regulus”: Gaius Fabricius, surnamed Luscinius (d. after 275 B.C.), was twice consul of Rome and was admired for his inflexible integrity and contempt for riches. Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus (c. 519–438 B.C.) was found at his plow and made dictator of Rome; he returned to farming after resigning the dictatorship. Marcus Atilius Regulus (d. c. 250 B.C.), defeated by the Carthaginians, went to Rome as envoy on the promise he would return to Carthage, and, according to legend, upon his return was tortured to death.
2. “Darien company”: Founded in 1695 as the Company of Scotland Trading to Africa and the Indies, the company sought in 1698 to establish the colony of Caledonia in the isthmus of Darien, but failed mainly from lack of financial support. See John Prebble, *The Darien Disaster* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1968).
3. “losers by the union”: Lismahago reflects widespread and deep-seated Scottish discontent with the Union. In 1713 a motion was introduced in the House of Lords to rescind the Union, and it was defeated by only a narrow margin and by the use of proxy votes. For parallel comments on the losses suffered by the Scots as a result of the Union, see *Critical Review* 5 (April 1758): 290; and see the anonymous pamphlets *A North Britain Extraordinary* (London, 1765), 12–14, and *A North Britain Extraordinary* (Corte, 1769), 57–73.
4. “hackneyed maxim . . . supply of wealth”: The economic maxim that people are the riches of a nation had been vigorously satirized by Swift in *A Modest Proposal* (1729). See Louis Landa, “*A Modest Proposal* and Populousness,” *MP* 40 (1942): 161–70.
5. “premunire”: A difficulty, a scrape, or a predicament; alluding to the statute of præmunire forbidding the prosecution in a foreign (especially the papal) court of a case cognizable by the law of England (*OED*).

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, September 28

1. “to throw the stocking”: An old custom according to which, on the wedding night, the bride’s stocking was thrown among the guests. The person hit by the stocking was supposed to be the next in the company to be married. The custom is referred to again in Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, November 8, p. 334.
2. “sword . . . through a close-stool”: In *Roderick Random*, chapter 44, the old Gascon is subjected to a similar indignity when Roderick thrusts his sword into a turd, all the way to the hilt.
3. “*gens foutre*”: Phonetic Fr. *jean-foutre:* a blockhead, simpleton; good for nothing, a scoundrel. The *Grand Larousse* describes “jean-foutre” or “jeanfoutre” as an extremely low, vulgar curse from the verb “foutre,” “to fuck.”

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, September 30

1. "The tall oaks . . . leaden triton in the middle": The pursuit of the picturesque had been satirized in similar fashion by George Colman and David Garrick in *The Clandestine Marriage* (1766) 2.2:

> LORD OGELBY. Great improvements indeed, Mr. Sterling! Wonderful improvements! The four seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the basin with Neptune in the middle are all in the very extream of fine taste. . . .
>
> STERLING. The chief pleasure of a country house is to make improvements, you know, my Lord. I spare no expense, not I. This is quite another-guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my Lord. We were surrounded with trees. I cut down about fifty to make the lawn before the house and let in the wind and the sun-smack smooth, as you see . . . .

2. "*temple of cold reception*": Matt's italics suggest a quotation, but it has not been identified.
3. "scrocconi": It. Sharpers, parasites.
4. "ciceroni": It. Guides who explain the antiquities of a place.
5. "the dutchess of B——'s conversazione": David Herbert speculates that the duchess is Gertrude Leveson-Gower, second wife of the fourth duke of Bedford. Since the duke was perhaps the best known public figure of the nobility with the initial B, the speculation may be correct. The conversazione was an evening assembly for social recreation and amusement. The term appeared first in English in the early 1740s as *conversation;* the Italian spelling was adopted probably in the late 1760s (*OED*). Writing about Nice in Letter 17 of the *Travels*, Smollett notes: "there is a public *conversazione* every evening at the commandant's house . . . . No individual can give a ball, without obtaining a permission and guard of the commandant; and then his house is open to all masques, without distinction, who are provided with tickets . . . . If I have a mind to entertain my particular friends, I cannot have more than a couple of violins; and, in that case, it is called a *conversazione*" (p. 155).
6. "biglietti of invitation": It. Tickets or letters of invitation.
7. "She affected to lead the fashion": Mrs. Baynard bears some resemblance to Lady Bridget Clayton, née Cotterell (d. 1687), wife of Sir Thomas Clayton, warden of Merton College, Oxford, from 1661 until his death in 1693. According to Anthony Wood, when Lady Clayton took up residency with her husband everything was altered both inside and out to fit her notion of fashion, all at great expense to the college. For Wood's diatribe against Lady Clayton, see his *Life* (based on his diaries) in Thomas Hearn, *Thomas Caii . . . Vindiciæ antiquitatis academiæ Oxoniensis* (Oxford, 1730), 2:547–53.

8. "Sir Charles Chickwell": Referred to earlier in this letter as Sir John Chickwell.
9. "fable of the frog and the ox": *Aesop's Fables*, fable 20, book 2.
10. "kickshaws": Fancy dishes in cookery, but the term is here used contemptuously; from Fr. *quelque chose*. Johnson defines *kickshaw* as "a dish so changed by the cookery that it can scarcely be known."
11. "rotis": Fr. Roasts or roast meats.
12. "fumet": The scent or smell of game when high (*OED*).
13. "Sir Thomas Bullford": Smollett is said to have modeled Bullford on Sir Thomas Gatehouse, whose daughter married Smollett's friend William Huggins, but this seems dubious. See L. F. Powell, "William Huggins and Tobias Smollett," *MP* 34 (1936): 189, n. 30.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, October 3

1. "*arietta*": Diminutive of It. *aria;* a short air. *OED* cites this passage.
2. "*cara*": It. Darling, beloved.
3. "Pargolesi . . . Corelli": Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710–36) and Arcangelo Corelli (1653–1713) were Italian composers who enjoyed a great reputation at home and abroad.
4. "Burn": Richard Burn (1709–85), clergyman, legal writer, and historian, was author of the very popular *Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer* (1755) and *Ecclesiastical Law* (1760).
5. "stubborn as a mule": This proverbial phrase is found as early as the works of Xenophon and Euripides.
6. "plague water": An infusion of various herbs and roots in spirits of wine; supposedly able to ward off the plague (*OED*).
7. "about three o'clock . . . in my shirt": On the fire scenes in *Humphry Clinker* see Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, Scarborough, July 1, n. 6.
8. "Such a *camisicata* . . . *caricatura*": It., but the first three words (*camisicata*, *scagliati*, *beffata*) are not normally found in any dictionary of standard Italian. They may be colloquial or dialectal terms Smollett heard while traveling through Italy. *Camisicata* is most likely a vulgarization or popularization of the standard adjective-noun *scamiciato*, literally "shirtless" or "in shirt-sleeves," and figuratively a "tramp" or "low-down person." The suffix *-ata* generally denotes, in both standard and dialectal Italian, a less than laudable action; hence *camisicata* would mean a low-down or dirty trick. *Scagliata* means, literally, either the misdeed of one who "scales" or "cleans out" someone else or one who flings a stone at his victim's back; hence *scagliata* would mean a kick in the pants, the ridiculing exposure of an unsuspecting victim. *Beffata* is from the standard Italian *beffa*, a prank or trick. In addition to the pejorative connotation of the *-ata* suffix, *beffa* is also associated with the slapstick of the Commedia dell'Arte; hence *beffata* would mean a jest, a prank, or

a trick. *O che roba* means "Oh, what a business." *Caricatura* is a caricature or a cartoon.

9. "a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken": Salvatore Rosa (1615–73) was a painter of gloomy forests, rocky gorges, and landscapes. Rembrandt Hormensy van Rijn (c. 1606–68) was the celebrated Dutch portrait painter. Godfried Schalcken (1643–1706) was a Dutch painter known for his candlelight pieces.
10. "mull": A "mill" or snuff-box provided with a mechanism for grinding tobacco to powder (*OED*).
11. "Christ, have mercy upon us": This response, and the actions of the justice in settling his worldly affairs and forgiving the person who has offended him, are set out in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick in *The Book of Common Prayer.*
12. "flower of the field": *The Book of Common Prayer,* the Order for the Burial of the Dead: "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower."
13. "antimonial wine": Wine mixed with antimony, a brittle metallic substance of flaky crystalline texture, to make the wine have emetic qualities (*OED*). See Quincy, *English Dispensatory,* 348.
14. "glyster": Clyster, an enema.
15. "oxymel of squills": A medicinal drink or syrup made with honey and with vinegar from the bulbous sea-shore plant called the sea-onion or *Scilla maritima,* and sometimes with other ingredients (*OED*). See Quincy, *English Dispensatory,* 420.
16. "*egista*": Excreta.
17. "payed me *Scot and lot*": Paid out thoroughly, settled with (*OED*).
18. "*he that will play at bowls . . . rubbers*": A proverbial phrase, variants of which occur in *Love's Labour's Lost* 4.1.138–39 and *Richard II* 3.4.3–4. The same phrase occurs in the heading for chapter 10 of *Sir Launcelot Greaves,* and it is mangled for comic effect in *The Reprisal* 2.3. See *Proverbs,* 630, and Tilley, 388.

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, October 4

1. "*live and learn*": A proverbial phrase dating from at least as early as the sixteenth century. See *Proverbs,* 473, and Tilley, 388.
2. "I vow . . . owl": Gassman, 390, identifies similar lines in a song, "Directions for Damosels," in *The Roxburghe Ballads* (Hertford: S. Austin, 1883), 4:72: "They say, They have need of a Bird, / that will give a Groat for an Owl." See *Proverbs,* 307.
3. "I put my trust in the Lord": A familiar biblical expression; see, for example, Psalms 4:5, 73:28, and Hebrews 2:13.
4. "devil and all his works": An allusion to 1 John 3:8 and to The Ministration of Baptism in *The Book of Common Prayer.*

Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, October 4

1. "suffer a thousand deaths": Adapted from Edward Young, *Night Thoughts* (1742), Night 4, 1.15: "Man . . . feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one."

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, [October 6]

1. "horse-fleam": A lancet for bleeding horses. *OED* cites this passage.
2. "efficacy of salt": From ancient times, salt had been used externally to stimulate the skin; strong doses excited papular eruptions. According to Quincy, *English Dispensatory*, 286, "Volatile salts and spirits in general, are in taste and smell extremely pungent and acrimonious: applied to the skin, and prevented from exhaling, they inflame the part, and produce the effect of caustics. With regard to their medical virtues, they stimulate the nervous systems, [and] attenuate viscid humours. . . . They are particularly useful in lethargic and apoplectic cases; in hysterical disorders, and the languors. . . . They are generally found more serviceable to aged persons, and in phlegmatic habits, than in the opposite circumstances."
3. "like father Thames . . . his urn": This iconographic image of the Thames holding an urn into which the Isis flowed was quite popular in English poetry. Perhaps the most famous usage occurred in Pope's *Windsor Forest*, lines 329–48. Sedges are grasses of the sort growing in marshes or along river banks; poetically they are sometimes "tresses," as in *Windsor Forest*, line 346: "The gulphy *Lee* his sedgy Tresses rears."
4. "Blessed be his holy name": An allusion to Job 1:21 and Psalm 103:1.
5. "through fire as well as water": Perhaps an allusion to Psalm 66:12: "we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." See also *Merry Wives of Windsor* 3.4.107.
6. "cornelian": A variety of chalcedony, a semi-transparent quartz, used for seals (*OED*).
7. "Angel at Chippenham": A Georgian coaching inn in Chippenham, Wiltshire. The inn, still in operation, has three stories surmounted by a balustrade; its porch also has a balustrade and is supported by Tuscan columns. See also Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, London, May 24, n. 1.
8. "crab of my own planting": Possibly an allusion to a proverbial expression dating from the sixteenth century: "Plant a crab-tree where you will, it will never bear pippins [*i.e.*, sweet apples of dessert quality]." See *Proverbs*, 152, and Tilley, 127.
9. "moral of": Vulgar usage meaning likeness or counterpart of (*OED*).
10. "a poor object . . . brought forth in iniquity": An allusion to Psalm 51:5.
11. "Dolly's": Dolly's Chop House in Queen's Head Passage, Pater Noster Row, London. Dolly's portrait was painted by Gainsborough. See Walter Thornbury

[and Edward Walford], *Old and New London* (London and New York: Cassell, 1887–93), 1:278.

12. "*hot* and *hot*": Said of meats and other dishes served in succession as soon as cooked (*OED*).
13. "J. MELFORD": This is the only undated letter in the novel. From Jery's mentioning that "we have been this day within a hair's breadth of losing honest Matthew Bramble," and Matt's mentioning in his letter of October 8 that "two days ago, our coach was overturned," the letter can be dated October 6. The significance of Smollett's failure to date the letter is discussed by G. S. Rousseau in "Beef and Bouillon: A Voice for Tobias Smollett, with Comments on His Life, Works, and Modern Critics," *British Studies Monitor* 7 (1977): 42 and n. 91.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, October 8

1. "health of body, peace of mind": Possibly quoted from Pope's "Ode on Solitude," line 11, where the wording is identical. See Byron Gassman, "'Humphry Clinker' and the Two Kingdoms of George III," *Criticism* 16 (Spring 1974): 99.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, October 11

1. "*tower of desolation*": Possibly an allusion to Ezekiel 29:10: "I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Syene unto the border of Ethiopia"; or perhaps an ironic allusion to 2 Samuel 22:51: "He is the tower of salvation for his king." Alternatively, Dennison may have in mind *Paradise Lost* 1.180–81: "Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild, / The seat of desolation, void of light."
2. "perry . . . usquebaugh": Perry, a beverage similar to cider, is made from the juice of pears; usquebaugh is whiskey, but here the context suggests instead the Irish cordial or distilled drink made of honey, wine, and herbs (*OED*).
3. "Such as *ollas* . . . *stufatas*": Ollas: Spanish dishes of meat and vegetables; Pepper pots: West Indian dishes of meat (or fish, game) and vegetables, stewed down with cassareep, red pepper, and other hot spices; pillaws, or pillows: oriental dishes of rice boiled with fowl, meat or fish, spices, and raisins; corys: curries; chabobs: perhaps chabots, a variety of small fish also known as Miller's Thumb, but more likely kababs or kabobs, Turkish dishes of marinated and spiced pieces of meat roasted with onions on skewers. Stufatas are Italian stews (*OED*).
4. "chuck-farthing": A game played by pitching half pence at a hole in the ground (*OED*).
5. "Lyle, Tull, Hart, Duhamel": Lyle is presumably Edward Lisle (c. 1677–1722),

author of *Observations in Husbandry* (1756). Tull is Jethro Tull (1674–1741), author of *Horseshoeing Husbandry* (1731). Hart is Walter Harte (1709–74), author of *Essays on Husbandry* (1764). Duhamel is Henri Louis Duhamel du Monceau (1700–1781), author of *The Elements of Agriculture*, translated by Philip Miller (1764). Smollett reviewed Lisle's *Observations in Husbandry* in the *Critical Review* 3 (January 1757): 1–20; see Basker, 223, 231–32, 233.

6. "the law requires . . . parish": The scandalous abuse of clandestine marriages led to the passage by Parliament in 1753 of the Marriage Act (26 Geo. II, c. 33). Sponsored by Lord Hardwicke and known by his name, the act made provisions for the consent of guardians in the case of minors, for the calling of banns on three successive Sundays, and for the need of residence. See M. Dorothy George, 314–16. For Smollett's views on the Marriage Act see *Continuation*, 1:145–49.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, October 14

1. "commerce, loo, and quadrille": Commerce is a card game in which exchange or barter is the chief feature. Loo is a card game in which the player who fails to take a trick or who breaks any rules of the game is "looed," that is, required to pay a certain sum, or "loo," to the pot. Quadrille is a card game played by four persons with forty cards, discarding the eights, nines, and tens of the ordinary deck (*OED*).
2. "*Scrub . . . Captain Gibbet*": In George Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* (1707), Scrub (a role made famous by Garrick) is the servant and Captain Gibbet is the highwayman.
3. "*Harlequin Skeleton*": Since Jery later (to Watkin Phillips, November 8, p. 331) identifies one of the characters of the play as Pierot, perhaps he refers to the farce by Roger entitled *Poor Pierot Married; or Harlequin Happy*, performed under slightly varying titles at Drury Lane from 1729. More likely, however, the play intended is Edward Philips's very popular *The Royal Chace; or Merlin's Cave* (subtitled "Harlequin Skeleton"), which was frequently performed under various titles and with alterations from about 1739, and which also featured a Pierot. See Joanne Lewis, "Death and the Comic Marriage: Lismahago in *Harlequin Skeleton*," in *Studies in Eighteenth Century Culture*, vol. 18, ed. John Yolton and Leslie Ellen Brown (East Lansing, Mich.: Colleagues Press, 1988), 405–17.
4. "a month's mind": A proverbial expression. See, for example, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* 1.2.134, where Julia says, "I see you have a month's mind to them." The expression dates from pre-Reformation times and refers to the custom of commemorating a deceased person with a Mass on a day one month from the date of death. It is used figuratively to mean having a strong inclination or fancy for something (*OED*).

Win Jenkins to Mary Jones, October 14

1. "strike while the iron is hot": A proverbial expression dating from at least as early as Chaucer's *Troilus*. See *Proverbs*, 781, and Tilley, 342.
2. "wrong side of the blanket": According to the *OED*, this is the earliest recorded use of this expression for an illegitimate child.
3. "tackle": Obsolete slang for a mistress (*OED*).
4. "chaps": Abbreviated form of "chapmen," customers (*OED*).
5. "ass of etida": See Lydia Melford to Lætitia Willis, April 26, n. 9.
6. "veil of tares": The term "vale of tears" comes from the eleventh-century hymn "Salve Regina," anonymous but often attributed to Saint Bernard of Clairvaux.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, October 26

1. "*unclog the wheels of life*": Perhaps a misquotation from John Armstrong's *The Art of Preserving Health* (1744), book 2, lines 259–61:

   Besides, a meagre day subdues
   The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
   Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.

   Matt may be alluding to Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1760–67), volume 4, chapter 32: Shandeism "opens the heart and lungs . . . it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely thro' its channels, and makes the wheel of life, run long and cheerfully round" (*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, ed. Melvyn New and Joan New [Gainesville: University Presses of Florida, 1978], 1:401). See Sheridan Baker, "*Humphry Clinker* as Comic Romance," 652, n. 15. Smollett reviewed volumes 3 and 4 of *Tristram Shandy* in *Critical Review* 11 (April 1761): 314–17; see Basker, 227, 263.
2. "tent bed": A small, low bed used in a tent; a camp bed (*OED*).
3. "Lady-day": A day kept in memory of some event in the life of the Virgin Mary. The Church of England keeps only two such days, the Purification (2 February) and the Annunciation (25 March). The latter, the traditional day for ending or renewing leases, is clearly meant here. The first day of the Julian calendar year was 25 March. Great Britain did not adopt the Gregorian calendar until 1752.
4. "upholder": A dealer in small wares or second-hand articles (*OED*).
5. "out of the hands of the Philistines": An allusion to the biblical phrase used numerous times in the Old Testament books of Samuel; see, for example, 1 Samuel 7:3.

Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, November 8

1. "sentimental": From what we know of Liddy, Jery evidently means that she is too emotional and given over to tender feeling. Earlier in the century the word would have meant "sententious." The changes in meaning, and the reasons for them, were complicated; see Erik Erämetsa, *A Study of the Word "Sentimental" and of Other Linguistic Characteristics of Eighteenth Century Sentimentalism in England,* Annales Academiae Scientiarum Fennicae, ser. B, vol. 75, no. 1 (Helsinki, 1951).
2. "character of Pierot": See Jery Melford to Watkin Phillips, October 14, n. 3.
3. "Death in pursuit of Consumption": Perhaps an allusion to volume 7 of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1765), or to the etching by Thomas Patch (d. 1782) of Sterne contemplating Death which appeared as plate 20 in *Caricature* (1769) and was issued separately. See *Letters of Laurence Sterne,* ed. Lewis Perry Curtis (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1935), 226n.
4. "*opima spolia*": L. The spoils taken from the enemy's general when slain by the commander of the army himself.
5. "tye-periwig": The tye-wig, an undress wig worn by graduates, had the hair drawn back and the curls bunched together to form a queue, or lock of hair, hanging down and tied with a black ribbon at the nape of the neck (Cunnington and Cunnington).
6. "in buckle": The curls of the wig were crisped by being kept a long time in the same state, or "in buckle" (*OED*). The name "buckle" was given to the stiff tubular side curls of a wig, from Fr. *boucle,* a curl (Cunnington and Cunnington).
7. "French coat . . . middle of his thigh": Short-skirted coats were still fashionable in France, but had been out of fashion in England since the 1750s.
8. "Saturn and Cybele": In Roman mythology, Saturn equalled the Greek Cronos. Cybele was identified by the Greeks with Rhea, the wife of Cronos and "mother of the gods," or *magna mater;* and by the Romans with Ops, the wife of Saturn and goddess of plenty. Saturn is associated with melancholy, and Lismahago and Tabby would be melancholiacs or saturnine. See Raymond Klibansky, Erwin Panofsky, and Fritz Saxl, *Saturn and Melancholy* (London: Thomas Nelson, 1964), especially 3–66, 97–123, 133–65. The context suggests that Jery is referring to some statue or painting, though there are very few representations of the two gods together. Perhaps the most likely possibility is the "Cibele Fresco" in the Palazzo Schifanoja at Ferrara. Ferrara is discussed in Thomas Nugent's *The Grand Tour* and in Smollett's *Present State,* but unfortunately no mention is made in either work of this depiction of Saturn and Cybele. Arthur Young lists a painting by an unknown painter entitled "Saturn and Ops," in the possession of Christopher Crowe, owner of the estate of Kiplin, three to four miles outside Richmond (*A Six Months Tour,* 2:238).
9. "cat shod with walnut-shells": Smollett's comic use of walnut shells also suggests

the Roman tradition of scattering nuts at wedding ceremonies. See Virgil *Eclogues* 8.29–30:

> Mopse novas faces: tibi ducitur uxor.
> Sparge, marite, nuces: tibi deserit Herperus Oetam.

And see *The Works of Virgil*, trans. Joseph Warton (London, 1753), 1:135:

> The bride comes forth! begin the festal rites!
> The walnuts strew! prepare the nuptial lights!
> O envied husband, now thy bliss is nigh,
> Behold for thee bright Hesper mounts the sky.

Jérôme Carcopino, *Daily Life in Ancient Rome* (1941; reprint, London: Penguin, 1964), 95, describes the rattle of the nuts as "a merry prophecy of the happiness and fertility which the future promised."

10. "back-sword": A sword with only one cutting edge (*OED*).
11. "widgeons": An allusion to the supposed stupidity of wild ducks; hence, fools, simpletons, ninnies (*OED*).
12. "Nov. 8.": See the introduction, pp. xxv–xxvi, and the textual commentary, p. 448.

Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, November 20

1. "Dr. Arbuthnot": John Arbuthnot (1667–1735), Scottish physician and man of letters, friend of Pope, Swift, and Gay. Arbuthnot wrote little, but his ideas were at the disposal of his friends.
2. "but a type of Dr. Lewis": Smollett uses "type" in the biblical hermeneutic sense of a foreshadowing or prefiguring, as persons and events in the Old Testament were thought to foreshadow or prefigure persons and events in the New Testament, the latter being antitypes that fulfilled or completed the types.
3. "chine": In cookery a portion of meat or fowl consisting of the whole or part of the backbone along with the adjoining flesh (*OED*).

W. Loyd to Mary Jones, November 20

1. "Titidall": See the introduction, p. xxxvi.
2. "tabby": Standard eighteenth-century usage for watered silk.
3. "Runnela cap": The Ranelagh cap or mob, fashionable for informal dress in the 1760s, was a piece of gauze in the nature of a handkerchief folded diagonally and tied under the chin or behind (Cunnington and Cunnington).

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TEXTUAL COMMENTARY

PUBLICATION HISTORY

Little is known of the circumstances surrounding Smollett's composition of *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, but the manuscript seems to have been in final form by spring 1770.[1] Nothing is known of the negotiations for the sale of the novel or the arrangements for its printing, but it is clear from Benjamin Collins's account book that Smollett received £210 for the copyright.[2] The slight evidence that exists suggests that the copyright was initially purchased by William Johnston, who had purchased the copyright of *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* in late 1752 and was concerned with William Strahan in the publication of Smollett's *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages* in 1756. When on 13 June 1771 Johnston deposited nine copies of *Humphry Clinker* at Stationers' Hall and entered it in the Company's register, he named himself as the owner of the whole copyright. But the entry in Collins's account book shows that he received a moiety of the profits, although it is not known when he purchased his half-share. A letter written by Ann Smollett, widow of the novelist, from Leghorn on 28 May 1773 to Archibald Hamilton, Sr., printer of the *Critical Review* and the *British Magazine*, and one of the executors of Smollett's will, indicates that Johnston owed Smollett money:

> I find Johnston is in a bad way[.] it is very hard on me however. I think my right as a Creditor is as good as the others, if there is no other hope left. it Galls me to the Soul, when I think how much that poor Dear Man Suffered while he wrote that novel, & that all his pains & part of his Life was to be expended to Serve such an unworthy & dishonest wretch, who has neither Honour nor probity in him may he only feel the same Anxiety, and uncertainty, as He has given me.[3]

Either Smollett was not paid the full sum for the copyright of *Humphry Clinker* or he failed to receive some promised remuneration for a second edition of the novel. Perhaps he was involved in some now-unknown work for Johnston. In any case, Ann Smollett held Johnston responsible for paying the debt.[4]

Printing of *Humphry Clinker* was sufficiently advanced to warrant an announcement in the *London Chronicle* for 19–22 and 22–24 January 1771:

> In the Press, and speedily will be published, in Two Volumes. The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker. . . . By the Author of Roderick Random. Printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate-street.

For some reason publication of the novel was delayed, and no other announcement appeared for four months. In the interval between the announcements, a decision was made to publish the novel in three volumes instead of two. From the publication of *Roderick Random* in 1748, one volume of a Smollett novel in duodecimo usually sold for three shillings bound. By dividing *Humphry Clinker* into three volumes instead of two, the price was increased from six shillings to nine shillings, considerably enhancing profits.[5]

On 20 May 1771 another preliminary announcement appeared in the *Salisbury Journal*:

> Next month will be published, in 3 vols. price bound 9s. THE EXPEDITION of HUMPHRY CLINKER. . . . London: Printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate-street; and sold by Sealy and Alexander, in Salisbury.[6]

This announcement was repeated on 27 May. In the *Salisbury Journal* for 10 June appeared an advertisement beginning, "On the 24th Inst. will be published," with publication subsequently announced on the 24th. In the *London Chronicle* for 8–11 and 11–13 June, however, the publication was announced for the following Monday, and in the issue for 15–18 June appeared the following advertisement:

> This Day was published, In Three Volumes, Price bound 9s. THE EXPEDITION of HUMPHREY CLINKER. . . . By the Author of RODERIC RANDOM. Printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate street; and B. Collins, at Salisbury.

Humphry Clinker was published in London on Monday, 17 June, if the prepublication advertisements are correct. But the novel was ready as early as 13 June, the date Johnston deposited nine copies and entered it in the Stationers' Company register:

June 13 1771
Then Entered for His Copy
Wm Johnston The Whole The Expedition of Humphry Clinker
By the Author of Roderick Random VJ
in Three Volumes,
Recd Nine Copys G.H.[7]

Details of the printing and publication of the first edition of *Humphry Clinker* appear in one of Benjamin Collins's account books:[8]

HUMPHREY CLINKER: A Novel, 3 vols. 12mo.
OF WHICH I HAVE ONE MOIETY, IN PARTNERSHIP WITH MR WILLIAM JOHNSTON, LONDON.

Dr.				*Cr.*
To Dr S. Mollett copy money	£210	0	0	
To Printing and Paper 2,000 No.	155	15	6	
9 Sets to the Hall and 10 to the Author	6	1	10	
Advertisements	15	10	0	
	£387	7	4	By 2000 Books sold
To Balance for Profit	92	12	8	at £24 per 100.
	£480	0	0	£480 0 0

My Moiety of Profits, £46, 6s. 4d., for which
I received Mr Johnston's Note, Nov. 19, 1772.—B.C.

The novel, widely reviewed and extracted in the newspapers and magazines, sold well, requiring a new edition by July:

Dr.				*Cr.*
Aug. 1771				
To Printing 32 sheets, No. 1500, £1, 6s.	£41	2	0	
To 96 rms. of paper at 15s.	72	0	0	
Advertising	6	6	0	
	119	8	0	By 1500 Bks. sold
To Balance of Profits	240	12	0	at £24 per 100.
	£360	0	0	£360 0 0

My Moiety of Profits, £120, 6s., for
which I have drawn on him at 6 wks. and 2 months,
Oct. 27, 1774, for £60, 3s. ea.

Part of Clinker was
begun in July 1771,
and ended in August
following, 1500.

In the *London Chronicle* for 5–7 September 1771 appeared a prepublication advertisement for the second edition:[9]

> Next Week will be published, A NEW EDITION, In Three Volumes, Price bound 9s. THE EXPEDITION of HUMPHREY CLINKER. . . . By the AUTHOR of RODERICK RANDOM. Printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate street; and B. Collins, in Salisbury.

This advertisement was repeated in the issues for 7–10, 10–12, and 12–14 September, but there was no announcement of a specific publication date. Publication was announced, however, in the *Salisbury Journal* for Monday, 16 September, and repeated on 23 and 30 September:

> This day was published, A NEW EDITION, in three vols. price bound 9s. THE EXPEDITION of HUMPHRY CLINKER. Printed for W. Johnston in Ludgate-street; and B. Collins, in Salisbury; and sold by Sealy and Alexander.

An advertisement for the second edition also appeared in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* for 18–22 October 1771:

> This day is published a new edition in 3 vols. price 7s.6d. in boards, or 9s. bound, of The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker. . . . London: Printed for W. Johnston, and B. Collins in Salisbury, and sold by A. Donaldson, and other booksellers in Edinburgh.

Benjamin Collins's account book also contains information on a third edition:

> To a Third Edition, No. 1500, printed Feby. 1772, and in the Title called the 2nd, but was the 3rd. The three vols. complete was begun in December 1771, and finished in Feby. 1772. (1500).

A publication advertisement appeared in the *London Chronicle* for 13–15 February 1772:

> This Day was published, In Three Volumes, Price 9s. bound, THE SECOND EDITION of THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER. By Dr. SMOLLETT. Printed for William Johnston, No. 16, Ludgate street. Of whom may be had, by the same Author, A New Edition of The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom, in Two Volumes, Price 6s. Roderick Random, Two Volumes, Price 6s. Peregrine Pickle, Four Volumes, Price 12s. A Collection of Voyages, Seven Volumes, Price One Guinea bound.

Although the name of Collins does not appear here, the words "and B. Collins, in Salisbury" were added after "Ludgate street" when the same advertisement was inserted in the *Salisbury Journal* for 13 April 1772 and repeated 4 May and 8 June.

EDITORIAL PRINCIPLES

As is the case with so many other eighteenth-century novels, the autograph manuscript of *Humphry Clinker* has disappeared. In fact, no printer's copy for any of Smollett's works has survived. The nature of the manuscript can only be deduced from letters, never intended for publication, and from an examination of manuscript revisions the author made in a copy of the 1766 first edition of *Travels through France and Italy* for a new edition that did not appear.[10] The revisions for the *Travels* include additions, translations of passages in foreign languages, and corrections to the printed text. It might be argued that Smollett, by the mid-1760s largely free from his numerous editorial tasks, had new leisure to correct the *Travels*; but an examination of other works he saw through the press shows much the same care, for he left uncorrected only the kinds of errors that none but the most exacting proofreaders might have caught.[11]

The revisions to the *Travels* are written in Smollett's neat hand, which, after more than two centuries, can be read with ease. A compositor, then, would have had no difficulty reading the author's manuscript of *Humphry Clinker*, but in the process of setting the type an overlay of normalization no doubt occurred. As John Smith notes in *The Printer's Grammar* (1755), "By the Laws of Printing, indeed, a Compositor should abide by his Copy, and not vary from it. . . . But this good law is now looked upon as obsolete, and most Authors expect the Printer to spell, point, and digest their Copy, that it may be intelligible and significant to the Reader; which is what a Compositor and the Corrector jointly have regard to, in Works of their own language." The compositor peruses his copy but, before beginning to compose, "should be informed, either by the Author, or Master, after what manner our work is to be done; whether the old way, with Capitals to Substantives, and Italic to Proper names; or after the more neat practice, all in Roman, and Capitals to Proper names and Emphatical words," and nothing "in Italic but what is underscored in our Copy." When composing from printed copy and "such Manuscripts as are written fair," we "employ our eyes with the same agility as we do our hands; for we cast our eyes upon every letter we aim at, at the same moment we move our hands to take it up; neither do we lose our time in looking at our Copy for every word we compose; but take as many words into our memory as we can retain."[12] Since *Humphry Clinker* and the *Travels* are printed in the new way, numerous changes must have occurred between the manuscripts and the printed books, including some normalization of spelling.

In the lengthy manuscript additions to Letter 11 of the *Travels*—the English translation of à Latin letter to Antoine Fizes and of the professor's reply in French—Smollett followed the old practice, though somewhat inconsistently, of capitalizing nouns and some adjectives. Schooled to capitalize substantives, he continued in his habitual way.[13] But he certainly knew that his capitalization and his use of the ampersand for "and" would be brought into conformity with the rest of the book. He seems to have accepted the new style, or at least acquiesced. In the printed text of the *Travels* he corrected such small matters as a transposed letter, "muscels" (the bivalve mollusc) to "muscles," and a verb tense "affords" to "afford"; at the same time he allowed to stand variant spellings such as "paltry"—"paultry," "ake"—"ach," and so on.[14] Smollett was not consistent in his spelling, although he did have a preferred spelling for some words; but the compositors, by taking as many words into their memory as they could retain, sometimes introduced their preferences. Smollett appears to have been content with the resulting inconsistencies in spelling as long as they were correct, and he did not attempt to restore his capitalization and punctuation.

The first edition of *Humphry Clinker*, printed from Smollett's lost autograph manuscript, or a fair copy made from it, is the only authoritative text and has been chosen as copy-text for this edition. The first edition of *Humphry Clinker* contains relatively few errors, suggesting that someone went over it carefully. Since it appears to have been Smollett's habit to read proof,[15] at least on the first printings of his works, one would like to assume that he did so in this instance, especially since little is known of his activities during this period. It is unlikely, however, because Smollett left England for the last time in the fall of 1768, reaching Pisa by the end of March 1769. By the spring of 1770 he had moved to Il Giardino, a villa about three miles south of Leghorn, where he died on 17 September 1771.

When Smollett completed *Humphry Clinker* in the spring of 1770, the manuscript had to be transported to London. Perhaps when Dr. John Armstrong returned from a two-week visit to Smollett in July 1770, he carried the manuscript with him. Armstrong arrived in London during the fall of 1770, in time to have arranged for the printing of the novel.[16] If the manuscript reached London in the fall and the printing was sufficiently advanced for a preliminary announcement of its publication in mid-January 1771, there does not seem to have been time for proofs to have been sent to Smollett in Italy. Even if the manuscript had been sent to London in the late spring, it is unlikely that publication would have been delayed while proofs were sent abroad. The delay between the prepublication announcement in January and the publication announcement in June might be explained by Smollett's insisting on seeing proofs, or his sending corrections and revisions at the last moment, but equally plausible is that the delay was caused by some activities in the printing house.

The simplest explanation is that Smollett sent the manuscript to London and had a friend willing to assist him in arranging publication and correcting his work for the press. Smollett may have arranged for publication of *The History and Adventures of an Atom* before he left England in the fall of 1768, but it is unlikely that he saw it through the press, as he was traveling on the Continent. Dr. John Armstrong, I have suggested, is the most likely person to have seen this work through the press; at least he knew about it before it was finally published 1 April 1769.[17] Also, someone other than Smollett made corrections for a second edition of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* published in February 1772.[18]

After some delays, *Humphry Clinker* appeared on 17 June 1771. According to a note in Benjamin Collins's account book, reprinting of the novel "was begun in July 1771, and ended the August following." Publication was announced in the *Salisbury Journal* on 16 September, the day before Smollett died. It is unlikely that Smollett's ten complimentary copies arrived in Italy early enough to permit him to make revisions for the second edition. Yet the second edition contains corrections and emendations.

Compositors, paid according to the amount of type they set, in general were not interested in emendation and improvement. They normally followed their copy with some care since they knew they would be penalized for failing to do so. Hence, the normal assumption is that substantive revisions are authorial. An alert compositor or proofreader might have corrected typographical errors such as "passes" to "passed" (72.32), "shun-shine" to "sunshine" (73.10), or "vegeance" to "vengeance" (229.2). A number of the revisions, however, are beyond the normal powers of a compositor. "Laddies" is corrected to "Leddies" (183.22), "scorocconi" to "scrocconi" (280.15), and "bighetti" to "biglietti" (280.29). Only someone like Smollett, Armstrong, or a fellow Scot with knowledge of Scottish dialect and Italian could have made these corrections.[19] Someone had a zeal for accuracy in the second edition of *Humphry Clinker*, but it was not Smollett.

Smollett shows little concern for chronological inaccuracies in any of his novels, so the change of the date of one letter from "8" November to "14" November (335.5) is inexplicable, except as the work of a person unfamiliar with the time scheme of the narrative. For by changing the date of this letter, presumably to allow the proper time to elapse between the publication of banns and the marriages that followed, another chronological inaccuracy was introduced. It is even less clear why the letter of "28" September was changed to "22" September (275.5). This letter by Jery Melford, which falls between two by Matthew Bramble, the first dated 20 September and the second 30 September, contains the Lord Oxmington episode. The time ("a few days ago") and the place ("a little town, about a mile from his lordship's dwelling") are not sufficiently distinct to seem to require a change of date to locate the episode more accurately. The corrector demonstrates unfamiliarity with the nuances of the text when he corrects, or allows the compositor to correct, Win and Tabby's dialect: "siks" is changed to "silks" (43.3), "spilling" to "spelling" (106.20), "rubbery" to "robbery" (152.13), "fatherbed" to "featherbed" (264.5), "accunt" to "account" (264.12), and "marred" to "married" (323.25). The corrections in the second edition of *Humphry Clinker* show a greater concern for accuracy than for the kind of sensitivity to the text that the author, familiar with the work from having written it and gone over it numerous times, might be expected to have.[20]

In the present edition no attempt has been made to achieve a general consistency in spelling, punctuation, or capitalization, because in the absence of the manuscript one cannot determine whether Smollett or the compositor was responsible for their variations. Hence the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization of the 1771 first edition have been retained except when they are clearly in error, or when they obscure meaning or distract the attention of the reader. All emendations to the copy-text have been made on the authority of the textual editor. Hyphenated words at a line-end have been adjusted according to the usual practice of the first edition insofar as that practice could be ascertained from other appearances or parallels. Only the following changes have been made silently: all turned letters or wrong fonts have been corrected, the long *s* has been replaced by the modern letter *s*, and "ae" and "oe" have been treated as digraphs. The display capitals that begin the first paragraph in each letter have not been exactly reproduced. Quotations have been indicated according to modern practice, and the punctuation in relation to the quotation marks has been normalized. The length of dashes and the space around them have also been normalized according to modern practice.

APPARATUS

A basic note in the list of emendations provides the page-line reference and the emended reading in the present text. Except for the silent alterations described above, every editorial change in the first edition copy-text has been recorded. Following the square bracket is the earliest source of emendation and the history of the copy-text reading up to the point of emendation. The historical collation follows the same form, except that after the square bracket is given the subsequent history of the substantive variants in the texts examined. This historical collation is confined to substantive variants in the first and second editions, whether these are emended first-edition readings or rejected unauthoritative readings. Emendations not found in the first two editions are marked "W" and are the responsibility of the present edition, whether they originated here or with a previous editor. A wavy dash (~) is substituted for a repeated word associated with pointing, and an inferior caret (‸) indicates pointing absent in the present text or in one of the editions from which the variant was drawn. The form of the reading both to the right and the left of the bracket conforms to the system of silent alterations, and there is no record of any variations except for the instance being recorded. When the matter in question is pointing, for example, the wavy dash to the right of the bracket signifies only the substantive form of the variant, and any variation in spelling or capitalization has been ignored. Emendations from catchwords are indicated as *cw.* A (*c*) indicates the reading in the corrected state of the form, and (*u*) the uncorrected state. A vertical stroke | indicates a line-end.

Some emendations and decisions to retain the copy-text reading are discussed in textual notes. All hyphenated compounds or possible compounds appearing at line-ends in the copy-text are recorded in the word-division list. The reader should assume that any word hyphenated at a line-end in the present text, but not appearing in this list, was broken by the modern typesetter.

COLLATION

The present edition has been printed from the copy of the 1771 first edition in the University of Iowa Library (xPR3694 H8 1771a). This copy was compared on the Hinman Collator with copies at Cornell University (PR3694 H9 1771), the University of Illinois (823 Sm7h 1771; Nickell x823 Sm7h 1771), the Newberry Library (Case Y 155 .S659), Rice University (*PR3694 H8), and the University of Texas at Austin (Drake; Wm Sm79 771e; Am Sm79

771e [Vol. 3 missing]). Four press variants were found.[21] A copy of the 1771 second edition in the University of Iowa Library (xPR3694 H8 1771b) was compared on the Hinman Collator with copies belonging to O M Brack, Jr., and Yale University (Im Sm79 771c). No press variants were found. The first and second editions in the University of Iowa Library were sight-collated against each other.[22]

Notes

1. For an account of the composition of the novel, see the introduction, pp. xxi-xxii.
2. The entry for *Humphry Clinker* appears among the selections from Benjamin Collins's account books in Charles Welsh, *A Bookseller of the Last Century* (London: Griffin, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh, 1885), 357–58. Some perspective must be provided to understand the value of the copyright payment to Smollett for his last novel. The printing ledgers of William Strahan provide information on the printing of the first ten editions of *The Adventures of Roderick Random* (1748), but it is not known how much Smollett received for the copyright or whether he received any additional money for revisions to the second, third, and fourth editions. Smollett may have received as little as thirty guineas for the copyright of his first novel. Edward Kimber received thirty guineas for the *Life and Adventures of Joe Thompson* in 1750. Like *Roderick Random*, Kimber's novel is in two volumes duodecimo and was popular enough to go through six editions by 1783. In 1755 Kimber received almost an identical sum for his *Life and Adventures of James Ramble* (Sidney A. Kimber, "The 'Relation of A Late Expedition to St. Augustine' with Biographical and Bibliographical Notes on Isaac and Edward Kimber," *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 28 [1934]: 81–96). If this figure seems low, it is worth pointing out that even at the end of the eighteenth century some authors received £5 or less for a novel (Nigel Cross, *The Common Writer: Life in Nineteenth-Century Grub Street* [Cambridge: University Press, 1985], 170). A Mr. A. Woodfin, for example, received from Thomas Lowndes, 14 January 1764, "the Sum of Five Guineas which with other Five Guineas which I am hereafter to receive in Books at the accustomed Bookseller Price. I acknowledge to be a full consideration for the Novel by me wrote . . ." (BL Add.MSS 38728, f. 212). After the popular success of *Roderick Random*, however, Smollett was so confident that his second novel, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* (1751), would be a bestseller that he appears to have entertained the notion of keeping the entire copyright, entering the book in Stationers' Hall himself. But he had second thoughts and sold the copyright to William Strahan for £400. The size of the edition is not known; but the novel failed to sell, as another edition was not needed until 1758, seven years after the first. In the "Advertisement" to the second edition of *Pere-*

grine Pickle, Smollett claims that "certain booksellers and others" used all of their "art and industry" to "stifle" the novel "in the birth." Thomas Birch, in a letter of 14 October 1752 to Philip Yorke, earl of Hardwicke, says that "the ill success of his *Peregrine Pickle* . . . ruined his reputation among the booksellers in general, against whom he breathes immortal revenge" (Knapp, 119). All of this is very obscure, but it is certain that Smollett lost his bargaining power as a novelist. At £400 for the copyright of *Peregrine Pickle*, Smollett would have received about seven pounds, ten shillings per sheet. But for his third novel, *Ferdinand Count Fathom* (1753), he received £120 for the copyright, or only about five pounds per sheet. With the failure of his third novel—a second edition did not appear until 1772, the year after his death—Smollett was forced to face the fact that he could not make a living as a novelist. He was to write only one other novel between 1753 and *Humphry Clinker*—*The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*, published serially in his own *British Magazine* during 1760–61. But Smollett had other literary successes, most notably his *Complete History of England* (1757–58), with the result that the price for copyright rose slightly. The £210 he received for *Humphry Clinker* is about six pounds per sheet.

How do these payments for copyright compare to those paid to his rival, Henry Fielding? At £200 for the copyright of *Joseph Andrews* (1742), Fielding would have received about seven pounds, eight shillings per sheet; and at £600 for the copyright of *Tom Jones* (1749), about seven pounds, twelve shillings per sheet. These prices are comparable to the seven pounds, ten shillings per sheet Smollett received for *Peregrine Pickle*. If £800 was in fact paid for the copyright of *Amelia* (1752), Fielding earned about ten pounds, ten shillings per sheet. But *Amelia* did not sell as expected (a second edition did not appear until *Works*, 1762); and Fielding, had he lived to write another novel, might well have found himself in a bargaining position similar to that of Smollett after the failure of *Peregrine Pickle*. See the introductions by Martin C. Battestin to *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia* (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1967, 1975, and 1983), p. xxviii, p. xliv, and pp. xlv–xlvi, respectively.

3. National Library of Scotland, MS 585, quoted by Albert H. Smith, "The Printing and Publication of Early Editions of the Novels of Tobias George Smollett, with Descriptive Bibliographies" (Ph.D. diss., University of London, 1975), 2:145; the entire letter is printed in Lewis M. Knapp, "Ann Smollett, Wife of Tobias Smollett," *PMLA* 45 (1930): 1039–42. The letter suggests that Johnston was in financial difficulties, possibly bankrupt, but a search by Smith at the Public Record Office of the proceedings of the Bankruptcy Court failed to discover a case concerning Johnston.
4. Collins's account book indicates that the full copyright sum was paid. After deducting all of the expenses for the first edition, including £210 paid to the author, Collins received exactly one-half of the profits. Since Collins's exact one-half share of the profits for the second edition was calculated after only the expenses

for paper, printing, and advertising were deducted, Smollett was apparently not to receive any money for a second edition. Johnston, however, may have made some private arrangement with Smollett; or, possibly, his widow may have misunderstood the financial arrangement. It should be noted, however, that Collins did not receive his share of the profits for the first edition until 19 November 1772, seventeen months after the date of publication, and he was still trying to collect his profits for the second edition in the fall of 1774, so Ann Smollett appears justified in her complaint. No copyright assignment, business records, or correspondence by Johnston pertaining to *Humphry Clinker* seem to have survived.

5. See Luella F. Norwood, "A Descriptive Bibliography with Notes Bibliographical and Biographical of the Creative Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D., 1746–1771, with the Posthumous Ode to Independence" (Ph.D. diss., Yale University, 1931), and Albert H. Smith. Perhaps, as Knapp suggests, "in Two Volumes" was only a "slip" (289, n. 37), or Smollett may have sent additional materials, throwing off the initial calculation; but an economic explanation seems the most likely one.
6. George Sealy, former apprentice to Benjamin Collins, and John Alexander, local printer, managed the *Salisbury Journal* from 1770 until 1775 and may have owned shares in it. In 1775 Collins regained complete control. Sealy and Alexander may have been serving as Collins's agents on other publications as well. I am grateful to C. Y. Ferdinand, who is writing a history of the *Salisbury Journal*, for this information.
7. *Entries of copies, 1746 to 1773*, f. 351. Smith identifies "G.H." as "almost certainly . . . George Hawkins, Treasurer of the Company and of the English Stock at this period. 'VJ' refers to the entry fee of 6d" (2:157). See also Ian Maxted, *The London Book Trades, 1775–1800* (Folkestone, Kent: Dawson, 1977), 106; and Cyprian Blagden, *The Stationers' Company: A History, 1403–1959* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1960), 43, 223.
8. The following extract from "B. Collins' Publishing Book. Account of Books Printed, and Shares Therein. No. 3. 1770 to 1785." is reproduced by Charles Welsh, *A Bookseller of the Last Century*, 357–58. "Dr S. Mollett" is almost certainly a transcription error by Welsh. Smollett's name would have been familiar to Collins through the numerous advertisements of his works in the *Salisbury Journal*. In 1766 Collins had joined William Johnston and William Strahan in publishing a second edition of Smollett's *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*. It is tempting to assign the printing of *Humphry Clinker* to Collins since the extract provides more detail than would seem to be necessary for a partner in the work. But Smith, after a careful examination of the types and ornaments employed, and of the press figures, found the evidence that Collins had printed the work inconclusive (2:162–67, 181). C. Y. Ferdinand, with the advantage of consulting the on-line ESTC file, discovered 127 imprints in which Collins was printer, publisher, bookseller, or some combination of the three (Smith had discovered only twelve) but still found the evidence "inconclusive and sometimes

contradictory"; see "Benjamin Collins: Salisbury Printer," in *Searching the Eighteenth Century*, ed. M. Crump and M. Harris (London: British Library, 1983), 74–92.

9. A pirated edition, called "Second Edition" on its title page and dated 1771, is clearly distinguishable from the three editions of Johnston and Collins. The text of these editions is set in Caslon Pica Roman No. 1, but the pirated edition is set in types from the foundries of John Baine or Alexander Wilson. See William B. Todd, "The Number and Order of Certain Eighteenth-Century Editions" (Ph.D. diss., University of Chicago, 1949), 48–50, 131–35; and "Bibliography and the Editorial Problem in the Eighteenth-Century," *Studies in Bibliography* 4 (1951): 50–51. See also Smith, 2:162–67, 177–81, 183–84, 197–98, 241. Since the pirated edition was set from the second edition, it did not appear until sometime after mid-September 1771. Two Dublin editions, set from the first edition, also appeared in 1771 (Smith, 2:243–45).
10. This copy of the *Travels* is in the British Library, shelf mark C.45.d.20, 21. Apart from the manuscript revisions of the *Travels* and a relatively small number of holograph letters, what survives in Smollett's hand is very little: a one-leaf holograph note on the reign of Edward III in the Berg Collection, New York Public Library, and about a dozen signed receipts and documents. See *Letters*, xvi–xvii.
11. Smollett was content to make small changes because the *Travels*, written at a relatively slow pace, did not require the extensive stylistic revisions of the earlier works. In the works of his later career, revision seems to have been carried out before publication; by this time he was also a more experienced writer. For discussion of the composition of the *Travels*, see the introduction by Frank Felsenstein, ed., *Travels through France and Italy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1979), xxxv–xli.
12. John Smith, *The Printer's Grammar* (London, 1755), 199, 201–2, 209.
13. Bertrand H. Bronson, *Printing as an Index of Taste in Eighteenth Century England* (New York: New York Public Library, 1958), 17.
14. *Travels*, ed. Felsenstein, 88, 160, 279.
15. O M Brack, Jr., "Toward a Critical Edition of Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*," *Studies in the Novel* 7 (1975): 364, 364, n. 12.
16. Lewis M. Knapp, "Dr. John Armstrong, Litterateur, and Associate of Smollett, Thomson, Wilkes, and Other Celebrities," *PMLA* 59 (1944): 1050–51.
17. Tobias Smollett, *The History and Adventures of an Atom*, ed. Robert Adams Day (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1989), 327.
18. *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, ed. Jerry C. Beasley (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1988), 444–47.
19. Archibald Hamilton, Sr. might possibly have been an agent for seeing some of Smollett's works through the press. On 1 April 1767 Hamilton paid £70 for the copyright of Smollett's translation of Fénelon's *Télémaque* and may have printed and corrected it when it was published in 1776. See Lewis M. Knapp, "Smollett's

Translation of Fénelon's *Télémaque*," *PQ* 44 (1965): 405–7. But Hamilton was active in trade, and Armstrong had leisure to see works through the press. In fact, in the spring of 1771, Armstrong was seeing through the press his own *A Short Ramble Through Some Parts of France and Italy*, a brief work he had written on his return from the Continent in the fall of 1770 (Knapp, "Armstrong," 1051).

20. The third edition, set from the second, introduces numerous errors along with a few attempts to "correct" the text, as when "looked upon" is changed to "considered" (46.27), "retreated" to "retired" (109.2), "which" to "who" (139.3), and "child" to "girl" (228.39). In the headings to Jery Melford's letter for 28 September (270) and for the undated letter that follows his of 4 October (300), "at Oxon." has been changed to "of Jesus college, Oxon." Perhaps Smollett's friend made a few emendations in a copy of the second edition before sending it to the printer, but the numerous errors would seem to indicate that he did not read the proofs.

21. Vol. 3, sig. F10^{r}, p. 115.10 (271.13) *uncorrected*: "present time" (IaU, TxU [Wm], IU [Nickell], TxHR, ICN, NIC); *corrected*: "time present" (PSt, TxU [Drake], IU). Vol. 3, sig. G10^{v}, p. 140.15 (282.23) *uncorrected*: "ostentation$_{\wedge}$" (PSt); *corrected*: "ostentation," (IaU, TxU [Drake], TxU [Wm], TxHR, ICN, IU [2], NIC). Vol. 3, sig. G12^{v}, p. 144.2 (284.3) *uncorrected*: "it," (PSt); *corrected*: "it$_{\wedge}$" (IaU, TxU [Drake], TxU [Wm], TxHR, ICN, IU [2], NIC). Vol. 3, sig. N4^{v}, p. 272.2 (336.21) *uncorrected*: "GWLILIM" (IaU, TxU [Drake], TxU [Wm], TxHR, ICN, IU [Nickell], PSt); *corrected*:"GWILLIM" (IU, NIC).

22. The Smollett edition began more than twenty years ago, and during those years I have accumulated debts that these slight acknowledgments cannot repay. Without the great efforts of all of the graduate students who worked in the University of Iowa Center for Textual Studies from 1967 until 1973, there would be no Smollett edition. I particularly want to thank Sidney E. Berger, Mary DeJong, Terry Firkins, Mike and Judy Gessell, Sharon Graves, Vince Heinrichs, Alan and Laurie Holst, Barbara Jensik, Cindy Kuhn, Thomas Lento, Linda Schuppener, Diane Sievers, D. H. Stefanson, James H. Sutton, and Linda Tevepaugh. I also wish to thank my research assistants at Arizona State University: Valerie Behrendt, Leslie Chilton, Cyrus I. Dillon III, Gary Gohring, Donna Kerr, Chuck Nelson, John G. Morris, and Leonard Pailet. I am indebted to the staff members of numerous libraries, particularly Donald D. Eddy, Cornell University Library; Charles W. Mann, Pennsylvania State University Library; Frederick Nash, University of Illinois Library; Frank Paluka and the late Frank Hanlin, University of Iowa Library; Nancy Parker, Rice University Library; and John R. Payne, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. Heartfelt thanks are due John C. Riely for his repeated assistance in a pinch and to Norman Sage for advice on many matters. This edition would not have been possible without substantial grants from the University of Iowa Graduate College, and I am grateful to Dean Duane C. Spriestersbach, Charles Mason, and John C. Gerber. I also wish to acknowledge the assistance of Deans William J. Burke and Charles M.

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LIST OF EMENDATIONS

[The following sigla appear in the textual apparatus of the Georgia Edition: 1 (the first edition; London, W. Johnston and B. Collins, 1771), 2 (the second edition; London, W. Johnston and B. Collins, 1771), W (present edition).]

9.26	WIN.] W	WM. 1; W. 2
9.36	forgetting] W	forget-|ing 1–2
22.28	distinctly] 2	distinc-|ly 1
24.26	Phillips] 2	Philips 1
40.20	Spring Gardens] W	Spring Garden 1–2
45.33	may] 2	my 1
46.38	Jery] 2	Jer-|ry 1
56.13	Jamaica] 2	Jamacia 1
57.23	Jenkins] W	Jinkins 1–2
58.37	aukward] 2	aukwark 1
60.14	tormenting ∧] W	~, 1–2
61.15	was involuntary] W	was not involuntary 1–2
62.3	Anabaptist] 2	Anapabtist 1
63.26	excoriated.] 2	~, 1
65.22	say ∧] W	~, 1–2
67.20	sheep's-trotters] W	sheeps'-trotters 1–2
71.5	probability] 2	probablity 1
71.31	impracticable] 2	impractible 1
72.32	passed] 2	passes 1
73.10	sun-shine] 2	shun-shine 1
75.31	Winifred] W	Winifrid 1–2
81.9	metamorphosed] 2	metamorposed 1
82.34–35	received no] 2	receiv-| no 1
85.2	Humphry).] W	~.) 1–2
98.24	nor] 2	not 1
111.23	*Sanctorum*] 2	*Sactorum* 1
117.35	its] W	it's 1–2
122.36	fancy, that an] 1 (*cw*)	fancy, an 1 (*text*)
126.13	others] 2	other's 1
129.6	sheep's trotters] W	sheeps trotters 1–2
134.37	believe] 2	belive 1

141.22	servant,] W	~. 1–2
147.13	his garnish] 1 (*cw*)	his nish 1 (*text*)
171.20	friendship,] 2	~. 1
171.23	virtue,] 2	~. 1
172.19	discourse] 2	discouse 1
175.28	Saracenical] W	Saracencial 1–2
176.3	sea-bathing] 2	sea-beathing 1
176.39	seized with a] 1 (*cw*)	seized a 1 (*text*)
180.4–5	extravagant] 2	extravavant 1
183.20	decently] 2	desently 1
183.22	Leddies] 2	Laddies 1
200.1	false.] 2	~, 1
205.22	he ‸] 2	~, 1
206.10	Humphry] 2	Humphrey 1
206.21	Winifred] W	Winifrid 1–2
216.16	it] 2	is 1
216.20	assembly] 2	assemby 1
219.24	honours'] W	honours 1–2
221.8	Humphry] W	Humphrey 1–2
221.27	*firma*),] W	~,) 1
229.2	vengeance] 2	vegeance 1
229.7	the highland] 1 (*cw*)	the land 1 (*text*)
237.38	natural] 2	naural 1
237.39	excessive] 2	ex-| excessive 1
243.23	reside] W	resided 1–2
243.37	Humphry] 2	Humphrey 1
253.26	KNIGHT] 2	KNIHGT 1
261.23	gentleman] 2	gentlemen 1
262.15	Dumfries] 2	Drumfries 1
263.36	GWILLIM] W	GWLILIM 1; GWYLLIM 2
267.17	tone).] W	~.) 1–2
271.11	countenance] 2	coutenance 1
271.13	time present] 1 (*c*)	present time 1 (*u*)
271.29	breeding.] W	~, 1–2
275.12	punctilios] 2	puctilios 1
275.32	vestige] 2	vestage 1
280.15	scrocconi] 2	scorocconi 1
280.29	biglietti] 2	bighetti 1
282.23	ostentation,] 1 (*c*)	~ ‸ 1 (*u*)

284.3	it ‸] 1 (*c*)	~, 1 (*u*)
300.27	are not to expect either method or] W	you are | to expect either method or 1; you are | to expect neither method or 2
301.4	matrimony),] W	~,) 1–2
301.13	Humphry] W	Humphrey 1–2
302.8	Thames] W	Thame 1–2
304.26	he ‸] 2	~, 1
304.38	Humphry] 2	Humphrey 1
305.6	Humphry] 2	Humphrey 1
306.3	Humphry] 2	Humphrey 1
306.13	your] W	our 1–2
309.15	than] 2	that 1
315.30	arrived] 2	aarrived 1
317.33	obscurity] 2	obsurity 1
319.32	fixed for] 2	fixed for for 1
320.36	felicity!] 2	~? 1
321.20	Your] W	You 1–2
323.35	her finger—But] 1 (*cw*)	her—But 1 (*text*)
324.22	kindly] 2	kind 1
336.21	GWILLIM] 1 (*c*)	GWLILIM 1 (*u*)
337.10	it] 2	it it 1

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TEXTUAL NOTES

16.26, 29 Milford] "M*i*lford" has not been emended to "M*e*lford." The Lydia-Wilson subplot is dependent upon Lydia's ignorance of Wilson's real name. The confusion is extended slightly by Wilson's failure to spell Lydia's surname correctly. Perhaps Wilson's spelling represents contemporary pronunciation.

43.23 trumps] Lewis M. Knapp apparently thought that the alliterative pattern and the context required that the word be emended to "frumps." Any emendation in Tabby and Win's letters must be made with extreme caution, as errors in spelling and usage are part of Smollett's design. Here no emendation is necessary. See p. 43, n. 4.

206.10 Humphry] Up to this point an "e" has not appeared in Humphry's name. The compositor, in this instance, may have been influenced by setting "Mrs. Humphreys" in the preceding paragraph. This spelling with an "e" occurs six more times in the novel (221.8, 243.37, 301.13, 304.38, 305.6, 306.3). The spelling "Humphry" on the title page and throughout the novel leaves little doubt that it was Smollett's preferred form. Humphry's name has been normalized to avoid the confusion of having one of the principal characters' names spelled two different ways. Both the first and last names of Winifred Jenkins also have variant spellings and have been normalized. Although it is possible that the variant spellings are compositorial, Smollett is not consistent in the spelling of characters' names. In this novel alone, "Barns" on one occasion becomes "Barnes," and "M'Alpin" becomes "M'Alpine" or "Macalpine" after his first introduction. In *Ferdinand Count Fathom* the name of the protagonist's patron is spelled "Melville" and "Melvile"; see *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, p. 455.

271.13 time present] It is difficult to determine which is the corrected state, but it does seem more likely that a compositor would set the expression in its usual form, "present time," and that the more uncommon form would be authorial. In William Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695), Sir Sampson says "there's no time but the time present" (2.1.197). The "Comedies of Congreve" were among the books Smollett carried to France in 1763 (Knapp, 249). Smollett alludes to the same scene twice in the *Atom* (1:64, n. 703; 2:82, n. 37).

275.5 Sept. 28] See the textual commentary, p. 448.

280.15 scrocconi] Here and at 280.29 the compositor may have misread Smollett or a copyist's handwriting. The loop at the end of a "c" was mistaken for an extra "o" and the "li" for an "h" in "biglietti."

300.27 you are not to expect either method or connexion] Although the compositor, or some agent acting for Smollett, corrected the reading by changing "either . . . or" to "neither . . . nor," the simplest solution is the insertion of "not," which brings it into conformity with the same clause at 320.6–7.

335.5 Nov. 8] See above, the textual commentary, p. 448; and the introduction, pp. xxv–xxvi.

WORD-DIVISION

1. LINE-END HYPHENATION IN THE GEORGIA EDITION

[The following compounds, hyphenated at a line-end in the Georgia Edition, are hyphenated within the line in the 1771 first edition.]

7.35	purse-|proud
13.12	saddle-|horse
15.5	good-|will
15.7	run-|away
15.20	wild-|cat
19.14	low-|spirited
27.37, 72.15	to-|morrow
31.21	night-|cap
39.7	well-|met
39.9, 41.3	head-|ach
45.20, 47.39	Pump-|room
81.37	hog's-|puddings
88.11	hand-|gallop
101.23	news-|paper
105.34	broom-|stick
112.6	good-|natured
112.25	coffee-|house
119.20	corn-|spirit
121.14	kitchen-|stuff
128.10	pot-|companion
129.2	spunging-|house
132.10	toy-|shop
149.13	maid-|servants
153.20	butter-|milk
154.6	thief-|taking
158.9	good-|fellowship
161.7	school-|boy

168.27	dining-|room
169.18	fellow-|guests
177.20	town-|talk
182.32	head-|piece
183.19	court-|yard
185.30	self-|conceited
192.13	dish-|clout
192.26	fellow-|subjects
196.36	husband-|hunting
198.29	fellow-|creatures
200.36	raw-|boned
214.9	head-|ake
220.25	sea-|side
221.14	sea-|water
254.1	well-|bred
257.12	Felton-|bridge
259.6	oat-|meal
260.13	human-|nature
263.38	*a-|pike*
269.10	wheat-|flour
284.7	play-|fellow
285.22	good-|humoured
286.10	fat-|headed
309.12	a-|year
317.39	brother-|in-law
325.6	post-|chaise
327.9	under-|gardner
329.19	boarding-|school

2. LINE-END HYPHENATION IN THE 1771 FIRST EDITION

[The following compounds or possible compounds are hyphenated at a line-end in the first edition. The form in which each has been given in the Georgia Edition, as listed below, represents the usual practice of the 1771 first edition insofar as it may be ascertained from other appearances or parallels.]

4.14	All-hallowtide
5.11	byestanders

7.28, 70.38, 143.12	to-morrow
8.21	dock-water
12.25	low-spirited
15.38	hot-house
16.17	trunk-mail
18.17, 21.35, 45.9	Pump-room
19.24	tan-pits
20.26	keystone
24.20	Well-house
24.30	fellow-jesuits
30.2	turnspit
30.16	over-head
30.24, 193.8	hard-favoured
31.7	fellow-lodger
31.22	bald-pate
32.10	stair-case
32.35	French-horns
36.27	negro-drivers
40.8, 51.10, 72.31	coffee-house
40.18, 194.31	moreover
41.39	manty-maker
42.10	bum-taffy
48.1, 283.35	landlady
49.38	else-where
50.11	tea-drinking
55.26	stew-pan
56.9	market-people
60.3	eye-brows
61.2	footman
62.18	high-roads

67.21	good-chear
68.26	sarvants-hall
69.39	overgrown
70.33	overheat
72.17, 154.37, 300.31	a-horseback
73.4	landscape-painter
73.26	borough-electors
74.17, 254.39, 271.22, 301.31	landlord
76.8	grashopper
81.38	sauce-pans
82.34	roadside
87.22	footmen
88.10	hackney-coachmen
89.20	pot-valiant
89.31, 90.18	overturned
91.23	moon-light
91.35	ugly-looking
94.7	petit-maître
100.14	news-monger
102.1	good-name
103.18	cotemporaries
105.37	wheel-barrows
106.28	gingerbread
108.4	state-pilots
111.29, 152.23	otherwise
113.19	milk-woman
113.22	foot-guards
114.1	schoolmaster
120.12	horse-flesh
121.6	tin-measure
122.8	travelling-coach
125.11	ale-house

126.37	back-door
127.18	rum-punch
127.28	horse-stealing
129.6	night-cap
132.11	snuff-box
133.39	coach-maker
135.8	blockhead
146.10	timber-merchant
152.27	vineyard
154.28	coxcomb
154.30	riding-dress
154.32	posting-whip
155.5	highway-man
156.4	forehead
156.15	good-sense
157.33, 180.12	afternoon
158.27, 229.19	head-quarters
160.28	five-bar
162.37	exciseman
166.38	drayman
172.13	a-mind
173.19	headlong
175.5	charnel-houses
177.23	bathing-place
181.3	black-smith
181.5	new-pointed
189.22	marriage-dress
190.6	drum-sticks
191.26	free-thinker
192.27	self-gratulation
203.37, 282.6	overwhelmed
207.15	red-shanks
208.4	To-day
211.14	market-cross
212.35	a-day
213.15	scarecrow

215.1	oat-meal
216.38	mantua-makers
220.15	tutor-sick
227.16	town-clerk
229.5	overheated
231.20	inkle-manufacturer
232.28	small-pox
240.25	left-hand
242.35	family-house
246.34	trunk-hose
248.2	likewise
250.18	goat-milk-whey
255.2	prison-window
256.3	fourscore
257.9	overtaken
259.9	skimmed-milk
263.9	wigwams
264.13	butter-milk
268.18	broad-cloth
274.5, 327.6	coachman
275.37	commonwealth
279.6	gew-gaws
281.19	house-keeping
283.31	lukewarm
287.29	room-door
290.6	night-scene
291.39	fish-pond
294.33	new-burth
295.10	a-year
298.37	highway
303.16	fellow-creatures
303.26	pocket-book
305.9	bar-keeper
305.26	coal-scuttle
308.10	fox-hunter
311.30	underlett
313.7	plague-water
313.22	market-town

314.28	news-paper
323.10	inkle-weaver
326.21	town-house
326.31	post-chaise
329.11	half-pay
333.18	love-sick
334.7	walnut-shells

3. SPECIAL CASES

[The following compounds or possible compounds are hyphenated at a line-end in both the Georgia Edition and in the 1771 first edition.]

85.17	Thunder-|struck
91.38	Vaux-|hall
111.12	short-|lived
119.38	butchers-|meat
160.26	fox-|hunter
194.14	*high-|minded*
228.14	house-|keeping
232.9	ferry-|boat
294.26	carrying-|crow
301.22	horse-|fleam
328.26	over-|strained

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HISTORICAL COLLATION

5.18 those] these 2
9.26 Win.] Wm. 1; W. 2
9.36 forgetting] forget-|ing 1–2
12.16 at] at the 2
15.23 was] were 2
18.1–2 impetous] impetuous 2
21.26 of a] of 2
22.28 distinctly] distinc-|ly 1
24.26 Phillips] Philips 1
29.16 misanthrophy] misanthropy 2
35.20 have . . . frize] having . . . frieze 2
39.14 handkerchifs] hankerchiefs 2
40.20 Spring Gardens] Spring Garden 1–2
41.19 her] your 2
42.3 soot] sut 2
43.3 siks] silks 2
43.26 loose] lose 2
45.33 may] my 1
46.6 misanthrophy] misanthropy 2
46.38 Jery] Jer-|ry 1
50.35 this] his 2
51.24 *porcofine*] *porcopine* 2
54.38 from] by 2
56.13 Jamaica] Jamacia 1
57.23 Jenkins] Jinkins 1–2
58.37 aukward] aukwark 1
60.14 tormenting ‸] ~, 1–2
61.15 was involuntary] was not involuntary 1–2
62.3 Anabaptist] Anapabtist 1
63.26 excoriated.] ~, 1
65.22 say ‸] ~, 1–2
67.20 sheep's-trotters] sheeps'-trotters 1–2
71.5 probability] probablity 1
71.31 impracticable] impractible 1
72.32 passed] passes 1

73.10	sun-shine] shun-shine 1
75.31	Winifred] Winifrid 1–2
76.8	nimble] nimbly 2
81.9	metamorphosed] metamorposed 1
82.34–35	received no] receiv-| no 1
82.37	highway?] ~! 2
85.2	Humphry).] ~.) 1–2
85.36	as a] as 2
88.13–14	incongrous] incongruous 2
89.14	at] in 2
90.17	days] weeks 2
92.7	infinate] infinite 2
98.24	nor] not 1
98.26	said] says 2
101.3	by] with 2
102.34	acquiese] acquiesce 2
106.20–21	spilling] spelling 2
108.32	in] at 2
109.28	simply] simple 2
111.23	*Sanctorum*] *Sactorum* 1
117.35	its] it's 1–2
126.13	others] other's 1
129.6	sheep's-trotters] sheeps-trotters 1–2
129.20	spoke] spoken 2
134.37	believe] belive 1
137.27	Miss] Mrs. 2
141.22	servant,] ~. 1–2
142.6	this] that 2
147.24	the] their 2
149.16	he] it 2
149.37	shop] stop 2
152.12	again] against 2
152.13	rubbery] robbery 2
159.38	specifics] species 2
170.36	services] service 2
171.20	friendship,] ~. 1
171.23	virtue,] ~. 1
171.34	interposing] interposed 2
172.19	discourse] discouse 1

172.30	exerted] excited 2
175.28	Saracenical] Saracencial 1–2
175.33	adored] adorned 2
176.3	sea-bathing] sea-beathing 1
180.4–5	extravagant] extravavant 1
181.8	one] an 2
182.22	meagure] meagre 2
182.35	damage] damages 2
183.20	decently] desently 1
183.22	Leddies] Laddies 1
185.20	no] to no 2
195.30	so much] much 2
200.1	false.] ~, 1
201.3	county] country 2
205.22	he ∧] ~, 1
206.10	Humphry] Humphrey 1
206.21	Winifred] Winifrid 1–2
206.38	he] we 2
207.6	on] on the 2
208.4	not yet] not 2
208.28	leaving] having 2
211.6	by a] by 2
213.8	kerkasses] karkasses 2
216.14	of] in 2
216.16	it] is 1
216.18	Melvile] Melville 2
216.20	assembly] assemby 1
219.24	honours'] honours 1–2
221.8	Humphry] Humphrey 1–2
221.27	*firma*),] ~,) 1
226.28	exceedingly] exceeding 2
229.2	vengeance] vegeance 1
229.35	as for] as 2
237.38	natural] naural 1
237.39	excessive] ex-| excessive 1
242.16	hedges] edges 2
243.23	reside] resided 1–2
243.37	Humphry] Humphrey 1
246.24	these] those 2

248.30	better] best 2
253.26	KNIGHT] KNIHGT 1
261.23	gentleman] gentlemen 1
262.15	Dumfries] Drumfries 1
263.36	GWILLIM] GWLILIM 1; GWYLLIM 2
264.5	fatherbed] featherbed 2
264.12	accunt] account 2
267.17	tone).] ~.) 1–2
267.21	reverse] averse 2
269.5	again I] I again 2
271.11	countenance] coutenance 1
271.29	breeding.] ~, 1–2
275.5	Sept. 28] Sept. 22 2
275.12	punctilios] puctilios 1
275.32	vestige] vestage 1
278.5	ate] eat 2
279.23	slick] sleek 2
280.15	scrocconi] scorocconi 1
280.29	biglietti] bighetti 1
295.23	sarvant] sarvent 2
297.13	utmost] inmost 2
300.27	are not to expect either method or] you are | to expect either method or 1; you are | to expect neither method or 2
301.4	matrimony),] ~,) 1–2
301.13	Humphry] Humphrey 1–2
302.8	Thames] Thame 1–2
302.22	her] his 2
304.26	he ‸] ~, 1
304.38	Humphry] Humphrey 1
305.6	Humphry] Humphrey 1
306.3	Humphry] Humphrey 1
306.13	your] our 1–2
306.31	discused] discussed 2
309.15	than] that 1
313.24	these] those 2
315.30	arrived] aarrived 1
317.33	obscurity] obsurity 1
319.32	fixed for] fixed for for 1

320.20	his assistance]	assistance 1
320.36	felicity!]	~? 1
321.20	Your]	You 1–2
323.5	preformed]	performed 2
323.11	make]	made 2
323.17	compleasant]	complaisant 2
323.25	marred]	married 2
323.37	furder]	further 2
324.3	are]	were 2
324.5	sarvice]	service 2
324.22	kindly]	kind 1
324.24	about]	upon 2
325.13	kind]	state 2
325.37	to]	in 2
326.23	account]	an account 2
335.5	Nov. 8]	Nov. 14 2
337.10	it]	it it 1
337.23	apartment]	apartments 2

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS

1. THE FIRST EDITION

THE | EXPEDITION | OF | HUMPHRY CLINKER. | By the AUTHOR of | RODERICK RANDOM. | [68 mm. rule] | IN THREE VOLUMES. | VOL. I. | [68 mm. rule] | [5 mm. dash] Quorsum haec tam putida tendunt, | Furcifer? ad te, inquam [11 mm. dash] HOR. | [two 68 mm. rules] | LONDON, | Printed for W. JOHNSTON, in Ludgate-Street; | and B. COLLINS, in Salisbury. | MDCLXXI.
Half title: THE | EXPEDITION | OF | HUMPHRY CLINKER. | VOL. I.

Volume 2: Title page as in volume 1 except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I." and date corrected to "MDCCLXXI." Half title as in volume 1 except "VOL. II." substituted for "VOL. I."

Volume 3: Title page as in volume 1 except "VOL. III." substituted for "VOL. I." and date corrected to "MDCCLXXI." Half title as in volume 1 except "VOL. III." substituted for "VOL. I."

Collation: 12° (183 x 105 mm.). Volume 1: π^2 a^6 B–L^{12} M^6. Pp. *i* half title, *iii* title, v-xv letters between Henry Davis and Jonathan Dustwich, *xvi* blank, 1–250 text. Volume 2: [A]^2 B–L^{12} M^6. Pp. *i* half title, *iii* title, 1–249 text, *250* blank. Volume 3: [A]^2 B–M^{12} N^6. Pp. *i* half title, *iii* title, 1–275 text, *276* blank.

Press figures: Volume 1: vi-6 2–1 16–2 26–1 40–2 62–2 72–1 86–1 100–2 119–1 132–8 142–4 148–7 166–1 182–6 192–8 196–1 202–2 228–2 248–7. Volume 2: 2–1 13–2 26–1 48–2 50–1 60–2 95–1 96–2 106–1 109–2 133–7 142–4 154–7 180–2 183–1 196–2 202–8 205–2 *or none* 220–8 226–6 248–7. Volume 3: 12–2 22–1 36–6 38–7 69–7 70–2 74–7 96–2 111–1 120–2 122–6 136–1 154–7 172–6 178–1 214–1 216–6 231–2 240–1 262–7 264–6 270–6.

Typography: Volume 1: Page 147 = 473. G6, L6 unsigned. Catchwords 176 judg-] "judgment 202 and,] ~ ‸ 239 tle,] "tle, 245 "ly] ly. No catchword x, xv, 21, 39, 117, 131, 162, 164, 181, 190, 214, 227. Volume 2: H2 unsigned. Catchwords 14 "that] "an 25 though] "though 72 "gar-] "nish 115 gene-] "generous 143 with] a 227 *seeps*] *seeps-heads*. No catchword 13, 56, 63, 147, 228. Volume 3: Page 229 = 226 *later corrected*. L5 unsigned. Headline: 71

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Copies: Textually collated University of Iowa Library (xPR3694 H8 1771a), Cornell University (PR3694 H9 1771), University of Illinois (823 Sm7h 1771; Nickell x823 Sm7h 1771), Newberry Library (Case Y 155 .S659), Rice University (*PR3694 H8), and University of Texas at Austin (Drake; Wm Sm79 771e; Am Sm79 771e [Vol. 3 missing]). Additional copies bibliographically collated: British Library (C. 95. aa. 8), University of Chicago (PR3694 E9 1771), Huntington Library (76998), University of Oxford, Bodleian Library (Vet A5 f.410–412), University of Virginia (*PR3694 H9 1771), and Yale University (Im Sm79 771).

2. THE SECOND EDITION

First state of the title page: Same setting as first edition: Volume 1 (uncorrected). Volume 2 (corrected). Volume 3 as for first edition but reset, with imprint reading “Ludgate street.”

Second state of title page: Date of Volume 1 corrected to “MDCCLXXI,” and for all three volumes “THE SECOND EDITION” substituted for “IN THREE VOLUMES.”

Collation: Same as first edition. Volume 2, Sheet C, of the first edition (26–1, 48–2) appears in some copies.

Press figures: Volume 1 (sheet M): 242–6 244–4 *or* 247–1 248–2. Volume 2 (sheet M): 246–2. Volume 3: 15–7 36–2 39–7 71–7 72–4 84–6 87–7 116–7 118–4 135–7 141–4 159–4 161–7 180–2 191–1 202–7 205–2 226–2 237–7 248–7.

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TABLE OF CORRECTIONS

This edition of *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* is in every way identical to the original clothbound edition except that the editors have taken the occasion of its preparation to correct certain inaccuracies. The table below will enable the reader to locate all corrections by page and line numbers. A record of additions to the original list of emendations, word-division, and historical collation follows the table.

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124.3	humour,]W	~: 1–2
155.21	neck.]W	~, 1–2
242.5	o'er]W	oe'r 1–2
243.26	Smollett]2	Smollett 1

WORD-DIVISION

I. Line-End Hyphenation in the Georgia Edition

234.5 ich-|ian

HISTORICAL COLLATION

65.23	Bramble]	Bamble 1
124.3	humour,]	~: 1–2
155.21	neck.]	~, 1–2
242.5	o'er]	oe'r 1–2
243.26	Smollett]	Smollet 1

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